THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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APRIL 3, 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

A Talk With the King of the Belgians

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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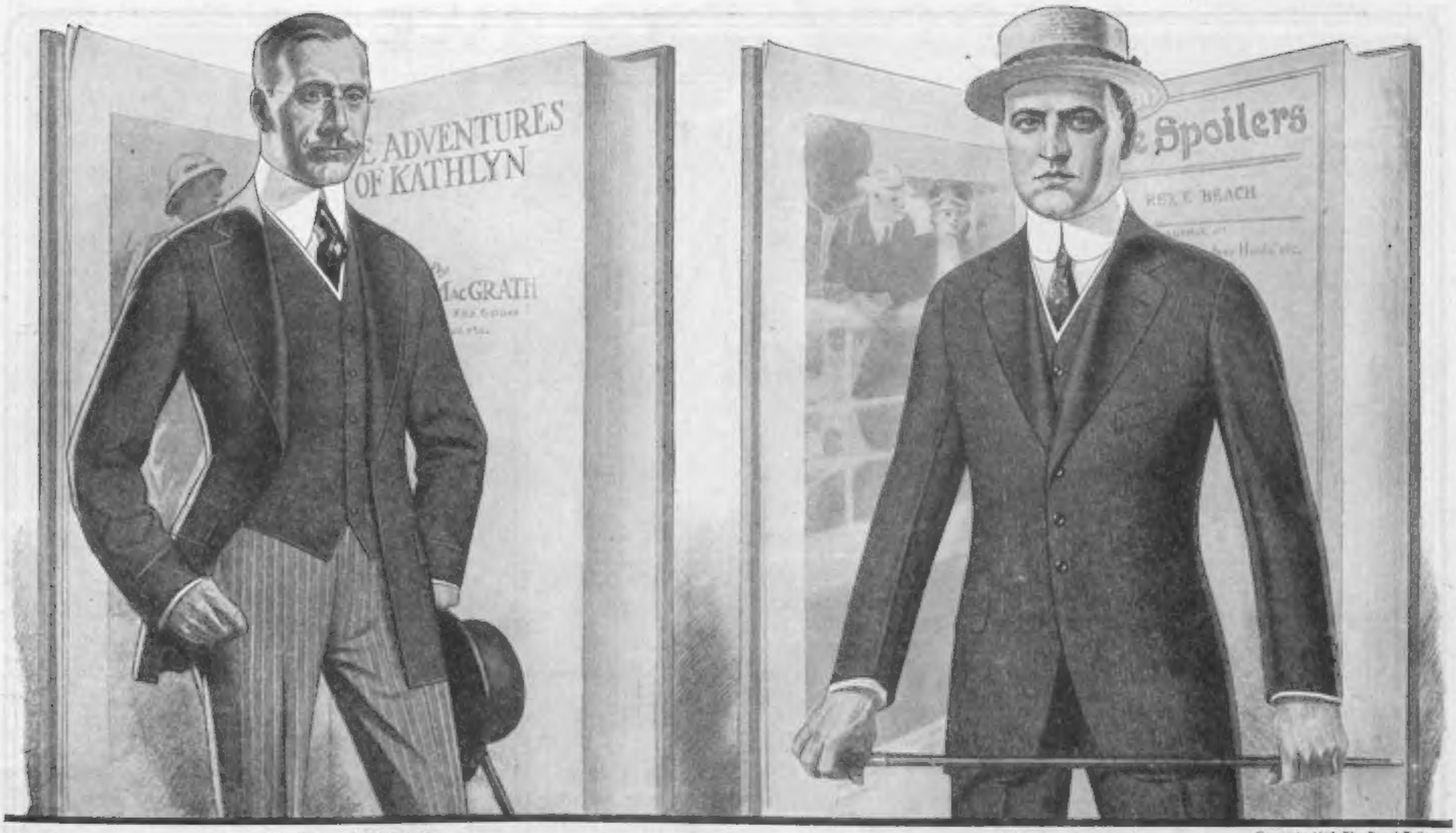

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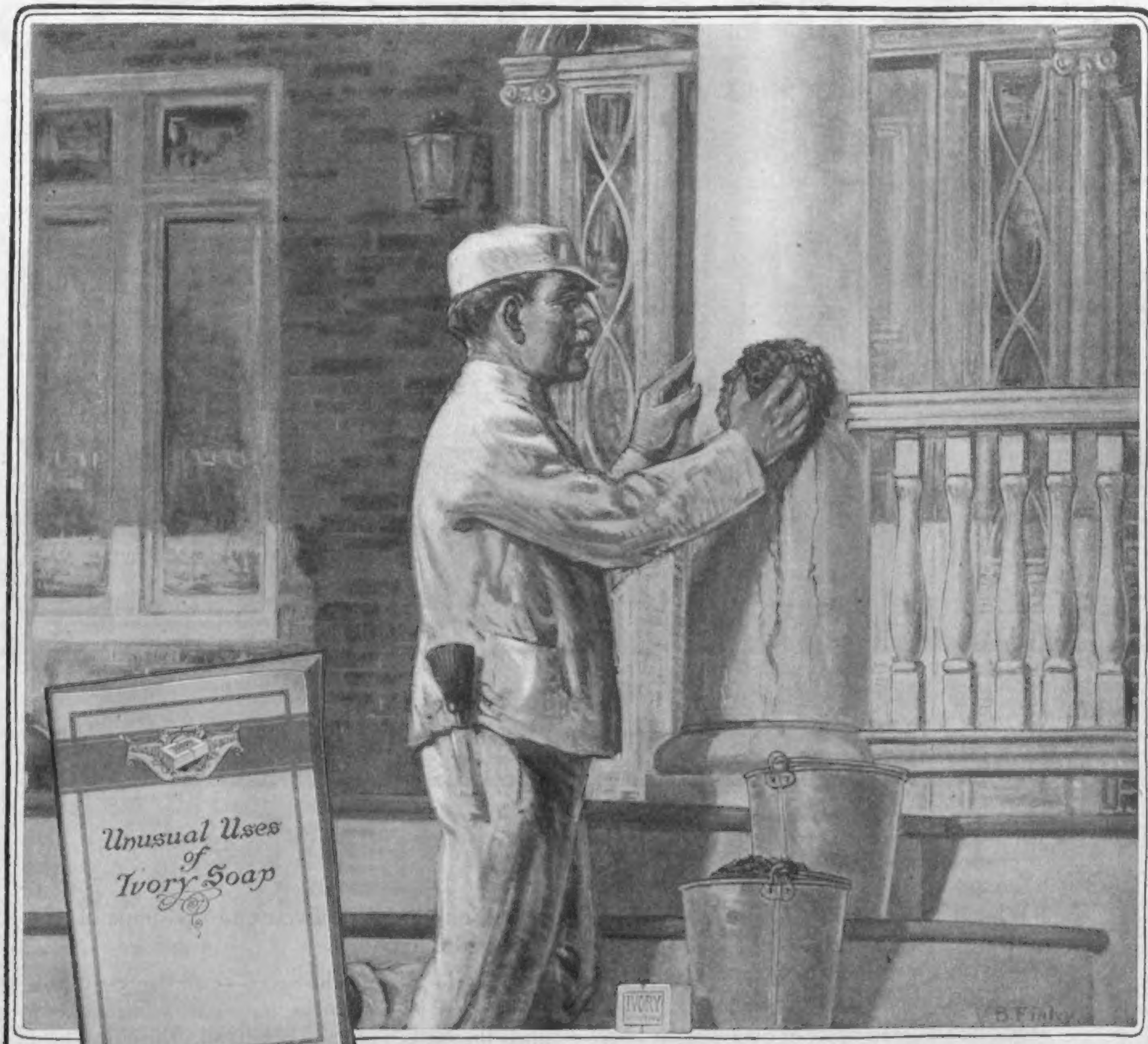

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A Talk With the King of the Belgians—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

HIS Majesty the King of the Belgians received me at the headquarters of the Belgian Army on Friday, the fifth of February. The audience was quite informal. I bowed; then we shook hands and he asked me to sit down.

It was to be a conversation rather than an interview; but it was to be given as accurately as possible to the American people. It was, in effect, a statement of the situation in Belgium as the King of the Belgians sees it. I spoke first of a message to America.

"I have already sent a message to America," he informed me; "quite a long message. We are, of course, intensely appreciative of what Americans have done for Belgium."

"They are anxious to do what they can, naturally; the general feeling is one of great sympathy."

"Americans are both just and humane," the King replied; "and their system of distribution is excellent. I do not know what we should have done without the American Relief Committees."

"Is there anything further Your Majesty can suggest?"

"They seem to have thought of everything," the King said simply. "The food is invaluable—particularly the flour. It has saved many from starvation."

"But there is still need?"

"Oh, yes—great need."

It was clear that the subject was a tragic one. The sad plight of his beloved people has caused the King of the Belgians great grief. He loves them, as they love him, with an absolutely unselfish devotion; and now they are suffering and he is helpless.

His face clouded. Possibly he was seeing, as I am sure I was, the dejected figures of the peasants in the fields; the long files of his soldiers as they made their way through wet and cold to the trenches; the destroyed towns; the upheaval of a people.

"What is possible to know of the general condition of affairs in that part of Belgium occupied by the Germans?" I asked. "I do not mean in regard to food only, but the general condition of the Belgian people."

His Majesty's Opinion of the Sack of Louvain

"IT IS impossible to say," was the answer. "During the invasion it was very bad. It is a little better now, of course; but here we are on the wrong side of the line to form any ordered judgment. To gain a real conception of the situation it would be necessary to go through the occupied portions from town to town, almost from house to house. Have you been in the other part of Belgium?"

"Not yet; I may go."

"You should do that—see Louvain, Aerschot, Antwerp—see the destroyed towns for yourself. No one can tell you. You must see them."

I was not certain that I should be permitted to make such a journey, but the King waved my doubts aside with a gesture.

"You are an American," he said. "It would be quite possible and you would see just what has happened. You would see open towns that were bombarded; other towns that were destroyed after occupation! You would see a country ruthlessly devastated; our wonderful monuments destroyed; our architectural and artistic treasures sacrificed without reason—without any justification."

"But as a necessity of war?" I asked.

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Their Majesties Albert and Elisabeth, King and Queen of the Belgians

"Not at all. They have saved buildings when it suited their convenience to do so. No military necessity dictated the destruction of Louvain. It was not bombarded. It was deliberately destroyed. But, of course, you know that."

"The matter of the violation of Belgium's neutrality still remains an open question," I said. "I have seen in America facsimile copies of documents referring to conversations between staff officers of the British and Belgian armies—documents that were found in the ministerial offices at Brussels when the Germans occupied that city last August. Of course I think most Americans realize that, had they been of any real importance, they would have been taken away. There was time enough. But there are some, I know, who think them significant."

Unofficial Papers

THE King of the Belgians shrugged his shoulders.

"They were of an unofficial character and entirely without importance. The German Staff probably knew all about them long before the declaration of war. They themselves had, without doubt, discussed and recorded similar probabilities in case of war with other countries. It is a common practice in all army organizations to prepare against different contingencies. It is a question of military routine only."

"There was no justification, then, for the violation of Belgian neutrality?" I inquired.

"None whatever! The German violation of Belgian neutrality was wrong," he said emphatically. "On the fourth of August their own chancellor admitted it. Belgium had no thought of war. The Belgians are a peace-loving people, who had every reason to believe in the friendship of Germany."

The next question was a difficult one. I inquired as to the behavior of the Germans in the conquered territory; but the King made no sweeping condemnation of the German Army.

"Fearful things have been done, particularly during the invasion," he said, weighing his words carefully; "but it would be unfair to condemn the whole German Army. Some regiments have been most humane; but others behaved very badly. Have you seen the government report?"

I said I had not seen it, though I had heard that a careful investigation had been made.

"The government was very cautious," His Majesty said. "The investigation was absolutely impartial and as accurate as it could be made. Doubts were cast on all statements—even those of the most dependable witnesses—until they could be verified."

"They were verified?"

"Yes; again and again."

"By the victims themselves?"

"Not always. The victims of extreme cruelty do not live to tell of it; but German soldiers themselves have told the story. We have had here many hundreds of journals, taken from dead or imprisoned Germans, furnishing elaborate details of most atrocious acts. The government is keeping these journals. They furnish powerful and incontrovertible testimony of what happened in Belgium when it was swept over by a brutal army. That was, of course, during the invasion—such things are not happening now, so far as we know."

He had spoken quietly, but there was a new note of strain in his voice. The burden of the King of the Belgians is a double one. To the horror of war has been added the unnecessary violation and death of noncombatants.

The King then referred to the German advance through Belgian territory.

"Thousands of civilians have been killed without reason. The execution of noncombatants is not war, and no excuse can be made for it. Such deeds cannot be called war."

"But if the townspeople fired on the Germans?" I asked.

"All weapons had been deposited in the hands of the town authorities. It is unlikely that any organized attack by civilians could have been made. However, if in individual cases shots were fired at the German soldiers, this may always be condoned in a country suffering invasion. During an occupation it would be different, naturally. No excuse can be offered for such an action in occupied territory."

"Various Belgian officers have told me of seeing crowds of men, women and children driven ahead of the German Army to protect the troops. This is so incredible that I must ask whether it has any foundation of truth."

"It is quite true. It is a barbarous and inhuman system of protecting the German advance. When the Belgian soldiers fired on the enemy they killed their own people. Again and again innocent civilians of both sexes were sacrificed to protect the invading army during attacks. A terrible slaughter!"

His Majesty made no effect to conceal his great grief and indignation. And again, as before, there seemed to be nothing to say.

"Even now," I said, "when the Belgians return the German artillery fire they are bombarding their own towns."

"That is true, of course; but what can we do? And the civilian population is very brave. They fear invasion, but they no longer pay any attention to bombs. They work in the fields quite calmly, with shells dropping about. They must work or starve."

He then spoke of the morale of the troops, which is excellent, and of his sympathy for their situation.

"Their families are in Belgium," he said. "Many of them have heard nothing for months. But they are wonderful! They are fighting for life and to regain their families, their homes and their country. Christmas was very sad for them."

"In the event of the German Army's retiring from Belgium, do you believe, as many do, that then there will be more destruction of cities? Brussels, for instance?"

"I think not."

The King's Esteem for Mr. Wilson

I REFERRED to my last visit to Belgium, when Brussels was the capital; and to the contrast now, when L——, a small seaside resort hardly more than a village, contains the court, the residence of the King and Queen, and of the various members of his household. It seemed to me unlikely that L—— would be attacked, as the Queen of the Belgians is a Bavarian.

"Do you think L—— will be bombarded?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"I thought that possibly, on account of Your Majesty and the Queen being there, it would be spared."

"They are bombarding F——, where I go every day," he replied. "And there are German aëroplanes overhead all the time."

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

King Albert and the Queen Taking a Stroll on the Beach at the French Borderline Near Dunkirk, After His Majesty Had Been All Day in the Trenches

The mention of F—— brought to my mind the flooded district near that village, which extends from Nieuport to Dixmude.

"Belgium has made a great sacrifice in flooding her lowlands," I said. "Will that land be as fertile as before?"

"Not for several years. The flooding of the productive land in the Yser district was only carried out as a military necessity. The water is sea water, of course, and will have a bad effect on the soil. Have you seen the flooded district?"

I told him I had been to the Belgian trenches, and then across the inundated country to one of the outposts; a remarkable experience—one I should never forget. The King had already heard of the exploit.

The conversation shifted to America and her point of view; to American women who have married abroad. His Majesty mentioned especially Lady Curzon. Children of the King are with Lord Curzon, in England, at the present time. The Crown Prince, a boy of fourteen, tall and straight like his father, is with the King and Queen.

The King had risen and was standing in his favorite attitude, his elbow on the mantelpiece. I rose also.

"I was given some instructions as to the ceremonial of this audience," I said. "I seem to have ignored them!"

"What were you told to do?" said His Majesty, evidently amused.

I began to explain but he interrupted me.

"We are very democratic—we Belgians," he said. "More democratic than the Americans. The President of the United States has great power—very great power. He is a czar."

He referred to President Wilson in terms of great esteem—not only as the President but as a man. He spoke, also, with evident admiration of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. McKinley, both of whom he had met.

I looked at the clock. It was after three and the interview had begun at two. I knew it was time for me to go, but I had been given no indication that the interview was at an end. Fragments of the coaching I had received came to my mind, but nothing useful; so I stated my difficulty frankly, and again the King's serious face lighted up with a smile.

"There is no formality here; but if you are going we must find the general for you."

So we shook hands and I went out; but the beautiful courtesy of the soldier King of the Belgians brought him out to the doorstep with me.

A Tragic and Heroic Figure

THAT is the final picture I have of Albert I, King of the Belgians—a tall young man, very fair and blue-eyed, in the dark blue uniform of a lieutenant-general of his army, wearing no orders or decorations, standing bareheaded in the wind and pointing out to me the direction in which I should go to find the general who had brought me.

He is a very courteous gentleman, with the eyes of one who loves the sea, for the King of the Belgians is a sailor in his heart; a tragic and heroic figure but thinking himself neither—thinking of himself not at all, indeed; only of his people, whose griefs are his to share but not to lighten; living day and night under the rumble of German artillery at Nieuport and Dixmude in that small corner of Belgium which remains to him.

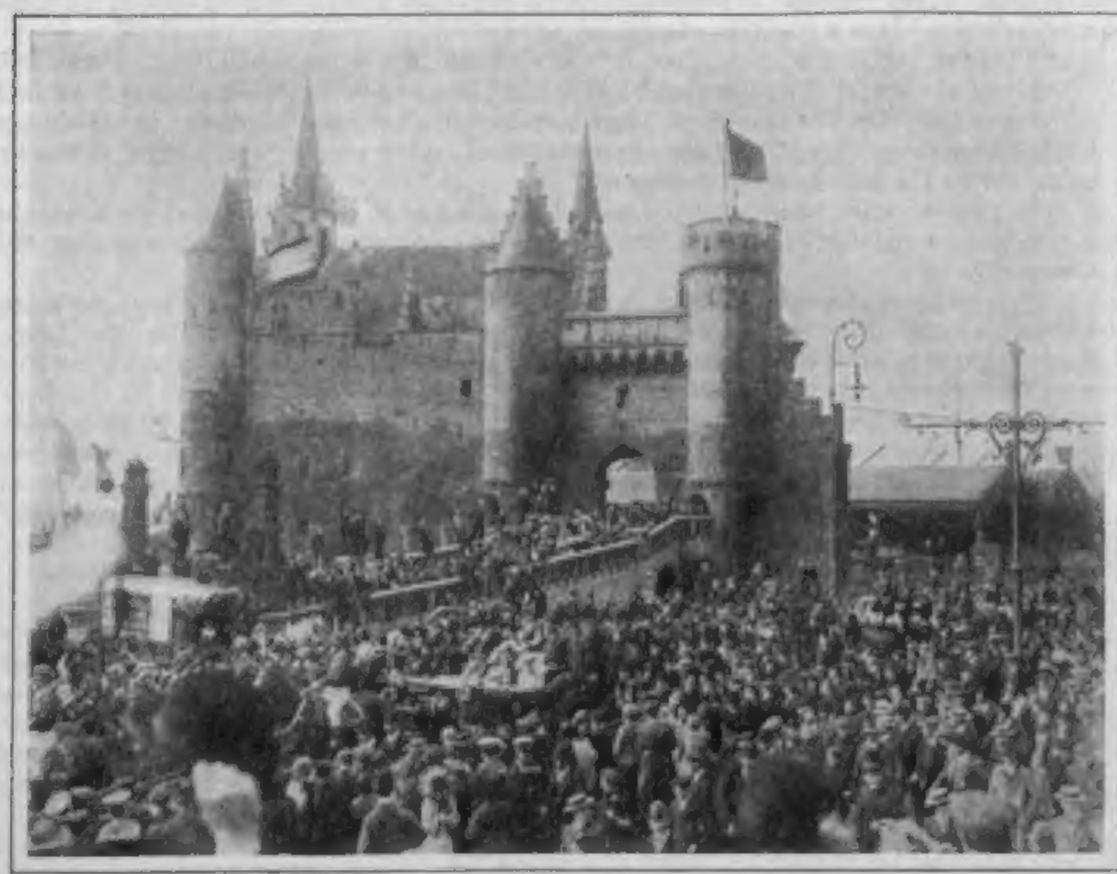
He is a King who, without suspicion of guilt, has lost his country; who has seen since last August two-thirds of his army lost, his beautiful and ancient towns destroyed, his fertile lands thrown open to the sea.

I went on. The guns were still at work. At Nieuport, Dixmude, Furnes, Perwez—all along that flat, flooded region—the work of destruction was going on. Overhead, flying high, were two German aëroplanes—the eyes of the commander.

The letter announcing that I was to have an audience with the King of the Belgians reached me at Dunkirk, France, on the evening of the day before the date set. It was brief and to the effect that the King would receive me the next afternoon at two o'clock at the Belgian Army headquarters.

The object of my visit was well known; and, because I wished an authoritative statement to give to America, I had requested that the notes of my conversation with His Majesty should be officially approved. This request was granted; everything I have recorded was submitted to the royal approval. Nothing has been added to it.

(Continued on Page 69)



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Crowds Welcoming King Albert and Family in Antwerp Near the Steen Museum

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

King Albert and Family Driving Along the Place de Meir, Antwerp

Dalhousie's Lady of the Morning

By DAVID GRAY

DALHOUSIE was a square peg in a round hole. He loved the open, the trails of adventure, the gleam of Canadian lakes, the still sunshine of beaver meadows in the heart of the forest; and he spent his life in an office. He was a romantic by nature and president of the Buffalo Metal Bedstead Company by inheritance. Year after year he had sat on a swing chair before a desk and thought of Japan, and the Inland Sea, and the iris fields, and of China and the Great Wall, and of the coral islands of the South Seas, and reefs that burned opal in the white spume, and spice-laden trade winds; and of mysterious Borneo, of Italy and Spain, and Paris and London.

And always he had asked himself why he should stay at his desk when there were those places and things to see! What was there holy about this worship of business that chained the world to desks? At twenty-eight he reached the conclusion it was a superstition. The tramp who defied it was wiser than he. He thereupon decided to escape. His plan was to turn his securities into cash and, if necessary, abandon the Buffalo Metal Bedstead Company; at all events, to get away.

While his preparations were in progress March came in like a lion. For two days a great gale whipped the lakes from the Northeast. On the morning of the third he was examining the mail when his attention was attracted by an envelope, with the letterhead of the International Metal-Working Company, usually called the Bedstead Trust. He opened it and read an offer of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars for his business as it stood. Dalhousie gasped. The business was not much more than solvent. Surely this was an omen. Surely Providence, Life, Fate—whatever you choose to call it—approved of his rebellion.

He swung round in his chair and gazed off over the roof of a blast furnace to stretches of winter woods on the Canadian side of the river. He had watched those woods grow green in spring and gray in November, year after year, like a prisoner from his cell window. They helped him now to realize that all woods and waters belonged to him. He had only to draw his check and his pearling schooner would be headed for the South Seas; he had only to buy his rifles and start for Indian jungles.

He swung back to the desk and his eyes rested on the framed photograph of a young woman, which stood behind the inkstand. It had stood there a long time, sentimentally dusted each morning by the stenographer. He picked it up and studied it with some wonder at the volume of emotion that, first and last, its subject had engendered. Then he shook his head and slipped the photograph into the bottom drawer. Marriage was not for him. Marriage, after all, was but another bondage. What he wanted was freedom, broader experience, change.

He took a pen and began to write his acceptance of the Trust's offer. Halfway down the page he stopped. An old memory was stirring, the memory of an old curiosity.

Surely that document must be somewhere about. He got up and opened the safe. Five minutes later he went back to his desk with a dusty envelope indorsed, in his father's hand: "To be opened by my son if he decides to sell out." He broke the seal and read:

Dear Jim: When you read this I shall be something or nothing, according to the facts of the case, and you will be thinking of selling out. I come back, so to speak, to give a last word of advice. I want you to remember that money isn't the only thing you're working for, Jim. It took me a long time to find this out.

Probably every man has a different name for the reason which keeps him at it; but the general idea is that it's the only way to be happy. From what I know about you your danger is that you'll quit before you understand what business can do for you. Now I may be wrong. Perhaps you've discovered it for yourself; but, on the chance that you haven't, I say to you: Don't sell at any price until you've doubled our capacity. When you've done that you'll understand what I mean.

J. G. D.

Dalhousie stared at this cryptic missive with perplexed eyes. What a strange old man his father had been! With what a pitifully circumscribed horizon! His whole existence had been nothing but business. He had known nothing of life. Yet he had been happy in his own queer way.

However, he was not the kind of man whose advice on these questions could be taken seriously. Dalhousie meditatively tore the page into bits, dropped them into the wastebasket, and finished his letter to the Trust, accepting its offer. He decided to post it himself, and was putting on his hat when his eye caught a headline of the morning paper: Niagara Falls Stops Running!

Dalhousie laughed aloud.

Hyacinth May, Who Taught a Crown Prince the Game of Tag

"I understand you, Niagara Falls," he said. "It's a wise cataract that knows when to stop."

Suddenly the whim took him to celebrate his sale by going down the river during business hours and inspecting this phenomenon.

He consulted a time-table and, finding that he must hurry, ran four blocks to the Black Rock Station and just caught the northbound train. It was his first act as a free man and it, too, seemed to be a good omen.

II

DALHOUSIE found the cataract on half time, as it were, but, in spite of the newspapers, still doing business. The hurricane up Lake Erie had reduced the American Fall, relatively speaking, to a trickle; but the Horseshoe was still thundering. The shortage of water was interesting, but not sensational. He was disappointed. He walked round Goat Island and started back. The snow lingered in patches. The islands were dingy, the water brown, and an odor of water weed made the place smell like a drawn-off reservoir. Moreover, rain squalls came driving up the cañon, and he thought gratefully of the superheated railroad car.

He was on the bridge approaching the mainland when it came to him that, in the hurry for the train, he had not posted his letter. He put his back to the rain and felt for it. It was there, safe.

He turned to go on, but stopped stock still with apprehension and dismay. On the mainland shore, just below the bridge, a girl with very blond hair was making her way into the river bed. After her ran a little man wildly gesticulating. And there was Dalhousie, a helpless spectator! Before she had gone ten feet from shore his breath came again and he laughed nervously. It was comedy, not suicide, that he was witnessing. The girl wanted to wade Niagara Falls—that was all. It was apparent from her air, which was lawless and gay. She balanced on a slippery rock and waved impertinently to the little man.

As Dalhousie watched her it seemed as though some element of spring and of morning had descended on the bleak scene. The girl went on from rock to rock; and the conviction formed in his mind that somewhere, at some time in the past, he had seen her. Her curious movements with her hands stirred sleeping memories. For an instant he wondered whether there might not be something in the theory of former lives. But, at all events, he must have seen her. Then the little man came running toward him on the bridge—a rather comical, young-looking little elderly man.

"We must get help," he shouted with a foreign accent. "We must get a rope. I would go after her, but the water is icy and I have a tendency to rheumatism. I should be helpless in the water."

"She's all right," said Dalhousie. "Run back and get a hack, with plenty of rugs. I'll go down to the end of the island and wade out if it's necessary."

Just off the Green Island shore was a serious-looking current. A great furrow in the rock seemed to have gathered half a dozen rivulets into one.

When Dalhousie reached the end of the island he saw there was no passage there. The girl, standing on a bowlder ten feet away from him, saw it too. For a moment they stood and looked at each other, and Dalhousie felt redness stealing into his cheeks. Then he shouted:

"You'll have to go up. You can cross near the bridge!"

She nodded and began to turn cautiously on the weed-covered bowlder.

"Imitation of an elephant on a tub!" she shouted.

He laughed. The next instant she waved wildly for balance, tottered and began to fall.

Before she struck the water Dalhousie plunged in. There was the paralyzing shock of the cold, his feet went from under him, and he was tossed along like a bundle. Somewhere just ahead of him, swirling under water, was her skirt. He missed it twice; then struck out and came up with her, and tried to get his feet. One of the moments when his head was above water he saw the rock loom up that they call Juniper Island. It was at this moment he effectually realized that he was headed for the Falls. This rock was the last foothold before the brink. He clutched weakly at it and was swept past.

Then he knew it was all over. A medley of ideas ran through his mind with the erratic vividness of fireworks. He thought of the strange freak of fate that had hitherto preserved him in total uneventfulness, only to send him over the Falls at twenty-eight with a girl who had corn-colored hair, whose name even was unknown to him. He thought of the unposted letter in his pocket. Perhaps there were intelligent forces that had operated to keep him from posting it. He wondered about his father and whether he should meet him again.

Then his imagination ran ahead of their descent with the current. He saw himself at the brink; saw their water-blurred fingermarks in the slime of the shelf as, clutching vainly, they went over. It is for psychologists to determine the line between fact and illusion; but Dalhousie experienced in that moment as definitely as ever he experienced anything the interminable fall, with the big brown drops all about them, and the dull shock at the end. He saw two white-faced bodies deep down in the gloom of the vast pool, swirled and tossed on the heaving currents, and then suddenly, with something of a shock, was brought back to earth.

It was as though a wave had tossed him on a beach and receded. He found himself, partly drowned, on a flat, slimy rock, in four inches of unhurrying water. The torrent that had swept them down, on reaching the level shelf along the brink, had spread out harmlessly, like a hose stream on a sidewalk, and left them stranded. He rose cautiously and helped her to her feet.

In the caldron of the Horseshoe the flung-up mists were writhing and twisting. A squall drove up the gorge, veiling the bridges in rain. All about them was elemental violence; but there, on the chasm's edge, shallow unhurrying water tugged gently at their ankles, tufts of weed waved along the rock floor; as though in a brook the bubbles from the torrent that had brought them down moved placidly to the dark line a dozen feet away and disappeared.

He was shaking off the dazed impression of having gone over the Falls, when it occurred to him that he owed his companion a man's solicitude. What must be her state of mind! At this moment she said to him:

"Do you realize that we couldn't have gone over if we'd tried?"

"Are you disappointed?" he answered. "Do you want to go over?" She shook her head.

"No; but it would be rather grand while it lasted."

The water was dripping from tails of blond hair that the wind whipped across her face, and her teeth were chattering; but her eyes were curiously ablaze. Dalhousie got an odd impression that somehow she had enjoyed it; that she had not enjoyed herself so much in a long time.

"Come along," he said, "or you'll freeze."

Keeping along the shelf in the slack, shallow water they made Luna Island; then set off at a smart pace on the path to Goat Island; then up the hill to the roadway, the girl running lightly step for step with him. Halfway to the bridge they met a hack. It pulled up and the little man jumped out, with a rug on each arm.

"*Dieu soit loué!*" he cried. "I thought you were lost."

"No," said the girl; "thanks to his opportune rescue, as the newspapers say; only wet, Amadis."

She popped into the hack. The little man turned to Dalhousie, his heels together, his hand raised as though in military salute.

"I felicitate you, sir," he said explosively. "I felicitate you!"

"Get in!" cried the girl to both of them.

She was sitting on the back seat, her dripping hair over her face, wrapping rugs about her. More than anything in the world at that instant, Dalhousie wanted to get in. And then something—call it shyness or imbecility or fate—seized him.

"No," he said. "I'm too cold." And he started to run.

The next moment he knew that he was a fool; but he also knew that, since there was only one hotel open at that time of year, they would have to meet shortly. When the carriage overtook him the girl called:

"You'll come to tea—half past four! You know ——"

There was more, but Dalhousie lost it. The carriage clattered on, the horses cantering. Five minutes later he reached the hotel and accosted the German porter confidentially with a wet dollar bill:

"Who was it that drove up just a moment ago?"

The porter looked amazed.

"Sir, nobody drove up."

"The lady was wet."

"No one has come, sir, since this morning. No business at this time of year."

The clerk at the desk confirmed the porter. Dalhousie's face fell. In some way he must find out who she was and where she was stopping, but there was nothing to be done until he was dry. He took a room, sent his clothes to the kitchen, and got into a hot tub.

At half past three he was still in bed and his clothes were reported damp. At four he ordered them brought as they were and went out to find the hackman who had driven them in the morning. He could trace her in this way. He was near the cab company's stand when he remembered that he had an engagement to dine that evening in Buffalo at seven o'clock, and go to amateur theatricals; also, later, to a ball. He stopped dead, with an exasperated exclamation. Circumstances were piling up against him.

For a moment he considered an "unavoidably detained" telegram. Then he reacted and asked himself what sane reason he could have for breaking a dinner engagement on the chance of taking tea with a girl he did not know and a man called Amadis.

His sense of logic overwhelmed him. He turned toward the station, caught the five-ten for Buffalo and, directly the train started, loathed himself for a quitter. He recognized now what his interest in this girl was. She stood to him for adventure—for all that he was seeking. If he had been a painter he would have painted her as she stood at the brink of Niagara, her wet hair blowing in the squall, and gazing into the chasm, curious and unafraid.

Dalhousie had ten minutes to spare after dressing for his party, and he made a copy of the water-soaked letter to the International Metal-Working Company. He looked for a stamp, found none and put the letter in the pocket of his evening coat. He would get a stamp somewhere during the evening. After all, there was no need of breakneck hurry about it.

He went off on foot up Delaware Avenue to his dinner, contemplating the new life that lay before him, and unconscious of one considerable anomaly of his mental pictures—namely, that Japan, China, India, the South Seas, London and Paris—all were haunted equally by a tall, slim girl, with corn-colored hair and eager eyes.

III

THE curtain had fallen on the amateur actors and Dalhousie had gone on to the ball. Shortly after midnight he was standing by the doorway of the ballroom in a crowd of young men watching the dancing. A band of forty pieces was playing a Spanish waltz. The castanets snapped, the drums and brass crashed; then the strings and wood picked up the theme in a plaintive minor. It was telling now of moonlight in Seville, a cavalier in velvet cloak singing in the jasmine-scented night to a window in shadow. Dalhousie's pulse quickened. This was life—the life he was on the threshold of tasting. On the other side

Dalhousie Was a Romantic by Nature and President of the Buffalo Metal Bedstead Company by Inheritance

of the world such magical nights were waiting for him, and days of unutterable blue, murmurous with the surf of coral islands and pregnant with adventure and discovery.

Then, in the crush, somebody brushed against him and the envelope in his breast pocket crackled. It was that still unposted letter accepting the Trust's offer. At the same moment a heavy perfume came to his nostrils. He turned and saw passing through the doorway the little elderly man and the girl of the Rapids. It was assuredly the girl, and yet he almost doubted. All that intrepid eagerness which was the essence of her on the cataract's brink seemed to have gone, like a fire that dies. She was gazing wearily at him. Both men bowed.

"Amadis," she said, "we shall hunt you up when we need you."

The little man bowed again, withdrew, and Dalhousie was alone with her in the crowd. He marveled that it had been done so easily.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "I was sorry about this afternoon."

"We can't talk here," she said.

She led him across the hall and, where the crowd was thickest, slipped behind a heavy curtain, then up three steps and on down a dimly lighted passage, the music growing fainter, until at the end they came into a room curtained with old brocade and lined with books. As she closed the door the music was no more heard. There was a faint smell of cigar smoke mingled with the perfume that had come to him as she brushed against him in the ballroom. The soft noises of the wood fire were all that broke the stillness.

"You see, I'm stopping in the house," she explained. She kicked her train aside and dropped into a great low chair. "And now," she said, "what became of you at tea?"

"I was on my way," he answered, "when I remembered an early dinner engagement. I had to hurry to the train."

"Well," she said, "perhaps that is really an excuse; but, before we go on, suppose you tell me what they call you in this interesting world. If Amadis comes back I shall want to call you something. It seems I gave him the impression this morning that you were an old friend. It made asking you to tea seem more natural. You don't object?"

Dalhousie laughed.

"No; I don't object." Then he told her his name.

"Well, Mr. James Dalhousie," she said, "besides avoiding me for the past twenty years, what else have you been doing?"

"Making bedsteads," he answered.

"Always here?" He nodded.

"But I come here from time to time. How have we missed out?"

Then it came to Dalhousie who she was and where he had seen her before. It had been years before, on a June morning after rain, at Niagara. He had walked up the riverbank from the hotel, and in the Mays' garden, which overlooked the Rapids, there were children playing; and there was a little girl walking the fence, who did those same curious, fascinating things with her hands as she balanced; and a glory of golden hair stood out about her head.

And this girl had become the celebrated Hyacinth May, whose movements the newspapers chronicled; who visited an aunt at Newport; who had been the belle of a London season; who taught a crown prince the game of tag; whose reported engagements to illustrious bachelors were incessant. No girl could have had a life which separated her more completely from the rut that had been his. He smiled at her question.

"I should think you could guess," he said. "You have been everywhere and have seen everything, while I've been making bedsteads in Buffalo. We've had different beats."

"So that's your idea of me," she said thoughtfully. She looked at him for a time out of half-closed eyes. "I suppose you're right. One gets into the habits of a snob without realizing it."

"Don't make me say what I didn't," he answered. "I wasn't criticizing; I was envious, admiring—that's all."

"Are you serious?" she said simply. "It seems so odd."

"I should say it was very natural," he answered. "Some people have everything come to them without effort. They have money and looks and opportunities. Everything always turns out right. They get the cream of life. They're the kind of people everybody wants to be. Well, you're one of that kind—that's all."

"It's funny how wrong you are!" she said musingly. Her tone was hard but not bitter. "Instead of having everything come to me, everything real runs away from me. Life for me is just going through the motions. Ever since I was sixteen I've done everything I wanted to. I went in for a good time and I had it; but now it's over—and what good does it do me? Where has it brought me? I am twenty-five and one month; and really I don't care whether I live or die. I'm finished."

He looked at her in amazement.

"But why?" he said slowly.

"Because it doesn't amuse me any more. It's over! You see," she went on, "you can fool yourself about a lot of things; but when you're bored you're bored."

"But still," he cried ingenuously, "you're only twenty-five. Think of all that's before you!"

"What is there before me?" she demanded.

"For one thing, there's marriage. You'll fall in love some day and marry."

"I suppose I shall get married," she said; "but I'm afraid I'm a little passée for love. When I was fifteen I was in love with a clerk at the Cataract House; but they told me his mustache was dyed, and that killed it. It's always been that way. No; that's a dream. I was counting up with Maggie Foster just the other day; we went through the social directory, marking the names we knew. We got through to the S's, and how many married people do you suppose we found who were really in love with each other after ten years? Six! Love hasn't anything to do with marriage. Everybody will tell you that. The things that count are liking the same kind of people and things and having enough money."

"But there must be something you want to do."

"I know what I ought to do! I ought to go in for nursing or start a shop. Never pity a woman who's got something she had to do three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. People talk about being in a rut. I tell you a rut is the only way to getting anywhere or being anything; but it takes character to stick to a rut—and I haven't got character."

He looked at her curiously.

"If you believe this, why don't you try one of these things?"

"I've just told you," she answered, "it takes character. I couldn't stick to it. Besides ——" She hesitated. "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. I am going to get married. In the spring I'm going to marry Amadis."

"Marry Amadis!" he repeated. "The little man?"

"Yes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" he said abruptly.

A strange tension came on the silence. His breath was coming fast. The blood throbbed in his temples. She fixed her eyes on him, her bosom rising and falling, and met his gaze. For an instant he felt that she was searching his soul.

Then she turned her head and remained staring blankly into the fire. He heard the drowsy noises of the burning wood, he felt the rhythm of the unheard dancing throbbing through the house; but, like a man in a daze, he sat motionless. At last she laughed softly and turned toward him, watching him from half-shut eyes.

"And why not, Mr. James Dalhousie?" she said.

He found his dry tongue again.

"Simply because there are certain things no one has a right to do."

"How can you know what anyone ought to do?" she demanded.

"No one ought to marry without love."

She laughed wearily.

"My child," she said, "let's change the subject. I've promised to marry him and that's the end of it."

"But why?" he insisted.

"For one reason," she said—"because it's the one thing I can do to make somebody else happy."

"You can't make him happy if you don't love him."

"No man wants to be loved," she said bitterly. "He wants to love and possess. Why Amadis should care for me," she went on, "I can't see. But he does."

"He would care for somebody else as well."

She shook her head.

"No; I don't think it's vanity, and I don't pretend to understand; but by some accident of fate I'm the one thing he has always wanted. It's my one responsibility."

"You mean to tell me," said Dalhousie, "that a man of his age has never loved before—that you are what they call the great passion?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"If that is so," said Dalhousie, "there's all the more reason why he shouldn't wreck your life. Tell him the truth. If he really loves you he will refuse to marry you."

"I have told him."

"Not in a way to make him understand. Tell him you can't think of marrying him."

"Please!" she said.

"No," he insisted. "You must!"

"But you can see it's impossible."

"Then I shall tell him," he said quietly.

She looked at him blankly. Then the idea seemed to amuse her.

"Don't you know he'd probably kill you?"

"He?" said Dalhousie.

She nodded.

"He's afraid of cold water, but he's a great duelist."

"I shall tell him," said Dalhousie.

"Let's be serious again," she said, "and go on with our talk. What I was wanting to say is that everybody has to make the best of things in life. You've got to play the cards that you draw——" She broke off, for at this moment the door opened and the little elderly man came in, rubbing his hands as though before the comfort of a fire.

"How delightful it is here! How quiet!" he said pleasantly.

"Amadis," said the girl—"Prince de Chaulieu-Valmore—Mr. Dalhousie."

Both men bowed.

"If I am not intruding," said Amadis, "may I sit and smoke a cigarette? Such a dreadful noise out there! And I dance so badly! But I will soon go back." He sighed and filled his lungs with smoke.

"You have come at the psychologic moment," said Dalhousie. "We have been having a discussion, which you better than anyone can decide."

The girl looked incredulously at Dalhousie and an exclamation escaped her.

"Aha!" cried the prince. "Let us hear!"

"It is the question," said Dalhousie, "as to what a woman should do under certain conditions, and what a man's duty is in regard to making her do it."

"A novel question!" said the prince; but his manner was so grave that his irony was lost. "All questions about women are interesting," he went on. "I have devoted my life to them; and to you, sir, I confide that I have never solved one."

"The question is," said Dalhousie: "What should a man do who finds that a woman is bent on marrying a man she does not love? I maintain that it is his duty to stop her, as he would a suicide. What do you say?"

The prince eyed him searchingly.

"Really," he said, "this is very interesting; but you give me scant data. One cannot generalize on this subject. Questions about women depend on the individual woman. Could you give me some conception of the woman you have in mind?"

"I am bad at describing," said Dalhousie; "but I have in mind an unusual woman, a woman in every way out of the ordinary."

"I see," said the prince gravely, and shot him another look. "But we still might have more data. Perhaps Miss May could assist us." The girl shook her head. "No? Well," he said, "women are never good at describing women. It is because they can have no sense of the effect produced by women on men."

"The woman I have in mind," said Dalhousie, "is the kind of woman who is the exception to every rule; the kind of woman to whom all the best of life seems to belong by right; the kind of woman who never ought to put up with second best; the kind of woman a man would do anything for—but I can't describe." He felt the prince's gaze and blushed.

"I see," said Amadis, filling his lungs with smoke.

Suddenly the thought came to Dalhousie that the man had guessed the truth. Unquestionably there was something in his mind. If not, why did he keep looking at him in that way?

"I think you describe very well," said the prince, a whimsical light playing in his eyes, "excellently well; but I should like to wager that I can describe her better than you. What do you say? But I warn you that this thing is my great specialty, my magical art. What I undertake to do is to describe this lady so you shall become convinced that I know her; and we will bet a flower for Miss May. Is it clear?"

Dalhousie looked at him doubtfully. What bluff was this? The girl looked from one to the other.

"Done, then!" said the prince. "You see it is not a mere display of my powers. As I told you, the answer to your question depends on the woman! With A, it might be yes; with B, no. That is why it is necessary to know what we are talking about. Now, if I succeed in painting the lady's portrait I shall convince you that I advise advisedly. Do I make myself clear?"

"I suppose so," said Dalhousie. "Go on!"

The prince flicked his cigarette into the fire and leaned back in the easy-chair.

"Believe me, the art of describing a woman is a curious one and much misunderstood by writers," he began. "One may faithfully describe the features, give their exact measurements; and the result is a Bertillon record, not a portrait. Now as an artist—an amateur, at least—I shall begin, with this lady, not with the color of her hair but by calling your attention to the way she moves. Hundreds may have her hair, but only she moves her hands in the particular way we know. Am I not right?" He was watching the young man with catlike alertness.

Dalhousie made no reply.

"To be commonplace, it is the poetry of motion," the prince went on. "She gestures in original, delightful ways characteristic of herself alone. You watch her when she reaches for a book or waves her hand, and you experience an emotion. Her grace of movement is like summer wind over standing grain."

The color began to rise in Dalhousie's cheeks again. What was he doing? Assuredly the man knew, but how did he dare to describe the girl to her face? He glanced stealthily at her. She had her eyes on the rug.

"As you see," continued Amadis gravely, "the correct method of personal description is to indicate the effect produced. Now, in the case of the woman we are portraying, the fundamental effect is promise. You reflect on her and she seems to be the door through which the soul enters into that larger freedom to which it aspires. She is the solution of all problems—the starting point and goal of all adventures; the stimulus that urges man to fulfill himself and achieve his heart's desire. She is the kind of woman in whose service alone a man believes himself truly free. She is the Lady of Liberty, and the man who contemplates her becomes her slave. Am I wrong?"

Neither Dalhousie nor the girl answered.

"And now," the prince went on, "I shall touch on another of her characteristic effects. At the first glance you recognize her mystical sistership to Aurora. The fragrance of the dawn is in her hair; the bloom of the early day is on her flesh. She is pink-and-white with morning. The promise and inspiration of morning are in her eyes. She has the quality of the pink-and-white Mayflower of New England—of young roses with dew on them; and all a man's being cries out to gather her as an armful of roses and hold her forever."

Dalhousie dropped his eyes to the floor. His cheeks were aflame. It was the truth. His whole being was burning to gather her like an armful of roses and hold her forever. He lifted his eyes again and met those of the prince. Yes; the man knew his secret. He rose from his chair and squared his shoulders.

"Since you know," he said, "we had better speak frankly."

"Know!" repeated the prince. "Stop! I know nothing. Surely you realize that. This is not knowledge, but art. I have but described every woman as she is once to one man. And you have recognized her. I win the bet."

He smiled, but it was a smile so swift and cryptic that Dalhousie made nothing of it.

"Very well," he said. "What then?"

The prince bowed.

"And now for my advice with regard to the course of our hero toward this hypothetical woman about to sacrifice herself to the elderly Minotaur. There was a time when, without doubt, I should have said: Act at any cost. The only question is as to the way. This is the great opportunity. Let nothing bar you from action. To delay the rescue is to commit the great mistake. But now I see that there are other sides to the question.

"As one goes on, one notes life's system of compensations. One follows up the case of the potential hero who hesitated and failed. We discover that even the great mistake was not fatal. The elderly Minotaur turns out to be not such a bad fellow. The unrescued damsel grows reconciled to him. Twenty years pass. Those locks are streaked with gray that once were raven——"

"Raven?" said the girl. She raised her head and fastened amazed eyes on Amadis; but he did not hear or see her. He was gazing raptly into space.

"Five or six children have come," he went on; "and she finds compensation in them. The rescuer who failed sees her happiness and forgives himself. Very likely he, too, after many years, married some charming girl and is contented; but, of course, the rose-tinted dream has gone." He sighed. "The Lady of Liberty and Morning has vanished. She comes once only, and when she goes she has gone forever." He started up, for the girl was laughing softly, but withal mirthlessly.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing. Tell us more about the raven-haired lady with six children."

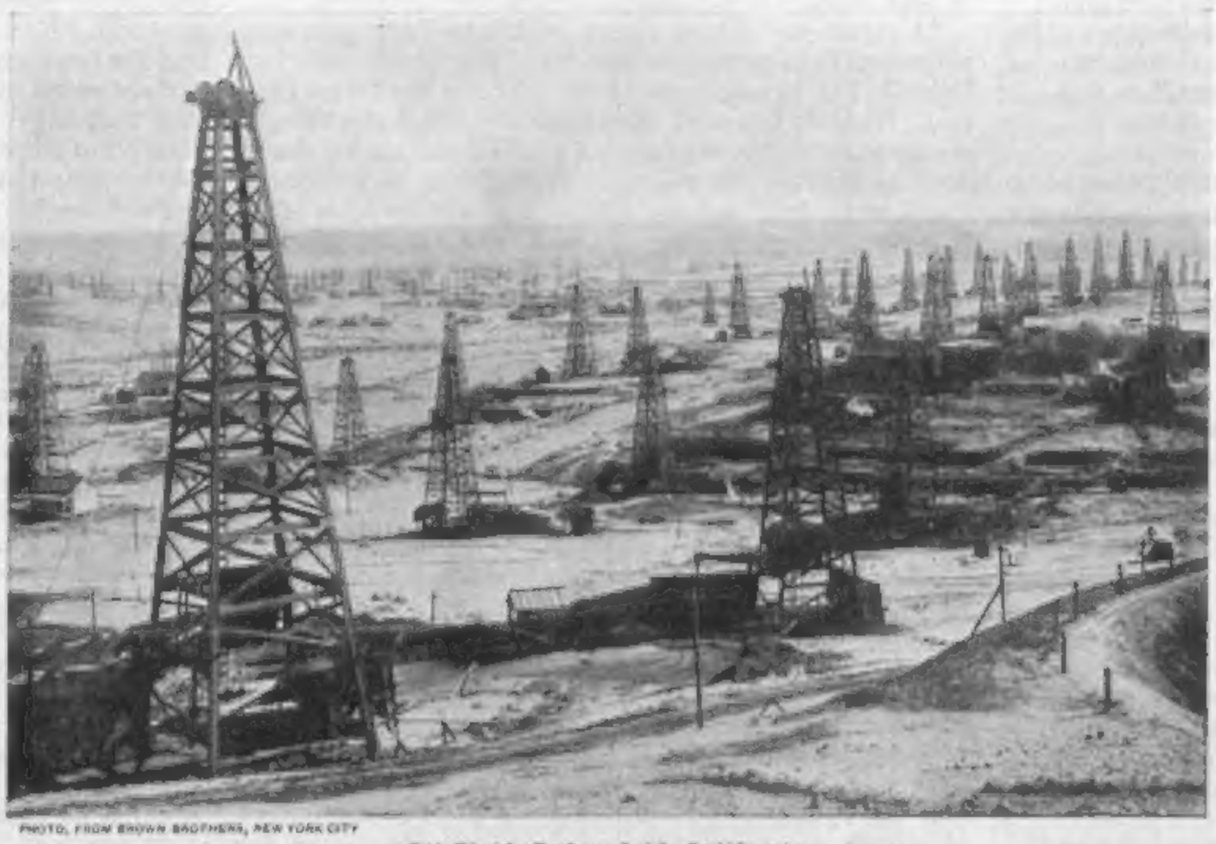
"There is no more to tell," he answered. "She was a dream." He turned to Dalhousie: "So, you see, my advice is worth what you make of it. It is good advice either way, depending on the man who takes it. But"—he smiled benignly—"if, indeed, our hero, like you, feels that the lady's immolation has the quality of suicide, I should say that action, prompt and complete, was the only way for him. To youth, youth seems eternity. To youth it is incomprehensible that raven tresses ever turn gray." He broke off, baffled by

(Continued on Page 37)

"Let's Change the Subject. I've Promised to Marry Him and That's the End of It"

COMPETITION IN OIL

By WILL PAYNE



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Field, Bakersfield, California

IF CRŒSUS had owned all this land," says an emphatic Bakersfield man, referring to a hundred and fifty square miles of California territory which yielded over a hundred million barrels of petroleum last year, "and had got every barrel of oil that has come out of it and spent every dollar that has been put into it, he would be broke!"

On the other hand, if Crœsus had bought that land at two dollars and a half an acre and sold it at the going valuation of anywhere from one million to five million dollars a square mile he would have added appreciably to his nest egg. It is through operations of that character, they tell me, that much of the money has been made in California oil—that is, in the real-estate end of the industry. And no doubt some large concerns have made money by piping, refining and marketing the oil.

Possibly my emphatic Bakersfield friend overstated the case; but L. P. St. Clair, president of the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, declares that producers of California oil have not made a dollar—as producers—in four years; and that statement seems fairly conservative. Moreover, an unpleasant suspicion is spreading among them that, as the game stands, their prospects for making a dollar in the future are by no means brilliant.

Oklahoma, the next biggest field, is more or less pervaded by the same sentiment. The two states yielded last year over two hundred million barrels of an exceedingly useful product, but those who directly induced the yielding got little enough out of it.

California had, first, the little localized industry of supplying Ventura County petroleum in the crude state for fuel to many comparatively small users at a good profit. Then oil was discovered in Los Angeles, which sent prices down to cost of production, or below. As the next phase, with a greatly increased supply from the Kern River field, big users—especially the railroads—came into the market and sent prices up.

In 1913 the railroads alone burned thirty-three million barrels. Use of oil on ships, both as fuel and in internal-combustion engines, has increased vastly. Yet supply has constantly tended to overtake demand, with a fall in prices very discouraging to the producers. Now, as California oil men contemplate that hundred and fifty square miles, which can quite certainly be made to yield much more than its present flow by simply drilling more holes in it, they suspect that they may be chronically at the mercy of overproduction.

When Supply Outruns Demand

A FEW years ago I looked over California's other most notable product—fruit—and found something like the same situation. The orange and lemon growers of the South, the raisin growers round Fresno, and the prune growers at Santa Clara had no trouble about producing. They could raise plenty of good fruit; but, broadly speaking, so long as they competed with one another in marketing it—just turning their stuff over to the buyer and blindly trusting to a mistakenly interpreted law of supply and demand—they made no money. In a general way they prospered only so far as they were able to coöperate effectually in marketing. Fruit and vegetable growers in many other states have discovered the same thing.

Quite naturally, therefore, oil producers turned to coöperation. On the whole, it has not helped them very much; and one may doubt, from the peculiar conditions of their case, that it ever will.

When the first floods of San Joaquin oil had duly demoralized prices, producers sought to remedy the situation by getting together. In 1901 they organized the Associated Oil Company, in which some forty producing companies merged. The Standard Oil Company, by the way, had entered the state only the year before by purchasing the Pacific Coast Oil Company.

Having an important part of production in its hands, it seemed that the new company might exercise a powerful influence on prices; but this Bakersfield oil is at the edge of a desert, between two mountain ranges, three hundred miles from the market at San Francisco and a hundred and seventy miles from that at Los Angeles. To market the oil requires an investment of about a thousand dollars for every barrel of daily output—for pipe lines, storage tanks, tank steamers, refineries, and so on.

The producers had no thousand dollars a barrel to invest; so the new company turned to that well-known friend of the needy—the Southern Pacific—for the necessary capital. The railroad subscribed ten million dollars and has controlled the company ever since, making of it simply a smaller Standard Oil.

That attempt having ended most uncoöperatively, a group of what an oil man calls half-starved Kern River producers tried again, by forming an Independent Oil Producers' Agency in 1904, to sell their output coöperatively. Some producers in the Coalinga field, farther north, followed suit; then the two associations merged in the present Independent Oil Producers' Agency, comprising about one hundred and forty active producers. It is the tightest coöperative association I have yet come across. Every member has leased his property outright to the agency for a period of ten years—about one-half of which has expired—so there is absolutely no getting away from it; and every member has one vote, irrespective of his output.

The agency began with a great success. It was then and still is the practice in California to sell oil on long-term contracts, running two or three years, at a fixed and stipulated price. For some time before the consolidated agency came into being, under the presidency of L. P. St. Clair, its present executive head, the Associated had been buying oil from unorganized producers round thirty cents a barrel. And it had been making long-time contracts to deliver oil, which contracts were based on the cheerful assumption that the price to the producer would continue round thirty cents.

It happened to be one of those junctures when demand was about up to supply, and there was no considerable quantity of stored oil anywhere in sight except some fourteen million barrels held by the Standard Oil Company. The executive board of the Producers' Agency discovered the situation of the Associated and checked up conditions in the oil field; whereupon—as the story is told me—there ensued a dialogue between President St. Clair, of the Agency, and President Scofield, of the Standard Oil Company of California, to the following effect:

MR. ST. CLAIR: We've got the Associated! It is under contract to deliver many million barrels of oil and it can't get the oil except by coming to us and paying our price.

MR. SCOFIELD: But we have a good deal of oil on hand.

MR. ST. CLAIR: If you sell oil to the Associated I cannot hold myself responsible for the consequences.

MR. SCOFIELD: What do you mean?

MR. ST. CLAIR: I mean just what I say. Independent producers feel that, for once, the game is in their hands. If you take it out of their hands by supplying the Associated I will not be responsible for the consequences.

The feeling of independent producers against the Associated—their own ungrateful child, so to speak—seems to have been then and to be now considerably more pronounced than against the Standard. At any rate, I am told, when the Associated applied to the Standard for petroleum with which to fill its contracts the latter named the intolerable price of one dollar a barrel; and the Associated turned perforce to the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, contracting to take its oil until 1910 at sixty-three cents a barrel.

This was a big victory for the Agency, but it was largely due to the accident of having caught the enemy at a strategetical disadvantage. That such accidents would repeat themselves seemed improbable. When the contract with the Associated ran out, the Agency—without pipe lines, large storage facilities, refineries, tank steamers, and so on, of its own—turned to the Union Oil Company, chief competitor of the Standard and the Associated, making a contract whereby the Union markets the Agency's oil exactly the same as its own, with a certain charge for the handling. That is about as far as coöperation seems able to go, and it falls much short of controlling the situation.

Running a Pipe Line Through Rough Country

Not a Pleasant Atmosphere

THE Agency appears to have done quite as well as was possible under the circumstances. President St. Clair was a substantial Bakersfield citizen engaged in the laundry business when the oil boom started. He soon got into the boom and became a producer; so his interests have all along been on that side. He is a forceful sort of man, with the general appearance of knowing his way about.

"So he bluffed the Standard?" I remarked to my informant who related the interview.

"Well, I don't know about that," the informant replied thoughtfully. "I don't know as it could be called altogether a bluff. Of course St. Clair himself would not have countenanced any violence; but feeling was pretty hot then. There's a chance that some reckless citizen might have started something." Which is not a pleasant atmosphere for any industry.

A great obstacle to effectual coöperation is that so much of the industry is in the hands of concerns whose primary interests are not those of oil producers. Last year, to illustrate, the Southern Pacific—through the Associated Oil Company and two or three other companies it controls—produced about fourteen million barrels of oil. Its output is now reckoned at about one and a quarter million barrels a month;

but it also buys normally about three-quarters of a million barrels a month and is probably the greatest consumer of petroleum in the world.

It is a fair conclusion, therefore, that high-priced crude oil is not its chief motive.

Then there is the Standard, which produced about seventeen million barrels last year and buys round one and a half million barrels a month. In the Standard's world strategy, a high price for California crude oil presumably does not occupy any prominent place. Southern Pacific and Standard together handled over half of last year's output. Oil men say they work very harmoniously. This does not necessarily mean any secret and illicit contracts between them, or violations of the antitrust laws.

No violations of the antitrust laws are necessary to induce persons having the same interests to work in the same way toward common ends. If Standard and Southern Pacific have the same general interests in the oil game anybody but a blockhead should know that they would not cut each other's throats, whether or not they are under the same ownership or bound by specific contracts.

To be effective, coöperation ought to extend over the major part of the field in which it operates; but at least a third of this field, considering only the producing end, is owned by interests that probably would not coöperate. The Santa Fé, a big oil user, produces three hundred thousand barrels a month. The California Oil Corporation—a Wall Street promotion of the Doheny and Canfield properties in California—and the General Petroleum Company, another Wall Street creation, together account for seven or eight hundred thousand barrels a month. The Union Oil Company and the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, whose output it markets, each produces about half a million barrels a month. And there are over three hundred active independent producing companies not in the Agency.

There is the further bar to control the situation through coöperation that the Southern Pacific and the Standard can increase production at will to a great extent. The United States Geological Survey has estimated that the proved fields in California may contain as much as eight billion barrels of petroleum. For miles along the rich Midway field the Southern Pacific owns each alternate section of land. There and in other California fields the Standard has holdings of oil-bearing lands. The two concerns own an important part of the best oil land. If they want more oil all they need do is to drill more wells.

What Wildcatting Means

THE Standard, at least, is reported to be wildcatting more or less of the time. To wildcat, in oil parlance, means to go outside of proved territory in search of new fields. Under these conditions many independent producers say it is not within their power to maintain a price by coöperating.

There is, also, the important difference between merely selling oil and marketing it. For the former operation all you need is a producing well. The Standard, or some other big marketing concern, will then run a field pipe to the tank at your well, measure the number of barrels drawn off and give you a ticket for the same at so much a barrel. These tickets are practically as good as cash in the oil country; so merely selling oil is a very simple operation. To market it is a very different matter, however, involving a great capital expenditure for pipe lines—perhaps hundreds of miles long—storage tanks, refineries, steamboats and selling organizations.

Only a concern with large capital or large credit can go into that. The Union Oil Company, for example, cuts a comparatively small figure in the United States market for refined products; but its balance sheet shows over thirteen million dollars invested in plants and thirteen millions more invested in other companies which are partly in the transporting or marketing line.

Oil-Shipping Station

Oil Reflection in the Kern River Oil Field Near Bakersfield

A Typical Oil Refinery

The Government has already taken a hand in the situation—for one thing, by the celebrated decree under the Sherman Law dissolving the Standard Oil combine. That decree is as much a joke to oil men as it is to everybody else.

Again, it is not necessary to assume that the Standard has violated a syllable of the decree. It is only necessary to realize that a group of concerns having a common interest will work toward that common end whether they are scrambled or unscrambled. The California end of the Standard, for example, is, by the famous decree, entirely distinct from the Oklahoma end—the Prairie Oil and Gas Company; but Oklahoma producers have complained of their end in the same way that California producers have of theirs.

Then, the pipe lines in which crude oil is transported were declared common carriers. At the time, this was held to be a notable victory for independent producers; but experienced oil men say its only practical effect has been to stimulate big concerns in getting control of oil-bearing lands—that is, getting a stronger hold on production.

Finally there is a presumption in some quarters that the condition for which oil men used to sigh—that is, powerful and thoroughgoing competition for the Standard—may be developing. Certainly the Dutch-Shell Combine has come into the California field and acquired considerable holdings of oil land, its output there now being figured at over four hundred thousand barrels a month.

This is a combine of two Dutch-English companies that has been cutting something of a swath in the world oil trade of late years. It originally operated in the Dutch East Indies. The Standard having stepped a heavy foot in that preserve, the Dutch-Shell repaid the compliment by entering North America; also, no doubt, because the yield in foreign fields was declining. It has come into California, Oklahoma and Mexico.

In this connection it is noted that another bunch of English capital has acquired big oil properties in Mexico, and that Andrew Weir, a London promoter, recently undertook to acquire a large interest in the Union Oil Company for British capitalists; also, that the German Government proposed last year to shut the Standard bodily out of the Fatherland by erecting a state monopoly in petroleum there—for the benefit apparently of German oil investors represented by the Deutsche Bank.

Supply and Demand

IN THESE circumstances imaginative oil men see indications of a new alignment in the world trade, with a combination of forces opposed to the Standard that would be something like a match for it in resources. So far, the Dutch-Shell is the only very tangible factor in opposition; and, though it reaches from Java and Borneo to Oklahoma and California, it is as yet a mere infant compared with the Standard. Its total capital assets are alleged to aggregate two to three hundred million dollars.

Experienced California producers, however, extract no comfort from a picture of giant competition with the Standard. Reviewing the history and situation of the industry, they surmise, on the other hand, that if there should be a great world oil fight they would play the useful but unpleasant rôle of corn between the upper and the nether millstones. Certainly, as the situation now stands, the strategetical objective of the fight would not be to capture the producer but to capture the consumer. There is no trouble in getting oil. The trouble is to find markets for it. In fighting for the markets the first weapon of the competitors would be price cutting, which is exactly what producers do not want.

Just how much there may be in this dream of a world oil war I do not know; but in any case California producers see no nourishment for themselves in it. Making common carriers of the pipe lines helps them little, because to transport their crude oil to a terminal point gets them nowhere. Being without storage facilities, tank steamers or refineries it is immaterial to them whether they have to sell their oil to the big companies in the field or at the seaboard. Steel storage for oil is expensive to build and after a few months in store the oil deteriorates.

The Standard and the Southern Pacific are the big buyers of California oil, their combined purchases normally running about two and a quarter million barrels a month; which, with their own production, gives them over half the state's output. Quite naturally many producers bestow on them no inconsiderable share of the blame for unprofitable prices. My own impression is that the Standard Oil Company conducts its business in California substantially as any other body of capable business men in the same position would conduct it.

The first consideration of any such concern will be its own profit—not producers' profits. Admittedly it has some fine men in its employ and is the best of neighbors in the field—accommodating and helpful in the various emergencies that are always arising in field work. Boosting the price of California crude oil is not its chief concern;

(Continued on Page 85)

BLUE MOTORS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"As to Running It a Child Can Do That," the Bright Young Man Purred On

OUT in the tremendous Somewhere, millions of miles from here, yet near enough to touch your elbow when your particular time has come for attention, the Universal Bureau of Foreordained Happenings conducts its business, day and night, through the centuries. Infrequently things slacken a bit in the Department of Eternal Irony; and the chief clerk, a busy individual by nature, reaches at random for a stray human pawn and sends him spinning across the board, just for the fun of watching him land.

On such occasions the departmental force is wont to group about—this trick, as a rule, being good for a smile; and then, the smile over, the force troops back to the regular routine work of presenting gentlemen with fatal heart affections on the day they retire to enjoy life with the million, or of permitting the long-hunted job to reveal itself ten minutes after the despondent has inhaled his final gulp of illuminating gas.

When, at the tender age of fifteen, Henry Trindel had accepted the post of office boy, Brackett, the youthful junior partner, estimating too freely from the purely external, had pronounced him a shrimp; yet Henry had made a good and faithful office boy, functionating with a precise celerity almost unknown to the breed. Others, viewing him with wiser eyes than Brackett's, had sought to lure him to themselves. More than once a full seven dollars weekly had been dandled before his young eyes; but Henry had turned from temptation and stuck fast to Bland & Brackett—for do not all authorities agree that the rolling stone gathers no moss, and that the young man's stern climb to success lies straight upward from a given point, not from half a dozen of them?

Time had justified Henry and the authorities. With twenty-seven years behind, with Bland long dead and gone, and Brackett's erstwhile ruddy locks turned to a rich and rather becoming gray, the perfect seed had blossomed to the perfect flower, and Henry Trindel was cashier. Nor was this the extent of his achievement, by any means. Incorporating, the firm had presented Henry with one share of stock and dubbed him treasurer on all letterheads thereafter; and he was ruler absolute of the outer office and ready-reference library of all past business—but, above all, he remained cashier.

In Henry Trindel's care funds were just a trifle safer than in the Mint. Uncanny instinct revealed to him shortages in the petty cash even before it had been counted; a sixth sense prompted him to refuse checks when the bank itself was not yet aware that its client had overdrawn; and when, at half past five each evening, he closed the big safe, markets might be performing on the flying trapeze, dynasties might be toppling, but, to the very last penny, the immediate cash of Bland & Brackett, Inc., was safe.

Sometimes, when out-of-town customers mentioned dishonesty among their own employees, Brackett would lead them to the glass partition and let them look at Henry Trindel, the while delivering a short talk on the wisdom of catching the right kind young—yet the fact remained that privately Brackett still considered Henry a shrimp.

Physically, Henry could offer little refutation. There had been a great deal of business to attend to about the time he reached the five-foot-three stage and he had spent no further energy on growing. Piling muscles or a savage visage might have compensated for the shortage, but Henry possessed neither. Abstemious living had inclined him to an esthetic slenderness; and his facial expression, mild enough in itself, was rendered a trifle more mild by the little black sideboards, which grew down from his thinning black hair and gave him either a certain austere dignity or the appearance of a stage butler, according to one's view.

Beyond this he ran strongly to clerical blacks and whites at all seasons; and the being did not live who could recall a cigar between Henry Trindel's teeth or a whiff of the demon Alcohol sneaking past his lips.

To complete the picture needs but the statement that, through frugality, Henry had amassed moderate wealth, would accumulate further wealth, and would eventually drift out of this vale of tears, to be mentioned in the obituary columns as the Mr. Trindel who had owned Bland & Brackett, Inc., and the seven subsidiary companies. The picture remains incomplete. That lonely share of stock, carefully secreted in compartment T-2 of the vault, and worth some nine hundred and eighty dollars, constituted the entire Trindel fortune.

Now and then, when he was quite alone after hours, Henry took out his little share of stock and, studying the tasteful engraving, wondered and shook his head, and sighed and wondered again. And, having reflected fully, while the scrub-lady swished water on the linoleum of the outer office and the watchman's clock overhead ticked with its abnormal evening loudness, it was his custom to smile gently and, the safe locked, to make for the Subway with just a slight accentuation of the nervous jerk in his precise little steps. No mystery lurked behind this paucity of interest-bearing securities; there was a definite cause, and Henry, ever a considerate soul, called it the High Cost of Living. Brackett, when he thought of the matter at all, called it Gilda Trindel, and then went on thinking about something of more importance.

Brackett had attended that wedding twelve years ago much as one goes to the dentist's chair. The best of us must suffer a little now and then; and, to save himself, he could not wound little Henry's feelings by remaining away. Riding uptown to the modest little church he had amused himself by visualizing the sort of life partner that eternal fitness would have handed to Henry Trindel. The Gilda, of course, was the grim joke of too optimistic parents; Mary would have been fancy enough, and something like Mehetabel probably a good deal more appropriate.

Gilda would be a leaniah person, running much to bony structure, with an anæmic skin and flat chest; with large feet, a long nose and not impossibly a squint and spectacles. Brackett, therefore, had sat up suddenly as they returned from the altar and smiled his bewilderment at the plumply delicate blond prettiness that rose no more than two or three inches above Henry's sleek head; had contemplated the eyes, which were just a shade too hard, and the chin, which had just a trifle too much character—and wondered how under the sun a girl like that could marry Henry Trindel! But there was a perfectly simple answer to that also; after her own fashion Gilda loved her husband.

There was no suggestion of his own humility in the emotion, and not a trace of the subdued, enduring wonder that overgenerous destiny should have brought them together in the middle of an otherwise gray and sorrowful world; but it was a mild, good-natured passion, and it had worn very well indeed. And Henry and his then twenty-five hundred dollars had been better—oh, so much better!—than guiding vapid and wholly uninterested children through piano mysteries at seventy-five cents the guide.

Henry had been strong on plans for the future in those dear first days. The abounding authorities agreed pretty well on the general rules for matrimonial navigation, and in his own inconspicuous way Henry had absorbed a good deal of information on what to avoid and how to prosper when married. They would start life, he fancied, in three or four rooms—probably on somebody's third floor in a quiet neighborhood; this would leave a considerable margin for saving and the healthy growth of the nine thousand dollars he had already tucked away.

They had started in four rooms, as a matter of fact; but the somebody was an invisible landlord who permitted the superintendent of the building to collect sixty dollars in his name each month. And the three hundred dollars which mentally Henry had set apart for furniture had swelled to nineteen hundred before Gilda's final artistic touch was in place. Still, they had had to start; and if they had started with a vengeance the effect, at least, was very pretty when one had recovered from the first shock. Henry had really come to enjoy the effect, when Brackett had started fresh trouble by raising his salary an even thousand dollars.

Sometimes, even now, Henry gasped as he recalled taking home the news that evening, his happy speech all prepared. It was costing them every penny of his salary to live. Good! They could now live just as well and save one thousand dollars a year.

Henry had thrilled as he told Gilda; he had thrilled some more and differently as he listened to her glad outburst. Silently, it appeared, Gilda had been suffering the tortures of the damned in those four cramped rooms. They really needed more space—more room to entertain in—more apparatus to entertain with—and a real maid in place of the unhappy little sloven who washed the dishes at present; and on this heaven-born thousand dollars Gilda could manage it all.

Henry having hearkened to his idolized wife as one in a dream had wakened at the conclusion and put down his foot firmly; and the foot had bounced up again with such astounding promptness and vigor that never afterward had he put it down in quite the same spot. Not that Gilda had stooped to temper, however; far from it. Temper with Henry was unnecessary; but in a calm, well-bred, forceful, convincing manner she had turned Henry's thoughts into new channels, and given them such impetus that he had telephoned Brackett early next morning and gone flat-hunting with Gilda instead of to work.

Four years after, when prosperity prompted Blank & Brackett, Inc., to pay Henry forty-five hundred of the eight or ten thousand he was earning, the performance had been repeated, but without a squeak of friction. Just now their eight rooms in Alturia Court were adding monthly installments to the wealth of a realty corporation at a rate that provided Henry Trindel with at least twelve full-blown shudders annually.

There were women about most of the time, too, whom he could not quite comprehend—elaborate, willowy ladies, who wore things that jingled, and played cards, and left faint, elusive perfumes in their several wakes; who spoke familiarly of matters involving an abstract quantity which Henry sensed as society, and dressed quite as its uppermost representatives dressed in the Sunday supplements—and all of it when Henry's mathematical mind knew to a jot what most of their husbands earned.

Unclassified strays of the young-man order were in evidence now and then—peculiar beings, to Henry's mind, whose cerebral contents had been removed at birth, that growth might concentrate on the production of tireless vocal cords. Husbands were about too; and mostly they liked Henry, for he led them apart to his alleged den, where they could look natural and talk shop sanely and without interruption.

But all of it went to make a strange life for one who had pictured forty-two as the period when one lived in a neat suburban villa, rented the next three to desirable tenants, and paid regular installments on the six lots between the last house and the corner.

Be it not thought that Gilda was extravagant or unreasonable. Having arranged the expenditure of her husband's income with an expertness in getting maximum effects that was nearly incredible, she never asked for more. Nor can it be said that Henry, strictly speaking, was unhappy. To some extent twelve years of the new ways had lulled him. He dwelt in a home that, mere flat or not, excelled in ornateness anything he had pictured as accompanying millionairedom. He owned a wife who could produce more toilets from a given sum than any other living woman—a wife at whom people stared respectful admiration, and who was quite as young at thirty-three as at twenty-one and even prettier.

Even the memory of his one-time nine thousand dollars had grown so old and feeble that its sting was blunted. Period furniture had sent that ill-starred fund reeling against the ropes; erratic fur styles had hammered it to its knees a little later and no more than permitted it to come back, groggy, and gasping; and the grand piano for the real music room in Alturia Court had sent it down for the count. Viewing Gilda's genuine pleasure in life, however, Henry did not regret. He was—or assumed that he was—content.

Only—once in a great while he communed with himself and was glad he had never mentioned that lone share of stock to Gilda. Several times he had contemplated the revelation and had shrunk from the task as from a crime. The newer sagacity told Henry Trindel that if ever that share poked its head from compartment T-2 he would discover that they stood in dire need of something costing about nine hundred and eighty dollars, the lack of which he had never even suspected.

Henry wondered why she frowned. Gilda rarely frowned, and never at breakfast. This was the hour when Gilda ran through her mail, which was frequently of astonishing volume, plucking out a written sheet here and reading swiftly; discovering an engraved bit there and exclaiming delightedly, or shrugging her shoulders with a pretty affectation of weariness, according to the altitude of the sender. Three notes were all the real maid had brought on the beaten silver tray this morning, however; and when her slim fingers dropped the third Gilda was indubitably frowning. She sighed audibly too; and Henry Trindel's eyes opened as he inquired anxiously:

"No bad news in that letter, was there, dear?"

Gilda looked up too suddenly; in her eye lurked a light that suggested smoldering anger.

"The Merriweathers have a motor at last; they bought it yesterday," she stated.

"Oh!—have they?" smiled Henry Trindel, and sighed a little mistaken relief of his own.

"I suppose Myra sat down last night and wrote that same cute little note to every woman she ever met," his pretty wife reflected further.

"Why?"

The blankness in his eyes brought back the good nature to Gilda's smile. She propped her dimpled elbows on the table and looked at Henry Trindel pensively and rather wistfully.

"Because I think that's what I'd do," she said with sweet candor; and, after a small and effective pause, added—"if we ever got a car."

The pause missed Henry Trindel's head by a full inch. He smiled at the end of the funny column in his paper and laid it aside; he smiled at Gilda, too, very cheerfully, as he always did when through with breakfast.

"Dear me! Is that half-past eight striking?" he inquired. "So it is! I'm a little late."

Silently Gilda watched him rise and give the same downward twitch to his vest she had witnessed every morning for twelve years. She sighed gently as he pattered away to the little hall of the suite; she heard the squeak of the drawer which concealed Henry Trindel's private hatbrush from public view. And then, while the soft scrape of Henry's brushing floated back, she picked up Mrs. Merriweather's letter and, for no plain reason, tore it into many small pieces. It is even possible that her lips were tightening when Henry returned with his brushed hat and his good-by smile. Gilda, failing for once to rise according to schedule, glanced up almost accusingly.

"Henry," she said, "everybody has one—now."

"Has what, my darling?" Henry Trindel queried.

"Motors—one, at least—everyone we know. The Merriweathers were the very last people; and now they ——"

Her words trailed gently to pregnant nothingness; but Henry Trindel, the armor of his ingenuousness all unpenetrated, merely glanced over her head at the clock.

"Yes; I suppose automobiles are a lot of fun if one has the time and the money to spend on them," he said vaguely.

"Merriweather's salary is no bigger than yours," Gilda guessed.

"I know it isn't"—Henry smiled unguardedly—"because Dobson, Billings & Billings' credit man told me that ——"

"But they can afford a car!"

She was playing with the bottom buttonhole of his coat, which secretly annoyed Henry hugely; and she was looking upward with a waxing wistfulness that drilled suddenly into his inner consciousness and sent a thrill of fright through him. He seemed to recognize at last that flicker in Gilda's mild blue eye; it conjured shadow shapes from the past, which waved mocking arms at him and gibbered. The ermine coat had sped its first fell message in his direction with just that wistful smile; the first unsounding note of the grand piano had been borne to him on just that flicker.

"Well, Bill must have made a little something on the side," he said hastily with a wild smile. "Stocks, you know, or something like that."

"I know. Most men do, don't they?"

"Why—some do, of course," Henry confessed, and was aware of the warm moist film that overspread his brow.

He knew somehow that she would not ask why he, too, did not make a little something on the side; but the query vibrated through the still, pseudo-Jacobean atmosphere nevertheless. Gilda, with a fork, drew a little circle on the tablecloth and another circle within, and several intersecting lines; it looked to Henry Trindel, in more senses than one, like the Indian sign of an automobile wheel. He cleared his throat.

"Some day or other, Gilda dear, we'll have a car of our own, I suppose," he remarked with a careless good cheer that was nearly ghastly—"not this year or next year, very likely; but eventually. Just now, of course, it would be out of the question. We haven't use enough for such a thing—and the machine itself isn't the only expense, they tell me. It's keeping a man to run it, and ——"

"Oh, Henry—they run themselves nowadays, with all the self-starters and things!" Gilda cried with a bright, childlike eagerness. "Dot Mason drove that huge affair of theirs all the way to Denver. I could learn to run a car in one day; and—oh, have you seen Brackett's new one?"

"The blue one?" Henry Trindel asked hoarsely.

"I should want a blue one too," Gilda said dreamily—"not a terribly expensive car like Brackett's, of course; just something to get round in like civilized people, Henry—a cunning little one with a lot of electric lights and one of those funny little sedan tops. But a blue one! Wouldn't it be nice, Henry?"

"Lovely!" Henry Trindel agreed briefly. "Good-by, dear!"

"That Young Man Who—Just Went Out! Ask Him to—Come Back!"

"I Should Want a Blue One Too, Henry—a Cunning Little One With a Lot of Electric Lights"

In the Subway a horrible sense of his own deficiencies overwhelmed him and all but made him cringe. Other things apart, the diplomatic instinct had quite forsaken him this morning. He had hacked that unfortunate conversation off short instead of working it out to a soothing anticlimax and leaving Gilda smiling. Now that he came to think of it Gilda's good-by kiss had been more than perfunctory, and she had failed to appear at the corner window and wave to him as he ducked into the underground station.

A small, unpleasant chill percolated through Henry Trindel. The large, pompous man who lived on the ground floor of Alturia Court and limited his conversation to one "Good morning!" stood beside him in the packed car as usual; and, consciously or otherwise, he was resting his paper squarely on top of Henry Trindel's head. Far from rousing ordinary resentment the affront sent Henry's spirits a little lower; but the paper shielded him nicely from the world at large and, with the top of the black-haired girl's hat to stare at, he could concentrate his paining thoughts.

It was not thinkable that Gilda seriously contemplated this motor-car proposition. His better sense told him so much—and still, that wistful smile remained to suggest that his better sense erred slightly. He recalled vividly the day he had faced that smile and sought to explain away an ermine cloak. He recalled, too, spending eight dollars on a piano salesman's luncheon, by way of acquiring sledge-hammer arguments in favor of upright pianos that have seen some use, as opposed to new grands. Something had slipped on those occasions; but things were different now.

In those days he had possessed a little spare fund; now, but for the lone, imprisoned share of Bland & Brackett, Inc., he had nothing at all. Very likely the subject had been dropped for good; but if it came up again he must be firm—very firm. He registered the resolve with a sigh so shaky and noisy that the black-haired girl looked up suddenly and wondered why the pale little man with the mutton-chop whiskers gritted his teeth and nodded at his reflection in the window.

Brackett's secretary halted him halfway across the outer office. The president desired his company for a moment; and the president acknowledged his entry by holding up a traffic-policeman hand at his tense stenographer, shooting his cigar to the other side of his mouth, and saying:

"Going to the bank yourself this morning, Henry?"

"I had meant to send Grapley, my assistant," said Henry Trindel; "because ——"

"All right. Send Grapley. Get me ten thousand dollars extra, Henry. I want it in fifties. I'm going upstate to-morrow to see whether it isn't humanly possible to do some sane buying for this house. Ten thousand—fifties. Now!"

His cigar shot back to dictating position.

". . . letter of the twentieth; our board of directors at their last meeting considered ——" the stenographer said automatically.

"If you're not going until to-morrow," said Henry Trindel, "why not leave ——"

". . . last meeting considered the construction of an additional warehouse at the point —— What?" barked

Mr. Brackett. "I may decide to start to-night, Henry! . . . warehouse at the point you mention; and in that event —— What the devil do you want, Henry?"

"Nothing," said Henry thinly as he moved through the doorway.

Beyond it the whole machine within him was reversed instantaneously. From being bossed he became boss. His keen eye shot about and typewriters rattled more energetically; young men who smiled because their acute ears had caught the ". . . devil do you want, Henry?" from the president's office took to writing busily again. Into his own office, the one with the little wicket at the far end, went Henry Trindel; and, having sniffed the air, he asked curtly:

"Smoking again in here, Grapley?" His assistant glanced up and dropped a cigarette into the cuspidor Henry Trindel loathed. "I don't want to speak about that again, Grapley!"

"All right, Mr. Trindel," his assistant muttered, and bent over his slips again.

The lord of his little domain jingled keys and opened his desk—jingled more keys and opened the third small drawer and extracted the combination of the vault. Humility never could have been associated with Henry Trindel as he opened that safe for the day. Viewing the interior and finding it all unblasted, his small chest expanded; conscious importance quickened his step as he drew out the petty cash box and noted the servile speed of the whisk with which Grapley brought the empty cash drawer and set it before him. Dignified calm overspread all things in the cashier's office; Authority had arrived and settled down for the day.

Yet, long before noon, Depression came and linked arms with Authority and claimed him for her own; and, coming, she brought a brood of strange old fears.

One in particular which had obsessed Henry Trindel in earlier days sat at his elbow just now in a little blue motor. Gilda was beautiful. Occasionally, even now, he fancied that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. And he, however good and faithful he might be, was not impressive. Still further, being all absorbed in the business of Bland & Brackett, Inc., he had never in all his life made a little something on the side, like other men of their acquaintance.

Now, given a situation of this kind it was not impossible that Gilda's true knight might exist somewhere and come a-riding. That sort of thing had happened before—thousands of times; and in a good many of them, as Henry acknowledged with a shudder, without much blame attaching to any of the persons involved. Just as he always did in these spells of gloom Henry conceded freely that Gilda should have married one of the largest and finest millionaires living—a splendid clubman person, who looked something like Lord Kitchener; who could provide grand pianos enough to drown Niagara's roar and blue automobiles sufficient to dam her flow!

Deep in Henry Trindel's being lay a streak of romance which could hurt like a toothache when it chose. It needed no effort at all to picture some such magnificent ogre materializing at a time like this, discovering Gilda, and—why, just sweeping her to him and disappearing forever on a steam yacht worth a million dollars, painted a *motor-car* blue and displaying ermine sails!

Very slowly, after a long time, Henry Trindel went to the vault and unlocked compartment T-2. He paled as he stuck the lonely share in his pocket and sat at his desk again. With his own mild brand of vehemence he swore aloud that it should not go, and at the same time admitted that it might have to go. It was not that Henry feared his wife or had turned improvident; but the interview that had moved them out of those first four rooms had graved a record on his memory which nothing but death could efface.

Grapley furnished a diversion by returning with a small handbag and a large grouch. The former he opened at Henry Trindel's desk, slapping money on its polished surface and delivering a monologue:

"The boss' ten thousand—drivers' money—salesmen's memoranda—and the chicken feed—dimes, quarters, halves, ones, twos. I checked it up. Say, does this firm think I'm a horse? Narkum hands me these just now and tells me to go out collecting. Do I go?"

"If Mr. Narkum wishes you to—certainly," said Henry Trindel. "Grapley, have you been drinking?"

The eyes that faced Henry were not quite clear.

"Say, I bought a schooner of beer to save me from choking to death!" young Mr. Grapley confessed desperately.

"Grapley," Henry Trindel replied steadily, "drink and cigarettes have sent more young men to their ruin than any other known causes, with the possible exception of gambling. This corporation gives its employees better treatment than any other I know. In return it demands a clear head and faithful, intelligent service. These things are impossible to the rum-soaked, nicotinized brain; and, though I shall regret it extremely, the next time I detect liquor on your breath you must consider yourself dismissed."

Mr. Grapley managed a subdued, startled grin.

"Well, a job like this would drive anybody to drink; but I'm not stuck on losing it at that," he said candidly. "All right, boss!"

"Go now!" said Henry Trindel.

"I'll be back round three," young Mr. Grapley murmured. "I'm taking fifty cents for lunch money. Is that too much?"

"Not if spent solely for nourishing food," Henry said coldly.

Alone once more he found meditation on Grapley's sins something of a relief from more intimate communion with himself. Grapley, he feared, was really drinking heavily, and it was certain that Grapley smoked cigarettes; and much saddened observation suggested to Henry Trindel that, guilty of these things, Grapley probably gambled as well.

Of the three he was not quite sure that gambling was not the worst. Even in childhood's happy hour the blind risking of hard-earned pennies had appealed to Henry as criminal folly. And when an employed young man, a young man who is handling the money of others, takes to that sort of thing —— Henry Trindel clucked twice with his tongue and, shaking his head, laid away the different bundles of small money and bustled over to the vault with Brackett's ten thousand dollars.

He would put that in B-3, which was the compartment Brackett rarely used. Before putting it there he would count it once more. Carefully Henry Trindel ticked off the thousands and laid them in the little steel drawer, until only one small sheaf remained in his fingers.

And the door opened and the preordained charged in!

Outwardly it was nothing more formidable than a young person of twenty-five or thereabouts. Originally he had owned a rather pleasing, honest countenance—and it was not altogether unpleasing now; but there were fine red veins in his eyes and beside his nose, and his mouth had grown loose, and he breathed queerly; one glance told Henry Trindel that, whoever the young man might be, the Demon Rum had taken up a residence in his internal economy. He was not surprised when he asked:

"Is Grapley here?"

"He is out," Henry Trindel said briefly.

"Well—can you tell me when he'll be back?"

"Not before three, I believe. I ——"

"Three!" cried the unknown, and hot horror was in the word.

"He said ——"

"Say, excuse me, mister, but can you tell me where I can get hold of him before that—before two?"

"No," said Henry Trindel icily. "Why?"

He did not approve of this young man. This was the sort of young man with whom one might have expected to find Grapley associating; in a way his very presence was ratifying Grapley's impending dismissal. And now he was hurrying to Henry Trindel's side and speaking with a low-voiced excess of emotion that was downright amazing:

"You're Mr. Trindel, ain't you? Well, Mr. Trindel, I wanted to connect with Jim because he usually has a double sawbuck somewhere in his jeans that's waitin' for company, and—say, do you ever take a chance on the ponies, Mr. Trindel?"

"What?" asked Henry Trindel.

"Listen!" commanded the stranger. "A dog named Millibel's running out on the old Elgiria Track in the first race to-day and I can get fifty to one on him. Wait a second—you don't even have to smell of it if you don't want to; but I can tell you about it." He came very close to Henry Trindel and laid a clammy, trembling hand on his arm. "Bill, this thing is straight!" he croaked, with what soul remained to him in his eyes. "It come to me through my brother, that's riding him; and it's straight! I ain't got a cent. I never have a cent when a thing like this comes along. But if you want to come up with a little roll I can get it down not six blocks from here, with a guy that carries a whole Federal Reserve he's willing to lose. See? I can do that; there ain't a chance to lose, and we split fifty-fifty!"

He leaned more heavily on Henry Trindel and panted queerly. Had he enjoyed longer acquaintance with Henry Trindel he would have expected to see the narrow shoulders square and a thin white finger point toward the door while Henry sought to control his righteous fury; and, as a matter of fact, something of the kind would have occurred—on almost any other day.

Just now, however, though the impulse of rage seemed to rise in him, it struck something unyielding and was splintered to little bits, as it were. Henry Trindel, leaning against the open vault, stared at the unknown with eyes suddenly grown wide and strange—and saw him not at all. Into Henry's altered mental vision rolled a blue motor and a misty vision of Gilda, smiling wistfully, and a composite picture of Merriweather and other men who made a little something on the side, and ——

"Say, Mr. Trindel, there's an hour's difference in time between here and there, and I ain't got a second to lose if you don't want to come in. I'm going to stick something on that Millibel horse if I have to get it with a chunk of lead pipe!" the friend of young Mr. Grapley said in a strange, whimpering little voice as he poised on tiptoe and clutched Henry Trindel's sleeve.

"Well—wait a moment," the foe of gambling said hoarsely. "You—you say this—this horse is bound to win?"

"Mister, if Millibel don't come in by three lengths I'll come back here and let you cut my throat!" the unusual stranger cried passionately. "It ain't often I make a touch to bet with, but there ain't a guy living can say I ever lost a cent for him."

On second viewing, too, his face seemed much more honest to Henry Trindel's fascinated gaze—marred by dissipation, but very earnest and really honest. Henry Trindel's voice came from a tremendous distance:

"Fifty—fifty to one would mean that—that a hundred dollars would earn five thousand."

"Yes, and five hundred would earn twenty-five thousand; and this guy that's got the book I'm telling you about is good for it, because they've been running fine for him lately, and he thinks this Millibel's a joke anyway!" the other cried feverishly. "Only make up your mind, quick, friend, because ——"

"You ——" Henry Trindel choked. "Are you sure about this?"

The stranger threw out his arms wildly.

"Mister, if I was as sure ——" he began loudly.

"Hush!" cried Henry Trindel. "I—here!"

Something entirely beyond him had taken full control—had jerked his hand toward the stranger—had permitted him to smile, with a ghastly, toothy effect, as the stranger snatched the little sheaf of money belonging to Bland & Brackett, Inc. And now, with a stifled yell and a violent grip, the stranger had turned and fled headlong; and Henry Trindel was standing all alone, still smiling.

As in a dream he floated back to his chair and sat down. As in a dream he smiled on; and then suddenly the smile died and, with a crash, the whole world stopped short! He, Henry Trindel, of his own volition, had actually parted with the firm's cash to a perfect stranger, who pretended he wished to gamble!

Two frozen hands clutched Mr. Trindel's head; the office turned pitch black and rocked crazily. His breath stopped completely. For a moment he fancied he was going to die and was glad; but respiration started again and the blackness turned to a dull gray, and Henry Trindel staggered from his chair and swayed toward the door. The panel opening all but brained an approaching office boy; he stopped and stared at the cashier, who gasped:

"That young man who—just went out! Ask him to—come back!"

"The young man with a blue suit and a cap, sir?"

"Yes!"

"Why, he went out ten minutes ago, Mr. Trindel," said the office boy. *(Continued on Page 61)*

"Mister, if Millibel Don't Come In by Three Lengths I'll Come Back Here and Let You Cut My Throat!"

RUSSIA'S STAKE IN THE WAR

By MARY ISABEL BRUSH

IN AN article elucidating the position of England in the present war Mr. Arnold Bennett made the statement: "Whether or not Russia desired war I cannot say." As I read the essay I was sitting in the lobby of the principal hotel of Petrograd at four o'clock. A musician at one end of the room ran his bow across his violin so that it sounded like a human voice. Girls, as in London, grappled for the honor of appearing beside khaki-clad masculine figures.

Page boys in scarlet Russian blouses serpentined through the groups. They sang out names that were long enough to be three names and seemed to be totally without vowels.

Waiters stood round the tea room in long white robes like operating costumes.

A fat, soft-looking, fair-haired Russian, in the most careful of toilets consisting of a clay-colored uniform that matched his mustache, leaned far over a writing table to look at an English girl who was reading a copy of the London Times stretched on a long stick. His gaze rather indicated that he would consider an acquaintanceship with her. Her answering telegraphic glance was a diplomatic triumph in not understanding. It was so dissociated from the real situation that it reminded one of the diplomatic communications leading up to the war.

Outside you heard the clank of guns changing from shoulder to shoulder, and you knew that a company of troops was marching to St. Isaac's Cathedral across the street. In a few moments they would lie prostrate in the dirt in front of it and receive the blessing of the priest from the high steps. Inside the vast interior women lifted little children to kiss the sapphire-set icons and, in a passion of faith, lit candles in a vase for their men who had died in the trenches.

Amateur nurses buzzed round me, their heads hung with white veils. They presented tambourines, turned upside down, to tea drinkers and army captains and aviators, and rouged ladies in tenaciously clinging costumes. Everybody was either collecting for or giving to the army. The American Ambassador approached me with one of the papers, on a long stick, from the library table. He observed: "Here is some interesting reading." He was having his little joke. It was a copy of the Novoe Vremya in the original tongue.

Suddenly the big, khaki-clad soldier left off ogling the English girl and made for the squatty, bearded generalissimo who entered through the revolving door. The fat soldier walked with such magnificent disregard for his rounded stomach that you were almost convinced he did not have one. When the generalissimo beheld him they flew at each other like schoolgirls and embraced, with two kisses that carried over the buzzing noise of the big room.

How the Czar Is Kept in Ignorance

OUTSIDE, the clanking march of the soldiers sounded again; they were starting for the front in a Holy War, and the bells in the golden dome of the cathedral rattled out a wild concert of discord, speeding the men toward the frontier—and their Maker.

Such was the scene; but Mr. Bennett's remark brought a different setting to my mind. I saw myself, with relation to my national surroundings, in something the same proportionate dimensions as a fly on a plate-glass window of a department store. I was an atom in millions of square miles of Russian land. It stretched from Libau, on the Baltic, to Vladivostok, on the Pacific—from the White Sea to the Himalayas—over one-seventh of the surface of the earth; and it was just about as cut off from communication with the outside world as a jar of cherry preserves that had been sealed with a rubber band under a screw-on top while they were hot. You could mail a letter and dismiss it from your mind in the comfortable certainty that it would never arrive at any foreign port. You could send a cable message and forget it, for it would bear no result.

"Come on In—the Water's Fine!"

Mr. Bennett and I had met, and we held several impressions in common; and yet here I now sat, with a perfectly definite opinion regarding something of which he and others of my own race and blood knew nothing at all. I was cut off from the Russian point of view by the almighty barrier of language and a total ignorance of a constituent part of their temperament. The Asiatic that is in them I and other Westerners cannot fathom. Still, of one thing I felt certain. Pointing with my forefinger to Mr. Bennett's printed words, I said to a distinguished French gentleman who approached me: "Of course Russia wished to fight?" I used the rising inflection. "You couldn't have kept her from it with a muzzle and a leash."

The Frenchman is quite a man in Russia. He has lived there for twenty-five years and knows every member of the bureaucracy by his given name. He smiled a little ingrowing smile and asked confidentially: "How did you get on to that?" He sank back into a soft couch upholstered in a pretty little design of a man standing on the wound of somebody he had just slain, while the blood flowed from it. Above him hung a copy of the painting of a group of barbarically clad Cossacks seated round a table in an abandonment of lustful joy. They were framing a scornful war message to the Turks.

I had been looking forward for a long time to a talk with the Frenchman. People had told me that he knew more about political and social conditions than any other man in the empire, not barring the Czar. Indeed, there has been mention that the Czar knows less than many others. One of the efforts of the ministry is to keep news from him and to let him hear only what would influence him to their point of view.

During the riots that preceded the war, so the story goes, when workingmen were insisting on forming unions, the Czar commanded that newspapers be delivered to him. They got out a special edition on fine paper, with all the news of the strike misrepresented. In a few days even these were discontinued, and when he called for them his ministers told him that they could obtain no more paper of a quality suitable for presentation to him.

The Czar is not so easy a proposition for his ministers to manage as some of his subjects think, however. He pursues an independent and perfectly consistent line of thought, and he frequently acts according to the dictates of his own heart. In the present situation he was, as ever, in favor of peace, and sent a message to that effect to the Kaiser. It has been kept out of the printed diplomatic correspondence and has only very recently been rumored abroad. The Czar wished to refer the matter to The Hague Tribunal, and the Kaiser replied that he was willing to do so. He thanked the Emperor for the friendly attitude of the letter, but demanded to know why the communication of the Czar's ministers was so different in purport and tone. But I am making a distinct attempt to harness the cart before the horse, for this very information was given me by the Frenchman.

It was my business to get him to talk, and I put a good deal of ardor into the effort.

"Didn't Russia get into the war very early?" I asked as he sat beside me on the couch in the hotel. "And wouldn't it have been as easy for her to manage Servia as for Germany to call off Austria? Did Russia know England would fight? And when did she find it out?"

"If you mean those peasant fellows out in front"—he pointed to a group of picturesque blond cabbies in cadet-blue bath-robes who had gone to war over a potential passenger—"they haven't found it out yet. Most of these men who are out in the trenches now don't know that England is fighting at all—much less whom she is fighting with or what for. If you mean the thinking men of the empire, they discovered it, I should say, after the last Balkan War, out of which the Powers so beautifully kept. If you mean the government, they knew of the change of heart since 1907. They found it out just after England and Russia made a commercial treaty in which Great Britain practically relinquished all claim to influence in Persia."

Diplomacy in a Picture Gallery

"ENGLAND doesn't like Russia, and Russia doesn't trust England. The alliance isn't what you would call stable. A man came over here very unpretentiously from England seven years ago. There were only about three men in the empire who knew he was here. I don't think he had on dinner clothes during his stay. One day he and a minister of the government were wandering through the Alexander III Gallery, carelessly commenting on the pictures. There is one there of Peter the Great interrogating his son. The son is telling his father that he does not wish to be emperor.

"They stopped before it and suddenly the Englishman said, as though quite spontaneously: 'England wishes the good will of Russia.' The Russian answered: 'This is indeed a surprise.' He looked at the picture of Peter, whose life's ambition had been to secure for Russia an open port."

I myself had seen the great ruler's log hut in Archangel, where he went to live so that he might experiment with ships in a harbor.

"The Englishman said: 'If England has to fight we should be glad to know Russia would be with us.' The Russian answered: 'Whose sword closed the Dardanelles to us twice? Your country was not our friend in the Russo-Turkish War or in the Crimean. Why does she wish us for her friend now?'" The Russian knew well, because in subtlety and astuteness he need take lessons from no one. "The Englishman answered: 'We may have to fight a common foe!' 'Who's that?' demanded the minister. 'Your most powerful neighbor on the west!'"

I myself had been in Russia long enough to know pretty well what passed through the minister's mind when he heard the proposition. The Russians and the Germans were not fundamentally friendly. The Teutons patronized the Slavs. More than that, they almost browbeat them. The Kaiser was said once or twice to have practically altered the policy of the government. Nothing could so inspire a German with disgust as the slipshod, lazy untidiness and the procrastinating mentality of the Russian. Nothing could so gall the Russian sensitiveness as the curled lip with which the German greets him.

(Continued on Page 56)

MADE IN AMERICA

The Yosemite—By Emerson Hough

THE United States contains Switzerland, the Riviera, the fiords of Norway and the Egyptian desert. This is a flamboyant way of saying a simple fact that there is nothing of natural grandeur or beauty which our people cross the water to enjoy which has not its rival or superior within this country. And in addition our land is rich in cañons, forests and natural wonders, the like of which the Old World does not present.

As yet, however, it has not become fashionable to go West on a vacation. The mystical lure of the East still holds the American as it did Antony and Napoleon. The Old World has the stamp of historic approval, the New World has yet to win its way.

Our Government has done an unprecedented thing in saving most of our remarkable parks and pleasure places from private possession. No one thought out our system of national parks. Each has been added to the chain through the love of some pioneer who, like Will Steel, the Vicar of Crater Lake, made it for many devoted years his temple and his shrine. And in the saving of these parks there is a story rich in the romance of self-sacrifice.

These twelve places of rare and individual beauty have been brought under one control, and we are attempting through Congress to give them the character of cared-for places where man does not desecrate, but interferes only to make more accessible and enjoyable—to give that living touch which adds so much to every picture.

To see the Yellowstone, with its golden cañon and its strange spouting geysers; the emerald lakes of Glacier, gathered in the lap of massive mountains of brilliant red; Rainier, with forest, glacier and meadow side by side; Yosemite, the beautiful; and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which has no peer for overwhelming grandeur—to see these is to know Nature in her supremest moments.

FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.

Yosemite Fall

THE distinguishing characteristic of Los Angeles is its great love for the city of San Francisco—which rejoins in kind. Los Angeles ridicules any who would eat a San Francisco prune, and San Francisco frowns socially on any man guilty of consuming a sand dab in Los Angeles.

Perhaps this hurried description does not seem quite adequate; but nobody ever did write a description of California that, to California, seemed adequate, even though it were most patiently done, with not so very much extenuate and only a reasonable amount set down in malice. The real claim to distinction which may be maintained by both Los Angeles and San Francisco is that either is a good general entering point for the magnificent national parks located in the Sierras; though neither city is more than partially aware of the fact.

Whether you go in fortified by Chicago oranges purchased at Los Angeles, or by that other delicious product, the sand dab of San Francisco, the actual railroad entry point for Sequoia National Park is at Visalia, in the San Joaquin Valley—which, after the Imperial Valley and the Gila Valley, is one of the hottest valleys in the world, and certainly will make you feel like fleeing as a bird to the mountains, where it is cool. There was a time when Visalia was famous as a cow town, but back in the seventies bonanza wheat farming replaced the old cow days; and about 1889 bonanza wheat farming in turn began to wane, as it does in any country in time, and fruit culture came in.

The Triumph of the Visalia Editor

WHILE these industrial changes were going on down in the lowlands, some man advanced the wholly insane belief that the white-topped Sierras meant water for the vast valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, which, above all things, needed water, even more than in the days before fruit ranching. Some one said the killing of a redwood up there meant the killing of an olive tree down below, and that the olive tree would pay dividends for a long time; whereas a redwood, when sawed up and burned, was exhausted capital. The foregoing is what we may call the scenario of the story of Sequoia Park.

Who was the first man to set the ball rolling for a national park at the summit of the Sierras? You could not learn that in Los Angeles or San Francisco, in Chicago or New York. Perhaps, if your home is not on the Pacific Coast, you never will have heard of George W. Stewart, for many years Register of the United States Land Office at Visalia. It is to him and to one or two of his close friends that the credit belongs for the establishment of Sequoia National Park, the creation of which included the establishment of the Yosemite National Park as well.

Along in 1889, a few of the shrewder lumbermen back in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota begun to see the end of their pine; and they turned toward the great forests of the Pacific Coast. As usual, the impecunious and irresponsible drifters were asked to do their work of locating timberland for sale to the great companies. This inestimably valuable land was taken by millions of acres under any and all of those elastic land laws of ours by which much of the property of the people has been given over into the hands of a few men. At that time Mr. Stewart was editor of the Delta newspaper, of Visalia. He dared raise his voice against Industry. That was worse than the crime of Oliver Twist. Against him soon were arrayed antipark associations, sheepmen, cowmen and lumbermen.

The first gun was an editorial under date of August 25, 1889, urging Congress to do something to preserve the giant sequoia forests from both sheep and fire. Members of the old Tulare County Grange called a meeting at Visalia, and memorialized Congress to set apart some forest lands in the neighborhood of Mount Whitney. The fight was taken up later in Fresno, where the idea was extended and definite boundaries for a reserve were offered, including some of the heaviest timber on the Sierra summits almost as far north as the Yosemite. Soon after this the park idea was widely extended and the memorial got many signatures.

As early as 1885 some surveys had been found so fraudulent that eighteen townships were reserved from entry—the fraud was too rank even for Washington. The way the game was then played was for the Land Department to suspend from entry any such lands until the turmoil about them began to quiet down. Then the lands were quietly restored to entry, and later the lumbermen customarily got them under cover. In due time Secretary Noble relieved the suspending order as to most of this land. In six weeks all the land in these eighteen townships had gone over the same route taken by so many of the giant redwood districts of that region. The lumbermen got their title—the same sort of title that devoted hundreds of thousands of giant redwoods of the Pacific Slope to the saw and the flames.

Side by side with Stewart, of the old Delta, stood John Tuohy, of Tulare, and F. J. Walker, once also editor of the Delta. These men did hard and consistent work for something in which they had no financial interest whatever. They got after their representative in Congress, General Vandever, himself an honest and broad-gauge man; and General Vandever introduced a bill setting aside Township 18, Range 30 E. This was amended by the addition of 18 S., 31 E.; and then the Visalia men wrote in, asking that Sections 31, 32, 33, all in Township 17, Range 30 E., should be added. They knew the value of the timber within these limits quite as well as the lumber cruisers did.

It was August 7, 1890, when the Delta suggested that the reserve tract be called Sequoia National Park. On August twenty-third General Vandever wired home: "Big Tree Bill just passed House according to data you furnished."

This was the beginning of the positive turn of sentiment. John Muir, of California, and others were working for publicity of the right sort in the East.

A sort of national conscience began to awaken. September 9, 1890, was the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California to the Union. The friends of the Park wanted their bill to pass the Senate on that date, and it did. General Vandever wired home that on September 9 the Sequoia Park Bill had been signed by the President.

That is how this purely chimerical and hopeless fight was won by a few good men for the benefit of you and yours. Many other good men who aided are not named herein.

On September 26, 1890, Secretary Noble christened the new park Sequoia National Park. A few days later, the time being ripe, a new bill, asking for the creation of the Yosemite National Park and increasing the limits of Sequoia National Park to seventeen townships, went through; and to this were added the four sections now embodied in the General Grant National Park, which lies between Sequoia and Yosemite. On October 1, 1890, the President signed this final bill. And that is how we got these three splendid California parks on top of the Sierras.

The giant redwoods grow at from six thousand to eight thousand feet of elevation—not much lower. Railroads cannot run casually up such a grade as this. They have to lie off in the valley; and the making of a trip to any of these great California parks is a side trip from the main line. Therefore, from Visalia, you take a trolley car for eighty-five miles to a village called Lemon Cove. You are not yet in the Sierras, but only at their feet. Next you take a bus for a fifty-two-mile climb to the giant forest. The said bus is the slowest vehicle known to man. Rumor runs to the effect that there is a faster bus, of the two or three owned by the transportation company. The other bus—the fast one—is the one we did not take.

Sequoias More Like Towers Than Trees

THE ride from Lemon Cove up to the Kaweah Valley is one of the most beautiful in the world. The characteristics of California scenery are entirely different from those of the East and from those of the Rocky Mountains. By evening—perhaps earlier, if you take the other bus—you are high in the forests of the Sierras. The Kaweah runs far off below you on the left. All round you stand giant trees, larger than any you ever dreamed existed if your experience be confined to the Eastern or Middle States—tremendous sugar pines, worth ninety dollars a thousand feet board measure, and equally vast specimens of Ponderosa, or yellow pine, and giant firs, with here and there enormous cedars.

A thousand times, in your ignorance, you pick out yellow pines and cedars, and even sugar pines, for the giant redwoods, of which you have heard so much; for surely they also are big trees. The woman on the back seat eagerly questions the driver:

"Aren't these the Big Trees?" But he only shakes his head:

"You will know it when you see a sequoia," says he gloomily, he being a man of sorrows—"it's like bein' bit by a rattler."

By and by, all at once, the populace in the conveyance grows silent. Suddenly a strange sensation strikes you under the waistcoat. You have seen something—you never saw it before; a tremendous, unique, unexampled thing that you cannot compare with anything else in the world—something that has a strange, weird, uncanny quality about it. This something is not really a tree, of course—it is more like a tower than a tree. It looks solemn and sacred as it rises there, far away, high above all the other giant trees of different species.

You have that same clutch in the throat you felt when you first looked into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. You have seen your first sequoia. Not all the world can show you anything like it.

Yes, there is your sequoia, the oldest of living trees; a relic, a sacred thing, the oldest thing alive to-day on all this earth's gnarled surface. There is another, and there is yet another. As you swing about the dizzy curves they stand there, a group of them, a dozen or more, looking no more like trees than diamonds look like broken glass, no more like pines than pines do like the oaks.

The first impression you get is not one of tremendous size; indeed, that is the last impression that you receive. There is some strange, distinct quality about these trees quite aside from their great size. They are very stately, very calm, very patrician. They stand entirely motionless, sharp and hard, as though cut out of tin. Their leaves do not wave; there is no whisper of greeting in them for you. They do not murmur with their motionless lips, high up in the sky. They seem apart from this world and the things thereof, unreal, supernatural, out of reach of our arguments, because founded on premises not comprehensible to us.

You become uncomfortable, uneasy, as you climb steadily up round one keen curve after another; but it is not the dizzy road that makes you so—it is these trees. The vast panorama of the valley is lying below you. The tremendous panorama of the mountains round and above this land into which you have come is one unmarked hitherto on your maps or calendars; yet you can see nothing but these trees. You take a long breath. Yes; one more of our national parks has more than made good!

The Ancient Giants of Sequoia Park

AT FIRST, as has been said, you get no feeling of size, any more than you do when you look at the Grand Cañon. You simply receive a jolt, a punch. It is this sudden impression, at first of awe, afterward of reverence, which allows comparison between these two national parks—and between no other two of them, for all are different; each is splendidly unique. But in sheer, uncanny, unreal quality two of these parks are alike—Sequoia and Grand Cañon. It is like going to church, it is like hearing a vast organ, to see either one.

At first the trees half terrify you with their indifference. It is days before they will make any sort of friends with you; but from the very first you have for them the instinctive reverence you give to age. As to those other giant trees—the sugar pines, and yellow pines, and firs, and cedars—you do not see them any more, though they far outnumber the sequoias. There is no solid sequoia forest—only varying clumps of the giants here and there.

The first quality of distinction comes, not from size but from color—you can tell a sequoia by its color wherever you see it. But you cannot tell what that color is. There is no other like it. It never has been named, it never has been described, and it never has been reproduced in paint.

Many different lights fall on this bark, which sometimes is weathered more, sometimes less, in its long, soft, velvet fibers. You could almost weave a cloth out of these fibers, but you would not know what color to call your cloth. It has silver in it sometimes, and certainly there is gold. Some see in it a faint pink. It is not red; it is not brown, nor gray, nor taupe, nor mauve, nor smoke color. Perhaps it is all of these.

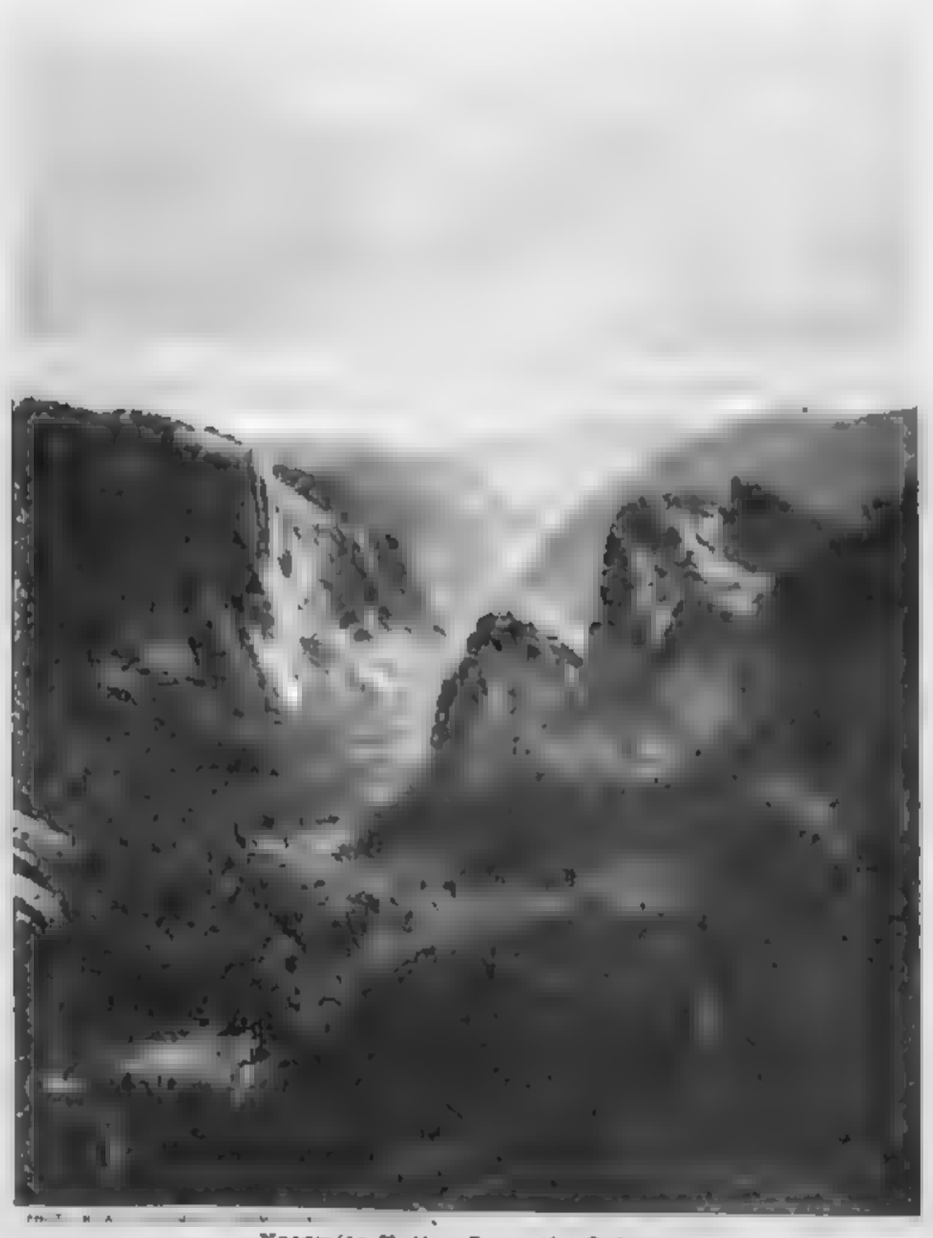
A woman's eyes are keen about color, especially color in fabrics. Ask many women what is the color of the sequoia and they will not agree. Ask many artists, and they will not agree. One man, who has done much work among them, says you can get a good reproduction of the color by using a very little Vandyke brown with a commercial oil color called terra rosa.

If you take a piece of detached bark in your hands it seems mostly a reddish brown, but that by no means represents the color of the whole giant shaft as it stands in the light and shadow of the woods. In that condition it is a thing as unique and as indescribable as the Grand Cañon itself. They are twins—matched jewels—the Cañon and the Trees, worth more than the ransom of all the kings of the earth.

Pack Train Crossing Coyote Pass Along the Trail to Kern River Cañon, California

Due to the early Washington methods as to our public resources, as hastily outlined above, there are now within the limits of Sequoia Park proper thirty-three hundred acres of deeded land owned by private parties. On this land stand some of the largest trees which, naturally enough, the people of the country think are their own national park property, but which really are not. It has been mentioned that every one of our national parks has some large or little problem attached to it—some handicap, some drawback or other. The problem in Sequoia Park is this one of private ownership within the park limits.

Many years ago the Government had an option for the purchase of all these deeded lands for eighty-seven thousand dollars; but the option was not exercised. At present dignified overtures are being made for the exchange of these lands for others selected from the Government holdings elsewhere. The rumor was that a price of seventy dollars an acre was put by one or more holders on their possessions. Those private holdings ought to be wiped out, either by fair financial reimbursement or by exercise of the right of eminent domain.



Yosemite Valley From the Pohono

How large are these trees? How big do they seem? No one can understand the size of a sequoia simply by looking at it or reading about it. But suppose you take a string and draw a circle thirty feet across in your front yard. Imagine that circle all filled up with solid tree. Look up in the air as high as the Call Building, in San Francisco, as high as any of the great office buildings in your own city. Now imagine this tree laid horizontally in your street. It would fill up the entire block, and as it lay it would reach up to the roof of any two-story building. Perhaps it would extend over into the next block. It would be as tall as your house as it lay prone.

You may see dozens and scores of these giants lying prostrate in the Sierras. No matter how big you think they are, they are a lot bigger than that. Send a man to the far end of one of those prone trunks while you photograph it. He looks no bigger than a child, and it is solid tree that lies between you and him.

It is nothing to find a tree between whose burnt roots—the roots all stand out like cypress buttresses—a man can ride horseback. You will take many such photographs. You have read about the stump that was so big they could hold a dance on top of it. Perhaps you have seen the very common photograph of Wawona Tree, in Yosemite Park, through the opened-out trunk of which a stagecoach or an automobile customarily is driven; but very likely you get no idea of size from that.

On Bear Creek, in early times, a number of these trees were well known. One measured ninety-two feet round, well above ground, and was called a small one. In that district one was cut which left a twenty-four-foot smooth stump. Once it was loosely counted up to be three thousand and two years of age, measuring by the rings, though the edges were partly broken down. Others, who saw it as a fresh stump, said the tree was four thousand four hundred and sixty-eight years old; and they counted the rings on one tree, which was a mere infant only twelve feet in diameter, and made it out to be one thousand four hundred and forty-three years old. This little tree was two hundred and fifty-one feet long, and they cut one hundred thousand feet of sawed lumber out of it.

In Fresno County, Frank Loomis, of Sanger, in the early days, while following a wounded bear up into the Sierras, ran across a sequoia that measured a hundred and twenty-nine feet six inches in circumference. They called that tree Orejano. What was known as the Neil Van Dorman redwood log came from Tulare County. It weighed seventy thousand pounds and was meant for the World's Fair—the log slabbed from it being over two hundred feet long and in size twenty by nine feet. The stump was left standing, twenty-eight feet high. Another fancy was to make a Pullman car out of a small redwood log.

These trees grow six or eight times as tall as the big oaks or elms we see in the East. Out of one of them were made three thousand fenceposts—enough to fence nine thousand acres of land; and also there were made from the same tree six hundred and fifty thousand shingles enough to shingle eighty houses; and of the prostrate trunk there were hundreds of cords of wood left unused. Reflect on that and the unused stumps of our Middle West pine lands, and then picture to yourself women and children freezing to death in our cities every winter!

A Forty-Inch Covering of Bark

IN 1890, at the Comstock Mills, there was a tree that cost fifteen hundred dollars to cut and manufacture. It sold for twenty-five hundred dollars retail—a profit of a thousand dollars on a single tree. This would give, perhaps, a profit of four or five thousand dollars an acre on land that cost perhaps a dollar—or, to be liberal, a dollar and a quarter an acre originally. Still, some of us wonder why some people grow rich while others do not!

Another firm worked on a giant redwood about 1878 for thirteen months before they had cut and sawed it. It is a slow operation to hack and saw down one of these giant trees. This tree was one hundred and eleven feet in circumference, and the stump was left standing twenty-six feet high; then it was chopped out fourteen feet deep, like a big tub; then they sawed it down into fifteen staves, each of which made a load for eight horses.

These staves were taken out and bolted up into the shape of the original stump, and the hollow trunk was exhibited in the Eastern States; but people would not believe it. They said there was no such tree and that it was a California fake; so the enterprise is reported to have lost money.

In Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, California, lumbering has gone on for very many years among the redwoods, especially among the species known as Sempervirens, not so large as Gigantea, the species of the high Sierras. Many hundreds of thousands of the giant redwoods have been worked up. Perhaps it was right that this should be done, at least in part, though the waste of American lumbering has no justification, either in sentiment or in industry.

The sequoia's bark is not like any other bark. A foot, two feet, three feet, forty inches thick at times, it is soft and velvety. Instead of the tree producing a giant cone, like the sugar pine, it has, on the contrary, a very small cone,

Lower Part of the General Sherman Tree, Sequoia National Park

hard, elegant; aristocratic. Take a piece of fir bark and you can make a welding heat from it on a forge; but not so with sequoia bark. It has a strange, imperishable quality all its own. It is hard to burn it, and almost impossible to kill it, unless you turn it into ashes. You may see scores of these trees burned almost through, yet still living. You may see a stump root entirely burned off from the parent trunk, but still living.

There is such a stump, which has been known for years, near Camp Sierra. The bark is gradually growing up over the burned surface. It has, in twelve years, covered up scores of names of vandals which were written on the bare root. By and by that will not be a blackened stump, but a living part of the ancient tree; and over the great burned areas of the tree itself you will see this live bark rolling out and over, and curving in, covering the charred fiber and making the tree alive again.

It is a strange, uncanny quality, in some way identified with the original smiting impression the tree makes on you before you have examined it or its characteristics. Yonder redwood is prehistoric, immortal. It does not mean to die at all. It is almost impossible to kill it; and it ought not to be killed by any agency of man. It is a sacred thing.

Not Trees, but Living Monuments

FIRE has run through all the sequoia forests in times gone by. No one can tell when most of the burning was done. The Indians say that their forefathers do not know when the fires came. The early Spaniards could not tell. How long does it take to kill a sequoia by fire? Perhaps five hundred years—perhaps a thousand. Lightning may have caused fires in these mountains centuries ago; but one burning does not kill a sequoia. It may destroy all but a thin strip of the bark, yet that tree will live and cure its own wounds.

Dry the bark out by repeated fires, so that it cannot resist, even partially, and then you may burn down a sequoia. You can see giant trunks lying unrotted and unrotting, hundreds of feet long, on the ground. No one knows when they fell. They are unperishing, even when fallen. At some time in the history of the world their tremendous side roots were burned through—this tree has no tap root, but sits flat on the ground, with giant roots reaching out perhaps fifty or a hundred feet.

I saw one tree that grew directly on top of a bowlder on a side hill; and the bowlder itself was as large as a small house. There is another tree, eighteen feet high, which is growing out of the top of a stump, itself more than two hundred feet high. Some little sequoia cone fell up there, or was carried there, and the growth goes on. And you may see little sequoias growing, as classy and distinctive as their ancient forbears. Life—life undying—is the theory of the sequoia. We have no other creature like it in the world. It never was meant simply for the use of man, but for man's reverence, his admiration.

The sequoias are not trees, but monuments. The sap of the Sierras is in their blood and their ambition is the blue sky. Their immensity we do not grasp. They come as near being immortal as anything we shall see in the history of this globe of ours.

Old Man Wolverton, a trapper who left traces of himself in Sequoia Park as early as 1867, named the biggest tree of that region, which he himself discovered, after General Sherman, his old general in the Civil War. It seemed a fair suggestion thus to honor the names of the three men to whose work the park is most largely due—George W. Stewart, John Tuohy and F. J. Walker.

Superintendent Fry, acting on this suggestion, will thus name a suitable group of three trees, one not too far from the usual routes of travel.

There is something splendidly indifferent in the way in which one of these red-golden monumental boles carries a name card. When you see Grant Tree, in Grant Park, you will feel like shuddering. Its bark, seventy-five feet above the roots, is shot full of darts, on each of which is inscribed the name of some idiot who thus sought fame. All of these things ought to be removed by the United States Government. We may hope, however, that the names of Stewart and Walker and Tuohy will be perpetuated in connection with the giant forest that has been kept alive through their efforts.

What has the United States done toward making available to the public this public possession? Little enough, it must be confessed. The railroads, also, could do a great deal more for Sequoia Park than they do at present. As it is, you will see relatively little advertising of the attractions of this region and will be able to get little information regarding them—in either Chicago or Los Angeles—or even closer points. Wherefore, the Sierra parks rather lie between the two millstones of governmental and corporation indifference.

These facts really leave Sequoia Park practically a local affair. It is supported almost altogether by California travel. Not many from the East ever visit it. In 1913 only three men registered at Camp Sierra from the whole State of New York. By midsummer of 1914 there were only four from that state. The camp concessioner, Mr. Kenney, had, during the 1913 season, but four hundred and forty-five names on his register; and the total number of visitors at all entrances did not run quite to four thousand, many of whom brought their own camping outfits with them.

The concessioner loses money on that basis. The automobile travel, only recently permitted, begins to be of great interest in all the Sierra parks. In 1913 there were seventy-two automobiles at Camp Sierra; but in 1914 there were one hundred cars registered before the month of June was far advanced.

It is usually called a two days' horseback journey from Sequoia Park to Grant Park, to the northwest. The distance by trail is something like thirty-five or forty miles, and we found it could be ridden with no serious discomfort in one day, though the horses must be good ones to stand the heavy climbing. This ride opens to view a wonderful mountain prospect.

The superintendent of Sequoia Park is gradually extending the trails and roads to fit the purposes of an automobile road connecting the two parks. It is much to be hoped that the Government will make the appropriations for Sequoia large enough to warrant steady and considerable work on this connecting link. It would be one of the world's greatest motor roads.

There are occasional clashes between automobile clubs and the superintendent of the park over the auto tax charged by the Government for use of the roads and entry to the park. The road is said to be, in part, the old Mineral Creek Smelter road. The Tulare County Board of Trade is at present looking into the legal side of this matter, and no doubt it will soon be cleared up definitely, one way or the other. It is a petty thing to have hanging about a national institution.

"The automobile, however, is the least of our troubles," says the superintendent, Mr. Walter Fry. "This deeded-land situation is the worst thing in the way of the development of this park. These private ownings prevent our building roads, make fire protection and sanitation difficult, and infringe on tourists' rights. We have had to spend as much as five thousand dollars to build a trail round private lands, where only about three hundred feet lay on the patented land. We could not prevent the owners from beginning lumbering on these deeded lands; and that would mean fire almost certainly. I have fought seventy-four fires in my time in this park, without any lumbering operations at all to start them. One of those big fires in heavy slashings would mean the loss or disfigurement of all these trees. The thought of that brings me agony sometimes; it keeps me awake at night.

"I have seen two men destroy a tree in three weeks that has taken five thousand years to grow. Given a chance, it would have lived another five thousand years. You must not think of these trees as being in their old age. Take the Sherman Tree, for instance, the largest tree in this park or in the world. It may perhaps be only in its youth to-day. It still grows—about an inch every thirteen years. Now think about cutting or burning down a tree like that for the sake of a private commercial profit—it is a repellent thought to me. I believe it must be so to any American who knows the facts. Our people in California have wakened all at once. They are beginning to think these sequoias are something sacred. There is a strong sentiment now against the destruction of one of them.

"What do our parks most need? They need publicity, transportation, longer-time concessions, a general extension of roads and trails, a Government appropriation that shall make possible adequate accommodations for the public. Perhaps I ought to add that these parks need more fire protection. We need more fire patrol than any other park, pro rata, because our trees are our attraction—they are the park.

"We want to see that connecting road built between Sequoia Park and Grant Park; we want to see a good hotel here, leased by the Government to the right man; and we want to see thousands and thousands of American citizens come here and see what these big trees really are. As it is, the average tourist who comes to California sees only the relatively small group of big trees that lie within the boundaries of Yosemite Park. They never see the big show at all."

Trees Too Tall to Photograph

"THERE was considerable lumbering done in Grant Park before it was set aside, as you can see for yourself; and there were sheep there, as you can also see. That is why we have this park; and we did not get it any too soon."

You may pass many miles along the trails in Sequoia Park, however, and see no trace of any lumbering. The indifferent monarchs stand all round you, superbly unmindful, undaunted by fire, scornful of death, careless of you and beyond your estimates of them. Try to photograph one of these giant trees and you will get something of an idea. You back off as far as you can get and find to your surprise that your lens will not cut halfway to the top. Other trees crowd in between and you give up that view.

Resolved to circumvent that sequoia, you pass over to the other side and climb up the side of the mountain until you are as high up as the top of the tree. You rather guess you will get a picture of that tree now! But when you look into the camera's finder again you find that you have reached the top, but that you cannot get anywhere near the bottom.

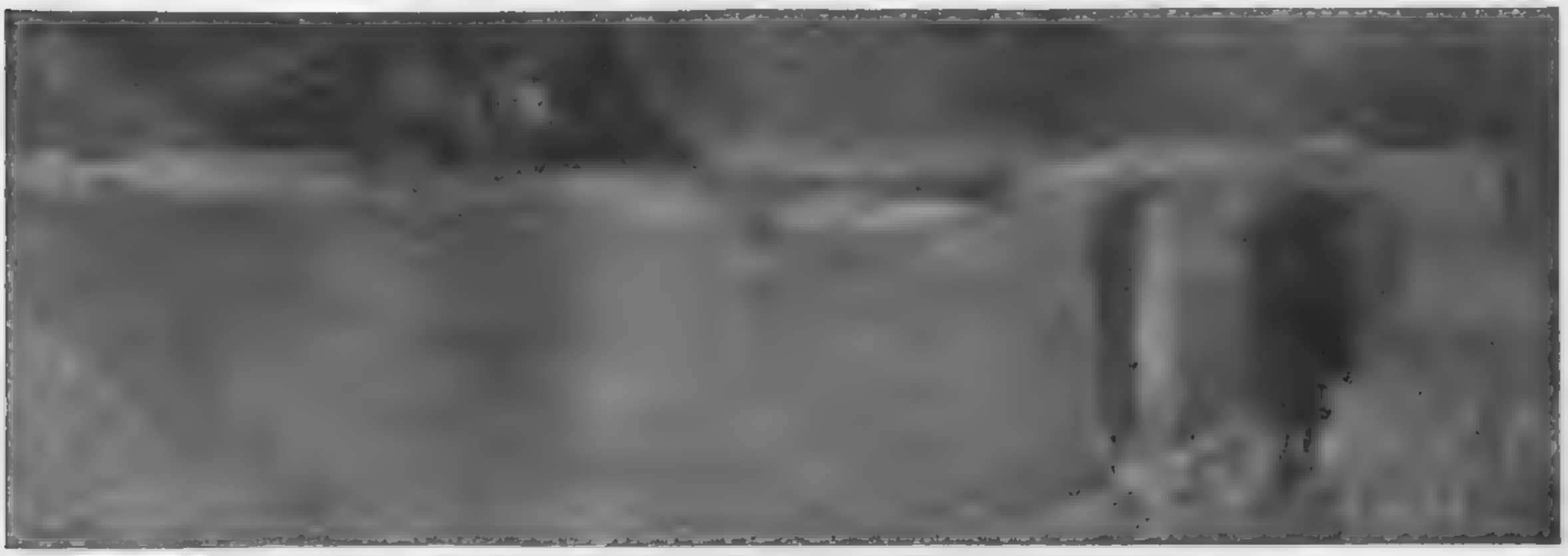
Very well; you go halfway down the mountain side, face the middle of the tree, and try again—and get only the middle section, with top and bottom left out! Then you begin to see how tall that tree is. As a matter of fact, you can photograph a sequoia only by the use of a very wide-angled lens. The average commercial camera leaves you helpless.

There is one resident of Sequoia Park that has a definite idea concerning the height of a giant redwood. His name

(Continued on Page 77)

The Gates of the Yosemite

HIT THE LINE HARD!



A Head Projected Itself Cautiously Above the Adobe Wall That Fenced the Baca Garden

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IV

IN THE lobby of the Windsor Hotel, as Neighbor Jones came down the stairs, Mr. Octaviano Baca chatted with a little knot of guests. A well-set-up man, tall and strong, with a dark, intelligent face marred and pitted by smallpox but still pleasing, he carried his two-score years with the ease of twenty. A gay man, a friendly man, his manner was suave and easy; his dress, place considered, rigorously correct—frock coat, top hat, stick, gloves and gun. The gun was covered, not concealed, by the coat; a chivalrous concession to the law, of which he was so bright an ornament. Baca was born to riches, and born to the leadership of the clans. He had brains in his own right; but it was his entire and often-proved willingness to waive any advantage and to discuss any moot point with that gun which had won him admiration from the many and forgiveness from the few.

Mr. Jones sank into a quiet chair and read the newspapers. When Mr. Baca, after several false starts, left his friends and went out on the street Mr. Jones rose and followed him. Mr. Baca turned in at Beck's place, Jones behind him.

Gambling was completely eliminated in Saragossa, but the saloon was in high favor legally; so Beck and Scanlon kept a saloon openly on the ground floor. The poker rooms and the crap, monte, roulette and faro layouts were upstairs. Their existence was a profound secret. No stranger could find the gambling den in Saragossa without asking somebody—anyone would do; unless, indeed, he heard, as he passed, the whir of the ivory ball or the clicking of chips.

Baca, with a nod and a smile for the bar, passed on to join a laughing crowd behind, where two native boys were enjoying a bout with the gloves. Neighbor leaned on the bar. The partners were ill matched. Beck was tall, portly and, except for a conscientious, professional smile, of a severe countenance, blond, florid and flaxen. Scanlon was a slender wisp of a blue-eyed Irishman, dried up, silent.

"Well, boys," said Neighbor jovially, "I got to go back to the hills and grow a new fleece. Till then, you've lost my game. Sorry!"

Beck frowned.

"I hate to see a good fellow go bust. If boys like you had plenty of money I wouldn't never have to work. Well, hurry on back! And come straight here the first night, before you waste any on clothes and saddles and stuff." He lowered his voice for Neighbor's ears. "Say, if you're short, you know—hotel bills, and so on—come round." He jerked a confidential thumb at the house safe.

"Not so bad as that!" laughed Neighbor. "But you want to sharpen your shears up. They pulled a little this time." He passed on to the circle round the boxers.

It was late dusk when, after certain sociable beverages, Mr. Baca bethought himself of supper and started homeward. As he swung along the sidewalk Mr. Jones was close behind. Mr. Baca took the first turn to the left: Mr. Jones took the first turn to the left. Mr. Baca cut across the Park: Mr. Jones also cut across the Park, now almost at his quarry's heels. Mr. Baca wheeled.

"Did you wish to speak with me!"

Neighbor came forward, with an air of relief.

"Why—er—not exactly; but I'd just as lief as not. And it'll be easier for me, now it's getting so dark. You see," he said confidentially, "I'm shadowing you!"

"You're—what?"

"Shadowing you. You seemed to have plenty of money; and I thought," said Neighbor hopefully, "that I might catch you doing something wrong and blackmail you."

"Are you trying to break into jail?" demanded Baca sharply. "You are either intoxicated or mentally deficient. In either case ——"

"No, no," said Neighbor soothingly. "I'm not drunk. I really need the money."

"Except that I doubt your sanity," said the outraged lawyer, "I'd make you regret this bitterly. Do you know who I am?"

"Sure! You're Tavy Baca—Boss, Prosecuting Attorney and two-gun man. And please don't talk that way about me," Neighbor pleaded in an injured voice. "It makes me feel bad. You wouldn't like it yourself. Don't you know me? I'm not insane. I'm Jones—Neighbor Jones. I've been bucking the poker game at Beck's. But there—you don't know about the poker game, of course—you being Prosecuting Attorney and all."

"See here!" said Baca with a dull, ugly note, "if you're looking for trouble you can get enough for a mess!"

"Not trouble—money!"

"I warn you now," Baca advised. "Do not follow me another step. I'm going."

Jones burst into joyous laughter with so free and unfeigned a note that Baca turned again.

"Come!" cried Jones. "I know what you think I'm going to say—that before I started I left a sealed envelope with a friend and told him if I didn't come back by X o'clock to break the seal and be guided by the contents—that's what you thought I'd say. But you're wrong!" Unhesitatingly he took the few steps separating him from that silent, angry figure in the starlight. "Nobody knows what I'm up to but you and me and God, and you're not right sure. So don't waste any more breath on warnings. I'm warned—and you are!"

Without a word Baca turned at right angles to his homeward course, and led the way swiftly up the dark and steep street to a dark and silent quarter of the Mexican suburb. Toward the street these old adobe homes presented a blank wall; windows, and all doors save one, fronting on the inclosed *patio*.

"It's like this," said Jones cheerfully, pressing along the narrow way a yard behind: "I had a nice little bunch of cows—nigh onto two hundred—out in the Monuments. And Bennett, he was projecting about like a roarin' lion out there; and he says: 'Jones, why don't you buy the Bar Nothing brand?' 'No money,' says I. . . . I say, Baca, don't go so fast! This ain't no Marathon! Lonesome, shivery place, isn't it?"

The silent figure walked still more swiftly.

"Oh, all right, then! 'I'll lend you the money,' says Bennett, 'an' take a mortgage on both brands.' 'There'll come a drought,' says I, 'and them cattle will lay down and die on me, a lot of 'em; and I'll find myself in a fix.' And he did, and they did, and I did."

No word from Baca. In the black shadow of the dark unlighted houses he passed swiftly and unhesitantly. Jones continued:

"Since that I paid him all but eighteen hundred-odd; and now the mortgage comes due pretty sudden, and I stand to lose both brands. . . . Say, Baca, where're you takin' me to? Some gang of thugs? You can do that all right—but I'll get you first and I'll get you hard, and I'll get you sure! Don't make any mistake!"

Baca gave way to his feelings.

"Oh, bother!" he said, and stopped, irresolute.

"What do you mean anyway, actin' the way you do?" demanded Jones, mopping his forehead. "Wouldn't it sound silly, if I lay a-dyin', for you to threaten me with jail and shootin' and law? They'd sound real futile, wouldn't they? Well, I'm dying right now. I've been a long time at it; but there ain't no cure for what ails me but death. I refer, of course, to the malady of living."

"Damn your eyes!" cried the exasperated King of Saragossa; and he began rapidly to retrace his steps.

"And so," continued the dying man, keeping pace, "I don't never back up. When I start out to blackmail a man he might just as well be nice about it, 'cause I'm going to blackmail him."

Despite himself, Baca had to laugh.

"What are you going to blackmail me for?"

"About two thousand," said Jones.

"But what have I done?"

"Good Lord, man!" said Jones blankly. "I don't know!"

"Come!" said Baca, and clapped his persecutor on the back. "I like a brave man, even if he is a damned fool! Come home to supper with me. I've got a little bachelor establishment beyond the Park, with an old Mexican *hombre* who can give you the best meal in town."

"You're on! And after supper, then we can fix up that mortgage, can't we? I want to specify that now, so I can eat your salt without prejudice."

"And now," said Baca, replenishing his guest's wineglass, "about the blackmail. Of what particular misdeed do you accuse me?"

"When you asked me to supper," said Jones thoughtfully, "you virtually admitted there was something. You see that? But I don't like to intrude on your private affairs—to butt in, as we say in Harvard."

The host fixed keen eyes on him.

"As we say in Harvard? Yes," he purred. "Go on!"

"It is very distasteful to me. Instead of me naming your crime—or crimes—why could you not beg me to accept a suitable sum as a recognition of my good taste? Just as you please! It's up to you."

"As we say in Harvard!" suggested Baca lightly, lifting his brows with another piercing look.

"As we say in Harvard," agreed Jones. "Any sum, so long as it comes to exactly two thousand. Or, you might use your influence to get Bennett to cancel my mortgage—that would be the same thing. He offered to cancel it once this afternoon—on a condition."

"And that condition?"

"Was not acceptable. It betrayed too plainly the influence—the style, we might say—of the James brothers."

"William and Henry?"

"Jesse and Frank. Man, dear," said Neighbor with sudden, vehement bitterness, "you and me, we're no great shakes. You're goin' to rob young Drake and I'm going to take hush money for it; but this man Bennett is a stinking,

rancid, gray-headed old synonym. He is so scared he won't be happy till he gets that boy killed. If I was as big a coward as that, durned if I'd steal at all!"

Baca struck the table sharply: splotches of angry red flamed in his cheeks.

"And I told him I wouldn't stand for it! Damn him! Look here, Jones, you ought to be boiled in oil for your stupefying insolence; but, just to punish him, I'll make Bennett pay your price. It will be like drawing teeth; give me time."

V

THE rain drenched in long shudders. Here and there a late lamp blurred dimly at a pane; high-posted street lamps, at unequal and ineffectual distances, glowed red through the slant lines of rain, reflected faintly from puddle and gutter at their feet. Alone, bent, boring into the storm, Martin Bennett shouldered his way to Baca's door under the rushing night.

"If You Make a Sound I'll Kill You! Feel That Gun at the Back of Your Neck?"

A gush of yellow light struck across the dark—the door opened at his first summons; he was waited for. The master of the house helped him from his raincoat and ushered him through crimson portières into a warm and lighted room. Three men sat before an open fire, where a table gleamed with glasses and bottles. There were two other doors, hung, like the first, with warm, bright colors, reflecting and tingeing the light from fire and lamp—a cheerful contrast to the raw, bleak night outside.

Here the good cheer ceased. The three faces, as they turned to scowl at the newcomer, were sullen, distrustful and lowering.

Despite the raincoat, Bennett was sodden to his knees; his hands and face and feet were soaked and streaming. No friendly voice arose to remark on his plight; an ominous silence had prevailed since the street door had opened to him. He bent shivering to the fire. With no word the host filled and brought to him a stiff glass of liquor. Bennett drained it eagerly and a little color crept back into his pinched features.

Owen Quinliven broke silence then, with a growl deep in his throat.

"Thought you'd better come, eh?" His mustached lip bristled.

"The storm was so bad. I thought it might let up after a while," said Bennett miserably.

"Don't make that an excuse," said Beck with a cold sneer. "You might have slipped over to our place, a short block; or you could have had us meet you at your own office."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated Baca, with a curling lip. "You do not understand. Mr. Bennett has his position to think of. Mr. Bennett is highly respectable. He could not let it be known that he had traffic with professional gamblers like Mr. Beck and the estimable Scanlon." He bowed ironically; the estimable Scanlon rolled a slow, wicked little eye, and Baca's cheek twitched as he went on: "I say nothing, as you observe, of myself or of our worthy friend Quinliven, who, as I perceive, is in a very bad temper."

Quinliven glowered at the speaker like a baited bull. He was a huge, burly man with a shaggy, brindled head, a bull neck, a russet face knotted with hard red lumps, and small, fiery, amber-colored eyes under a thick tangle of bushy brows. The veins swelled in his neck as he answered.

"Well, he'll have some traffic with me, and do it quick! Here I've talked young Drake into selling out and going home; I'm giving him twenty-five hundred dollars too much, standin' the loss out of my share—and me not getting a full share at all! All I get is the cattle, while the rest of you pull down nearly twelve thousand apiece, net cash. That part is all right though. That's my own proposition. I don't begrudge the little extra money to the boy, and I want him to get away from here for his own sake as well as for mine. This crawling, slimy Bennett thing is bound to have that boy killed." He glared at the steaming banker by the fire. "I don't see how that man got by with it so long. He wouldn't last long on the range. And now, after I've made the trade, Bennett hems and haws, and hangs fire about giving up the money."

"You don't understand," protested the wretched banker. "You'll get your share; but it would inconvenience me dreadfully to take that amount of money immediately from a little private bank like mine. In ninety days, or even sixty, I can so adjust my affairs as to settle with all of you."

"My heart bleeds for you," said Beck sympathetically. "For I'm going to inconvenience you a heap more. You'll adjust your affairs in less than ninety hours, or even sixty. I've been fooled with long enough. That pass book calls for a little over forty-six thousand dollars. We expected to get half. Instead, we've got to split it four ways. Young Drake is going and I want my split right now."

"What about me?" cried the banker in wild and desperate indignation. "What do I get? Barely a fourth! And you two have Drake's money already—heaven knows how much!"

"Heaven don't," said Beck.

"But do I get any of that?" shouted the outraged banker.

"You do not," returned Beck. "In the first place, the men are different. You stepped out of your class when you started to mingle with the likes of us. Why should you bother to rob a perfect stranger anyhow? And you with money corded up! I don't understand it."

"Bennett!" cried the ranchman, "if I stood in your shoes, before I'd allow any man to use me like we're using you, I'd go to Drake and give that money up. I'd say: 'Young fellow, I meant to rob you; but my conscience troubles me, and so do my feet.' You ain't got the gall, and you're too big a hog. I dare you to!"

"And in the next place," continued the complacent gambler, ignoring the interruption, "there's not one scrap of paper to connect our money with Old Drake. Part of it is ours anyhow, that we've made honestly ——"

"At poker," corrected Scanlon.

"At poker, I should say. But we've got your receipts, Mr. Banker. That's what makes you squirm! And they're where you can't get 'em; so it won't do you any good to get any of us murdered, the way you tried to do that boy."

"He tried it again yesterday," interposed Baca softly.

Quinliven brought his heavy hand crashing down on the table.

"You damned coward! I told you to drop that!" His red mustache prickled fiercely; above his eyes the red tufts knotted to bunches. He glanced round at his fellows. "Look here; there's no damn' sense in hurting that kid, the way things stand. If Drake gets killed over this I'm going to see that Bennett swings for it if I have to swing with him—the yellow cur!"

The banker shriveled under his look.

"Your sentiments do you vast credit," observed Baca suavely. "I concur most heartily. But, my good fellow, why bawl your remarks?" He accompanied the query with a pleasant smile.

Scanlon raised his head to watch. The ranchman's fingers worked and quivered; for a moment it seemed as though he would leap on his tormentor; but he settled back.

"I'm with you," said Scanlon.

Then, noting that Beck did not commit himself to this self-denying ordinance, he filled a glass with wine and, as he drank it, observed his partner narrowly from the tail of his eye.

"You may rest easy, Mr. Quinliven," observed Baca, straddling with his back to the fire and his hands to the blaze. "There will be no need for you to carry out your chivalrous intention. I assure you that while I live I am perfectly capable of selecting a jury that will hang Mr. Bennett without the disastrous concomitant you mention; and I shall take great pleasure in doing so should need arise. I should hate to see you hanged, Quinliven—I should indeed! You distress me! But I fear ——" He left the sentence unfinished, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Mr. Bennett, I am sure, will bear himself to conform with our wishes. However, I find myself in full accord with Mr. Bennett in the matter of the moneys now in the hands of Messrs. Beck and Scanlon, and wrongfully withheld from our little pool."

"That will be a plenty," said Beck. "For fear of mistakes I will now declare myself. We admit that we have a bundle of the Drake money and we announce that we are going to keep it. How much, is nobody's business but our own. In consideration of that fact, however, the two of us lay claim to only one full share of the Drake deposit. That gives us twelve thousand; Bennett as much; the Honorable Prosecuting Attorney the same; the Double Dee brand to Quinliven. That's final!"

"I suppose you know, Mr. Beck," said Baca, cupping his chin, "your little joint can be closed any time I lift a finger?"

"Baca," said Scanlon with level eyes, "you'll close nawthin'! We bought protection from you. We'll get what we bought. When you feel any doubts comin' on, don't talk to Beck about it. Talk to me! And," he added with venomous intensity, "one more word about any divvy on our poker roll and that pass book goes to Ducky Drake!" He tapped his breast. "I've got the pass book—not Beck."

"Well, well," said Baca indulgently, "have your own way. Far be it from me to question any gentleman's ultimatum, and so, perhaps, bring a discordant note into our charming evening. Let us pass on to the next subject. Is everybody happy? No! Mr. Bennett is not happy. Mr. Bennett is a very able man, as we all know—exemplar to the young—a rich man, merchant prince, and all that. And yet we can quite understand that he may be temporarily embarrassed for actual cash. "I for one, am willing to allow him a reasonable time. He cannot hide his real estate; so we shall be taking no risks. Doubtless we can stand off young Drake for the price of his cattle by giving him good security."

The silent Scanlon leaped up and snarled ferociously:

"If there's any more shilly-shally there'll be a Standing Room Only sign on the gates of hell and the devil sending out a hurry-up call for the police!" His voice swelled in breathless crescendo. "I'm sick of you—the whole pack and bilin'! I want to get so far away from here it'll take nine dollars to send me a postcard; so far east they'll give me change for a cent; so far north the sun don't go down till after dark." His eyes were ablaze with blistering scorn. "Look at yourselves! Quinliven—the honorable, high-minded, grave-robbing pardner ——"

"Here!" bellowed Quinliven savagely. "I came through with the cattle, straight as a die! That's as far as I was any pardner of Drake's. You don't know how that man treated me! It wasn't only me doing all the work—but his cold, sneering, overbearing ——"

"Shut up, you polled Angus bull!" yelped Scanlon with a howl of joyous truculence. "And Bennett—faugh! P-t-t-h!"

Scanlon spat in the fire, and wheeled on the other gambler. Beck's face was black with concentrated hate. The little man pointed a taunting finger.

"Look at Beck!" he jeered. "Guess what he knows I think of 'im! And I know him—he's me pardner! Fish mouth and mackerel eye—— Yah! And all three of you knuckle down to Baca! Year after year you let yourselves be bullyragged, browbeaten, lorded over by a jury-packing, witness-bribing shyster—a grafter, a crook, a dirty Mexican ——"

Without hesitation or change of countenance Baca walked across the open space toward him.

"Not one step more!" said Scanlon.

Baca stopped in his tracks.

"You nervy little runt," he said, half in admiration, "you mean it! Well, I mean this too. If I'm a crook—and there is much in favor of that contention—it is because my personal inclination lies that way, and not in the least because of my Mexican blood. I am quite clear on that point. Leave out the part about the dirty Mexican and I don't take that other step. Otherwise I step! Choose!"

"I withdraw the Mexican!" said Scanlon ungrudgingly. "Dod! I believe you're the best of the rotten bunch!"

"Go on, then: 'Grafter, crook'——" prompted Baca.

At the Other Door the Curtains Parted for a Glimpse of an Older Mexican With a Benign and Philosophical Face

"Why—er—really!" stammered Scanlon. Then he brightened. "'There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said,'" he beamed, canting his head on one side with a flat, oily smile, "'that I will not further detain you.'" He seated himself, with a toothy, self-satisfied expression; but the allusion was lost on all except the delighted Baca.

In glum silence, Quinliven reached for a bottle and glared at the little Irishman, who smiled evilly back at him.

"There is one more point," observed Baca in his best courtroom manner, "on which I touch with a certain delicacy and, as it were, with hesitation. I am reluctant to grieve further a spirit already distressed; but the fact is, gentlemen, our impulsive friend here"—he laid a gentle hand on Bennett's shoulder—"undertook yesterday to employ this man Jones—Neighbor Jones—to murder our friend Drake. I take this most unkindly."

He teetered on his tiptoes; he twirled his eyeglasses; his hand made a pleasant jingle with key ring and coin; his face expressed a keen sense of well-being and social benevolence.

"As a matter of abstract principle, even before we had learned to love our young friend Drake, we decided that such a step was unnecessary and inexpedient; and so informed Mr. Bennett. But the idea of slaying Mr. Drake seems to have become an obsession with Mr. Bennett—or, as English Ben would put it, a fad. As English Ben would say, again, Mr. Bennett is a beastly blighter."

He adjusted the eyeglasses and beamed round on his cowed and sullen confederates, goaded, for his delight, to madness and desperation; and on the one uncowed co-devil, the mordant and cynical Scanlon.

"Our young Eastern friend has endeared himself to our hearts. I do not exaggerate when I say that we feel quite an avuncular interest in his fortunes. We are deeply hurt by Mr. Bennett's persistence; but let us not be severe. In this case retribution has been, as we might say, automatic; for the man Jones, by some means, has acquired an inkling of the posture in which our affairs lie in the little matter of the Drake estate; though I believe he suspects only Bennett and myself. Bennett, I judge, has talked too much. And—such is the wickedness and perfidy of the human mind—the man Jones makes a shameless demand on us for two thousand dollars, money current with the merchant, as the price of silence. Alas, that such things can be!"

His hands, now deep in his trousers pockets, expressed a lively abhorrence for the perfidy of the man Jones.

"This iniquitous demand is no better than blackmail and might be resisted in our courts of justice; but, inasmuch as Mr. Bennett's sanguinary disposition has brought on us this fresh complication, would it not be well to permit Mr. Bennett to pay this two thousand from his private pocket? I pause for a reply."

Bennett let out a screech between a howl and a shriek.

"This is infamous! You're robbing me! Oh, why did I ever have dealings with such desperadoes?"

"Why, indeed?" said Baca tranquilly. "I think, if you will permit me to criticize, that was a mistake in judgment on your part, Mr. Bennett. You have not the temperament for it."

"He pays!" said Scanlon, gloating.

"He pays!" echoed the rancher.

"You're robbing me!" Bennett wailed.

"We're not, ye black scut!" snapped Scanlon, jerking the unfortunate banker upright by the collar. "But we will! We're now holding to the exact bargain we proposed and you agreed to; but if ever little Mickey S. has need or desire av the red, red gold or the green, green greenback, 'tis back here he will come to you. May Gawd have mercy on your soul! Sit up, ye spineless jellyfish—sit up!"

Beck, sitting mute in a cold fury of hate, raised his eyes.

"This Neighbor Jones—I had a letter about him to-day. He's caught on, someway, that we've been workin' him over in the shop; and he's layin' for us, I guess. That big lump that called himself the Kansas City Kid—'twas him that wrote the letter. Jones accused him of cheating and drove him out of town—took his gun, made him leave his clothes, and hike. That's a dangerous man, Baca. Now I think of it, young Drake quit us at the same time. Jones told him our game was crooked, likely."

"Them two was together all this forenoon—I seen 'em," contributed Quinliven. "Is Jones maybe fixing to give you the double cross'"

Baca considered with contracted brows.

"Possibly; but not necessarily so," he said. "Drake agreed to sell last night. Perhaps he merely got wise to himself—to use his own phrase—and decided to sell out and go home while the going was good. Jones would be his natural associate, the two having been bucking the game together; but Jones expects to get clear of his debt by sticking to me. He could gain nothing by telling Drake. We are too powerful. He knows there is no way to make us disgorge—disgorge is the word, I think, in this connection. I find Jones most amusing, myself. If he wearies me ——"

"I Assure You That While I Live I am Perfectly Capable of Selecting a Jury That Will Hang Mr. Bennett"

"Don't you figure Jones for any easy mark," warned Scanlon. "If he tries to hand us something—look out! He is a bad actor."

"Leave him to me," said Baca with a tightening of the lips. "I'll take measures to improve his acting. Never mind Jones. We have now satisfactorily adjusted the preliminaries, have we not? It is established, I believe, that Mr. Scanlon and myself constitute a clear majority of this meeting. Any objection? In that case, let us now get down to the sad and sordid business before us. It is the sense of the meeting, as I take it, that Mr. Bennett shall bring to this room, by ten o'clock to-morrow—no; to-morrow is Sunday—by ten o'clock on Monday, the purchase money for the Double Dee cattle."

"Oh-h!" It was a mournful howl, a dog's hopeless plaint to the moon; emitted, however, by one of the gentlemen present.

"Objection overruled. You will, also, Mr. Bennett, provide twenty-four thousand dollars to satisfy the other equities here, held in the Drake estate."

Scanlon held up a finger.

"Cash, you moind! No checks or drafts, to be headed off. Coin or greenbacks! I will not be chipracked by this slippery ould man. He is the human greased pig."

By a prodigious effort Bennett pulled himself together; his face was very pale.

"To provide that much cash, without warning, is impossible. I should have nothing left to do the bank's business with; in fact, I have not half that amount of actual cash in the safe."

He stood up and grasped the back of a chair—his knuckles were white as he gripped; his voice grew firmer.

"I'll be open with you, gentlemen. I am too much extended; I am bitterly cramped for ready money. Give me time to turn round; don't force me to take this money out of the business now. Once let the ordinary loans be refused to a few customers; let the rumor of it go abroad; let my Eastern creditors once hear of it—and I must inevitably stand a heavy loss. They will demand immediate payment, and that I cannot make without sacrifice."

"What would your creditors think if they knew what we know?" answered Beck. "You'll make your sacrifice right now, within forty-eight hours, for your preferred creditors, here present."

"Baca! I appeal to you. Help me! I'll be honest. To pay out this sum will not ruin me, but it'll cripple me so that it may take me years to recover. At the very best I shall lose far more than the pitiful remnant of the Drake money you leave me. Give me time to turn round! Give me thirty days!"

"Thirty hours," said Beck; "Monday morning."

"I tell you it will cost me two dollars for every one I pay over to you now," the banker pleaded. "Let me give you certificates of deposit."

"That's what you gave Drake!" said Scanlon.

For the first time in the somber silence that followed they heard the loud clock on the mantel—tick, tock—tick, tock'—tuck, tock!

Baca spoke at last slowly and thoughtfully.

"Bennett, you have good standard securities in the El Paso National, pledged for a comparatively small amount, as I happen to know. You can sell them by wire and have the money here by the last train on Monday. That's what you'd better do. Personally I am not inclined ——"

"Here is too much talk," said Scanlon. "Cash or smash!"

Bennett threw up his hand in a gesture of despair.

"I'll get it on Monday. Let me go home."

"There now! I knew you would do the right thing if we forced you to!" Baca went to the window. "It is not raining hard; so perhaps you had better go home, as you suggest, Mr. Bennett. You seem fatigued. But the rest of you will stay with me for the night, I trust. I have good beds; here is wine and fire; and we can have a quiet rubber. No stakes, of course." He twisted his mouth and cocked an eyebrow at Beck.

"I'm gone!" announced Beck. He brushed by without a glance at the others, jerked his hat and slicker from the rack, and flung out into the night.

"Now who would suspect the urbane and lovable Beck of being so sensitive?" asked Baca, rocking on his feet. "We shall not have our whist game after all. You two will stay, however? Yes? That's good!" said the host. "Have a glass of wine before you go, Bennett. No? Let me help you on with your raincoat, then. You have your rubbers?" He held the door open. "Good night!"

VI

BECK did not take his way to his own rooms despite the lateness of the hour. He followed the street at his left, the one that led to Bennett's home. A little later the door opened and Bennett took the same path.

A head projected itself cautiously above the adobe wall that fenced the Baca garden, looked forth swiftly, and vanished.

(Continued on Page 93)

THE PROFESSIONAL GAME

A Memory of the Fairgreen—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

WHEN the last player had departed for the day from the links of the Caledonian Golf Club, Tommy Healey produced from an obscure corner of the dilapidated shed that served as caddy house two battered clubs copiously bound with frayed and blackened tire tape, and resurrected a precious trove of four scarred balls. With these he proceeded to the first teeing stand, where he skillfully poised a ball upon a low pat of sand and stood addressing it with a club in an easy, familiar posture.

Before him the course of the Caledonian links lay inclosed in dismal prospects of meager brick dwellings—the soiled and bedraggled outskirts of the city. On the right a network of railroad tracks presented a formidable menace to a sliced ball; on the left raw cuts of clay, mountainous refuse, the open foundations of building operations, lay treacherously in wait for a pull. Across the fairgreen, leading in every direction, ran the adamant, trampled paths of the multitudinous ebb and flood of day laborers. Some two hundred yards before him the flag of the first green hung languidly in the approaching dusk.

With a swift glance at that removed, desirable spot he then fixed his gaze upon the ball; and, holding steady his head, swung the club in a smooth arc, finishing with a sharp, clean snap of the wrists. Scarcely glancing at the ball, which sped out before him in a graceful carry midway between the tracks and the tangle on the left, he teed another ball and repeated precisely his first performance. The third and fourth drive hardly varied in the action of a muscle, the shifting of a pound's weight. He then picked up his other club and trotted eagerly forward—all four balls lay within a twenty-foot radius, close by the green.

He grasped his iron club and bent over a ball. There was a short, dusty spurt of the ungracious turf, the ball rose abruptly and fell thudding on the green, followed closely by the others. They were all within probable putting distance, but none was in the enviable position described as dead.

"Rotten," Tommy Healey pronounced aloud; "like one of the club slobs."

He took a section of newspaper from his pocket, and, spreading it upon the ground, removed to a spot from where he approached with all four balls. He repeated this performance again and again, until the dusk thickened so that he could scarcely see the paper glimmering on the ground. Some of the balls rolled up to the paper's edge, a majority stayed close by, none got entirely away.

He then returned the clubs and balls to their hiding place in the shed and struck into the heart of the city, bound home. He was a short, thickly built boy of about sixteen, with enormous feet and broad, powerful hands; his nose was insignificant—a mere nubbin on a flat, red countenance; his eyes small, light blue and steady; and his mouth a hard, shrewd line. He had stamped upon him an air of cold determination rare for his years; he radiated none of the inconsequential levity of youth; his person was sullen with purpose; his jaw protruded; the spare words with which he procured an evening paper from an anæmic vender were brutal.

He turned immediately to the sports section and with passionate interest scanned the growing list of entrants in the Blackhills Open Championship, a fixed professional event held over the course of a local country club, which commenced only the day after to-morrow.

"It is," he ejaculated, "some field!" There was MacNaughton; and Hop Crane, the amateur who won the Western Open last year; Dunton, the long-famous Scots "pro," four times champion of Great Britain; Con Connard, of the miraculous drive; Louis Dupays, the French Open champion; Galbraith, hailed as the most brilliant player alive; and thirty-six other well-known instructors and players. He repeated their names aloud, dwelling upon them with a curious admixture of respect and animosity; and for the hundredth time that day wondered what chance he would have for a place amid such a galaxy of stars.

"I might get goin'," he told himself once more; "keep that swing flat. And there'd be real turf to take at Blackhills." He stopped on the darkening pavement and executed an imaginary and perfect shot. "I got good len'th . . . keep 'em straight . . . fours." A grin hovered for a moment over his somber countenance, but his mouth speedily resumed its hard-bitten line. "Ah, say," he finished, "I ain't got the stuff yet—not yet."

II

HIS home was one of a small, dingy pair of wooden dwellings lingering from a past decade amid a wilderness of vitreous façades, corner groceries and littered open stables. Supper, in the kitchen, was over; on the table were some broken fragments of bread, a hacked remnant of corned beef, and an empty can which gave out the unmistakable odor of stale beer; and Tommy Healey addressed himself to such sustenance as offered.

His mother moved constantly about the room, maintaining an unbroken, querulous stream of minor complaint. She was a large, soft woman with a minute mouth, and bare scarlet elbows enveloped in the acrid odor of cheap soapsuds. The senior Healey, imbibing comfort from a bowlful of tobacco at a window screened by pink netting against the night, was large, too, with cunning eyes and smooth, facile lips. He was in his shirt sleeves, but wore an incongruous pair of bright green trousers, with gold braid on the outer seams. A black tail coat stiff with scallops of tinsel hung from the back of his chair, while at his feet reposed a package wrapped in brown paper, the size and shape of a military shako. Another occupant of the room, a bare-legged boy with a scraggy neck and bulging eyes, was privately and mysteriously occupied in a corner.

"Emma'll find out any minute now," Mrs. Healey predicted; "and there'll be somewhat said. You hadn't ought to done it, Healey."

Healey's sole answer was a globular puff of smoke expelled comfortably into the room.

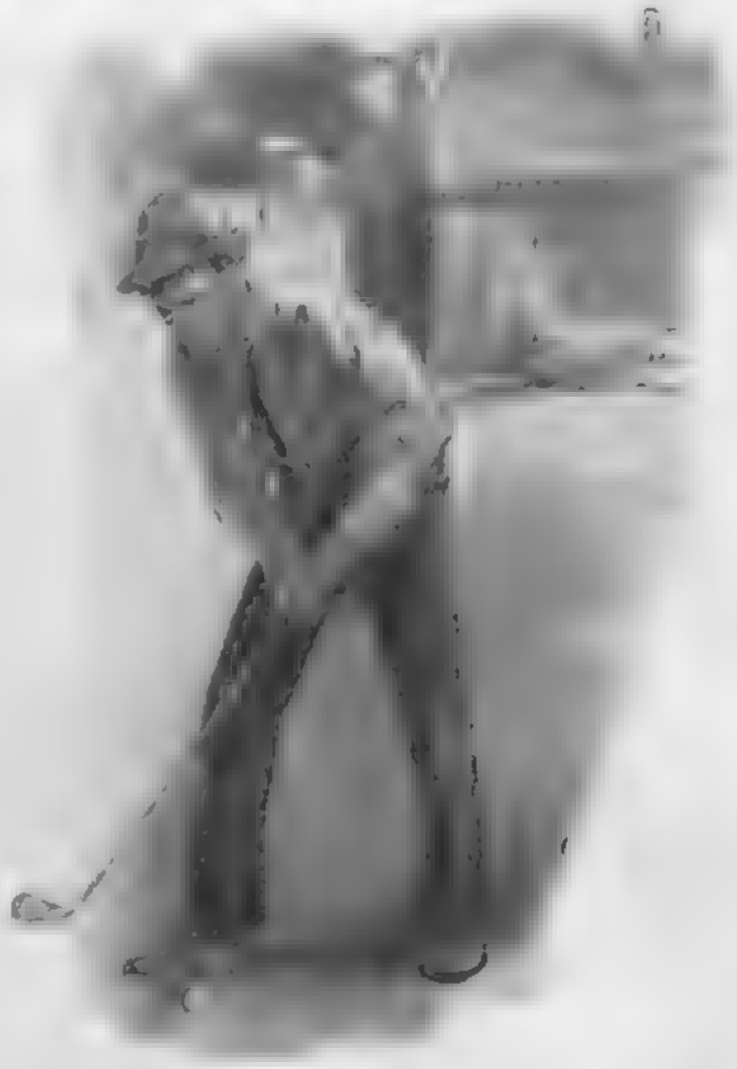
"There'll be somewhat said," the woman reiterated, when a full-bodied young woman with a pretty, flushed face, garbed in a tight white skirt and shirt waist, flounced into the room, holding a bare round hat of black straw.

"Where's my ostrich plume went?" she demanded in shrill, excited tones. "It was on this hat this morning, and now where's it went?"

"Now, Emma," her mother remonstrated, "don't lift the top of my head with your hollerin'."

"Which one of you crooks has got my plume?" the girl insisted.

Healey took the pipe from his mouth.



"Rotten," Tommy Healey Pronounced Aloud; "Like One of the Club Slobs"

"Don't call your mamma them names," he directed. "I borryed your feather to wear with my regulia to-night in the Sons of Cypress parade."

Emma stood gazing at him in speechless anger and amazement. "You . . . borrowed my best ostrich plume," she repeated, "to lay about the gutters in! Well, ain't you cute!"

"Mine was all wore out," he explained; "it wouldn't make no show."

"You'll make no show in mine," she informed him. "Come through with it here and now. The idea! . . . And it cost me twelve and a half."

"I won't hurt it," he told her, returning his pipe to its first position.

"That's right you won't, you won't have a chancet." She stood over him, her hands on her round hips, tense with passion. "Come through with it."

He expelled another globe of smoke and intently watched it dissipate in the close atmosphere.

"You can have it back to-morrow," he added after a pause.

"Oh, I can!" Her rage broke into hysterical vituperation. "To-morrow, you old loafer, you good-for-nothing old loafer!" she cried, her eyes filled with impotent tears.

"Emma," her mother remonstrated, "that ain't no nice way ——"

There were heavy footfalls outside and a young man entered, obviously an additional member of the family. He resembled Tommy, with the exception that his eyes were even smaller and muddy instead of clear. His face was puffy, misshapen, and battered, swollen ears clung close to his round skull. He was showily dressed in a purple serge suit, wore a diamond in a satin tie, and bore a local reputation as a prizefighter.

"What's the conditions?" he demanded facetiously. "Have you weighed in—Queensberry rules?"

"Her pap's took her ostrich plume," Mrs. Healey informed him.

"Only for to-night," that individual stated. "I gotto make some show in the Sons of Cypress parade, and my feather's all spoilt."

"Make him give it to me, Ed," the girl turned to him with a sob. "I was going to meet my friend ——"

"That wop in the barber shop'll get you another," he advised her, sinking into a chair.

"You old bum!" Emma recommenced in piercing tones.

"Forget it," Ed directed. "I got a bad bean on me to-night. Forget it," his voice grew ugly. "Tommy," he continued, turning to the younger Healey, "have you got any money on you?"

Connard's Mashie Whirled With an Evil Whine Past the Boy's Head

"Not a nickel," Tommy lied instantly. He moved uneasily toward the stair that led above. "The bo I carried for said he'd give it to me to-morrow."

He left the kitchen, mounting hurriedly to the room where he slept. He stood by the door, listening. The only sound he heard was the sobbing of his sister Emma, and he crossed the floor to the post of a dilapidated bed, where he removed a loose board, exposing a sum of money hid beneath. He counted it, the battered silver and crumpled dollar bills, with hasty fingers, casting swift glances over his shoulder toward the door. He had now thirty-one dollars.

The accumulation of that amount had occupied months of lying, of unremitting self-denial, pitiless parsimony. Its piling up had earned him the acrimonious comment of his family, of his father, whose conception of dutiful offspring rested solely upon the sums of money turned over to a parent whose delicate health denied him the satisfaction of any extended efforts on his own part.

Tommy Healey was not yet clear as to the final disposition of the sum he was gathering. It had to do definitely with golf; with the acquisition of clubs, balls; while in the back of his brain lurked thoughts of entrance fees for open tournaments, an appropriate garb—hobbed shoes and flannels and a gay woolen waistcoat with silk sleeves. He had determined to make no move until he had acquired a hundred dollars; then in imagination he saw in the metropolitan dailies, "Thomas Healey, unattached, medallist in ——" He knelt lost in the vision, the silver glittering palely in the watery light of a gas jet.

A sudden gasp at his back, the quick scuffle of feet, brought him abruptly to the realization that he was being spied upon, and he rose with a short oath. He saw, vague in the doorway, the white face of his younger brother.

"Henry!" he called in low, urgent tones. "Henry, come here, stop a minute! I'll give you some, Henry; I'll give you two dollars, if you will only keep shut."

But the other was already stumbling down the stairs in a panic of excitement and fright. Tommy Healey heard his thin, high voice as he raced into the kitchen:

"Tommy's got a thousand dollars hid in the floor; I seen it! A thousand dollars and more; I seen it!"

There was a low, ominous growl of incredulous surprise, the scraping of a chair.

A sob of bitter, sickening rage, of miserable apprehension, almost mastered him. But its place was almost immediately taken by a cold determination not to be robbed of his savings. That sum represented his only chance for recognition, for salvation. Now that his father knew, when would he get it together again?

"You, Tommy," that parent called from below, "c'm here!"

The long months of privation seemed to stretch again intolerably behind him and before. He bent, scooping up the money, and put it in his pocket. Then, with a pallid, set face, narrowed eyes, he tramped down into the kitchen.

III

"WHAT'S this," his father demanded, "about you and some money? Henry here says he seen you with a lot of money. Hey? What?"

"I ain't got no money," Tommy replied, edging toward a door.

The other intercepted him. "Lemme see."

"Don't you go for to touch me," he warned the elder in a strained, ugly voice.

His mother commenced to cry helplessly

"Give it to him, Tommy," she implored; "give him the money; you can get more where it come from."

"Don't you go to touch me!" Tommy Healey repeated.

He took a step forward, and involuntarily his father drew back. The boy wondered desperately where his older brother was; the younger was dancing up and down in febrile excitement. If only Ed didn't appear he, Tommy, might get away. As if in answer to his thought his father commenced to call:

"Ed! Ed!"

Tommy advanced again toward the exit; but this time the other stood firm. He pushed Tommy back with a broad hand upon his chest.

"Don't you go——" Tommy choked. "Don't you——"

Unexpectedly the voice of his sister rose defiantly behind him.

"Don't give it to him, Tommy!" she cried. "Don't give him none of it, the old bum with his bad liver, the dirty old thief!"

Mr. Healey threw at his daughter, across Tommy's shoulder, an insinuating epithet, which she returned in kind. Then Ed's unmistakable footsteps, approaching heavily from outside, struck a cold fear into Tommy's heart. The prizefighter entered the kitchen, and Healey senior heatedly revealed the cause of the commotion.

"He's got some coin, has he?" Ed remarked. "Well, come across before I wipe your face off!"

"Don't let 'em have it!" the girl screamed. Suddenly she threw her plump arms about Ed's neck. "You run," she urged Tommy.

Without a moment's hesitation Tommy jumped forward. His hard fist swung up, propelled with the accumulated resentment and hatred of an entire boyhood, and caught his parent in the neck below the jaw. Mr. Healey gurgled,

When He Drove, the Ball Sped Out Unremarkable But Safe

threw up his arms, tottered dizzily, and Tommy flashed through the door and across the space of the front room to freedom. As he disappeared into the enveloping dark he heard the sharp, hurt cry of his sister.

IV

HE SAT dozing through the night on a sequestered bench in the city park, routed by the dawn and a sharp hunger, partially satisfying the latter at a convenient coffee stall. Then he purchased a paper and automatically turned to the sports section, studying once more the list of entrants for the Blackhills Open Championship. The list closed, he noted, that evening.

He wondered again what chance he would have—none; he was not yet ready for such a grilling trial. Again he executed an imaginary shot—now a short approach, with stiff arms.

"That 'ud put a cut on her," he muttered. Then: "I might get goin' good." A sudden excitement ran through him; it left him trembling in a species of stage fright, as he realized that he was actually considering entering the Blackhills tournament. Thirty-one dollars! He would need a pair of woodens, cleek and midiron, a mashie, niblick and putter. "None of them fancy clubs," he annoted. He would like to have a spoon, though, and a pitching iron, but they must wait. And balls—seven and a half dollars a dozen—he would need at least six . . . thirty-one dollars. With the clerk who opened the doors to the day's sales he entered the principal sporting-goods store of the city.

"Twenty-five twenty-five," the clerk informed him as he stood with the handles of the various clubs of his purchase protruding from a staring white canvas bag—a bag whose pocket bulged opulently with balls.

As he was leaving the store he saw displayed a checked cap of the exact texture, shape and pleasing harmony of color for such a purpose as his own. It was two dollars and a half, the price of a spoon, almost the price of four balls. It would be, he recognized, a costly piece of extravagance; yet, urged by an overmastering desire for that particular object of adornment, together with a superstitious belief in the power derivable from such a surpassing cap, he purchased it. Stuffing his old felt hat into the caddy bag, he drew the cap rakishly over one eye.

Outside he once more consulted the newspaper, discovering the place of entrance for the tournament to be located in an office in the heart of the city, a short distance from where he stood. An express elevator flung him aloft to a bare passage of painted steel and concrete, where he found admittance to a long room whose walls and desks, overlaid with plans, elevations, of various building enterprises, were guarded from public access by a shining cherry rail.

"I want to enter the Blackhills Open," Tommy Healey told a man with a sun-browned countenance singularly young beneath an untidy thatch of white hair. "What does it cost?"

The other regarded him with an expression of critical amusement.

"I have just been running over the entrants," he returned indirectly. "They include the present Open champion, a British Open, and the holder of the French title ——" He paused.

"What's it cost?" the boy repeated stolidly.

The levity in the secretary's attitude was masked as he drew forward a long slip of paper.

"Name?" he demanded.

"Thomas Healey."

"Club?"

"Unattached."

"Two dollars," the secretary informed him. And, when Tommy Healey had paid two more dollars from his rapidly shrinking, slender fund: "Thomas, what do you think of this new thing of looking at the hole in place of the ball when putting?"

"Nothing in it," contemptuously replied Thomas Healey, professional. "Keep down your head."

He had never seen the Blackhills course, and, as the match commenced on the morrow, he must proceed there immediately for any preliminary knowledge. The train that bore him from the city rolled between suave green hills, valleys filled with chestnut and the flash of running water. He got out at a small, ornamental station where a motor stage, painted with the club's name, was waiting; and he mounted the conveyance with a pleasant, important clatter of the new clubs.

V

HE WAS deposited after a brief ride at the portal of the rambling structure of the Blackhills clubhouse. From the bricked terrace stretched the smooth course of the links, diversified by sod mounds and ridges, gleaming sand pits and water. At the farther end he saw short, steep banks, and on the left a fairway that skirted a broad, shallow stream. In the afternoon sun the sward was dark and rich like carpet, the putting greens were like enamel, while rows of young poplars drew a silvery fringe along a smooth, winding driveway.

A group of men were lounging on the first tee, tanned and rugged, conversing in an unfamiliar tongue which instinctively he recognized as Scotch. He would have liked to draw near and listen to their shrewd comments, but he elected to walk out over the course to where an unoccupied green offered an inviting challenge.

With a welling pride he tore the paper from a ball and, addressing it with his newly acquired mashie, dropped it over the intervening space dead to the hole. He grinned with delight at the mashie, the sky, the grass.

"That's some turf," he told them all. He unwrapped prodigally three more balls and sent them all thudding upon the green, close to the pin. Then, with a wooden, he drove them in flat, powerful flights across the open.

He turned at the last swing to find at his back a man with heavy, sloping shoulders, a smooth, keen countenance and a bared head of crisp, curling hair. It was—he recognized from the memory of countless newspaper prints—Galbraith. Once in his stride Galbraith was invincible, he could putt—that bane of professionals—like a machine, and his recoveries were legendary; but, in the parlance of the club grill rooms, he was all good fellow, and generous and convivial habits are not the attributes of that even tenor of performance which alone counts in the business of golf.

"Straight and in the course," he voiced his approval to Tommy, "and a good sting. But don't send your body in so fast; easier does it." He beautifully illustrated with Tommy's club his meaning. "Do you carry here at Blackhills?"

"I'm entered in the Open," Tommy muttered resentfully.

"I am sorry," the other handsomely acknowledged. "I thought I knew all the 'pros.' . . . Didn't remember seeing you before."

"I am pretty raw," Tommy Healey admitted. "This here's the first tournament I've played in."

"Good boy!" Galbraith took him by the shoulder. "Don't be mesmerized by names, don't think of open champions and all that stuff; call them Jenks or Judas and watch 'em drive out of bounds, overrun putts; they'll do it, plenty of 'em. Nobody's got this game in their pocket; it's bigger than any of us; it's got us all guessing. It is something like that lady that's supposed to represent fortune—no one can tell where she'll smile, who will beat par. Only, get up to the pin, get up to the pin, and you will be in the money!"

He walked off across the grass to a group of players moving toward their balls. It was Tommy Healey's first actual contact with the world, the life of his choosing; and it came to him strangely familiar, commonplace, welcome. He gathered up his balls and found his way slowly and critically about the course; the length of the carries, the complicated hazards guarding the greens were a fearsome revelation to him.

The sun sank into a curtain of clear yellow light, shadows gathered bluely in the hollows, the poplars grew blurred and a star burned whitely above a distant hill. Tommy met an old woman pushing a cart over the road from the clubhouse. Earlier in the day, she informed him, it had been laden with pies and gingerbread, with fruit and bottled drinks—spruce beer and pop and lemon soda—but the caddies had bought her out. Three doubtful apples only and a crumbling square of cake remained, and on these and a lukewarm bottle of soda he supped.

Lights streamed out from the clubhouse into the gathering dark; he heard thinly the sound of laughter. He was sitting comfortably on a bunker reflective with the makings of various cigarettes. Below him the sand, warm from the day's long sunning, was inviting; and, slipping down and scraping together a pillow, he fell immediately into a dreamless slumber. Sometime in the middle of the night he woke. The dark under a glittering, resplendent array of stars was intense; an incessant chorus of frogs beat upon his ear. The warmth had departed from the sand; a damp cold overlaid the ground, his clothes. Sleepily—with a protecting gesture—he drew the heads of his clubs under his coat, close to his body. Only a moment, it seemed, passed before he was awakened by the dazzling rays of the sun and the wet nose of a waggish dog pushed in his face in a spirit of friendly inquiry.

VI

THE morning drew out interminably until ten o'clock, the hour set for the first pair to drive in the Blackhills Open Tournament. The sun cast a veil of yellow heat over the dusty green of September, the motionless air sounded with the incessant scrape of locusts. A starter appeared, with a brown derby pushed far back upon his head, in shirt sleeves, and took his place at a table that held the list of pairings. Caddies came forward from their benches in answer to their names, as the professionals congregated about the first teeing stand.

There was a brief pause, and then the clear impact of club and ball, closely followed by a second, and the tournament had commenced. Then:

"Duncan and Healey, ten fifteen. Gashouse! Where's Gashouse? And Terry?"

A caddy stepped forward and took Tommy Healey's bag of clubs. There were curious glances, a mingled amusement and impatience as, detaching himself from the fringe of onlookers, he stepped forward. Duncan, well past middle age, had a brightly colored countenance—high red—clear blue eyes and a clipped grizzled mustache. He surveyed Tommy with something like anger.

"What's now!" he commented testily. "He'll be all over the course, I'm thinking."

Tommy Healey preserved his customary sullen silence. A hot resentment possessed him at Duncan's patent contempt. The possibility of a complete fiasco lodged miserably in his brain. The resentment sank to a cold determination to show them that he could play the game—hadn't Galbraith commended him? He saw that the Scotchman was addressing his ball, his form was automatically perfect; and out and below them the ball came to rest in the middle of the fairgreen.

The boy bent, pressed his pat of sand with his large, hard palm, and poised one of the new, immaculate balls. As he stood over it with his club balancing in his hands the impulse swept over him to prove that he could drive with the best of them; he felt his muscles tighten with the resolve as he gathered himself for the shot. But simultaneously there flashed into his mind the danger of such a course, the extreme peril of pressing. After a sharp, brief struggle with his desire he stepped back, relaxing his grip upon the club; and, when he drove, the ball sped out unremarkable but safe.

With a feeling of relief he left the little crowd at the teeing stand; the strain of this—his first public match—lessened; his victory over the resolve to punish the ball added its quota to his confidence. Duncan waited at his ball for him to play. The green lay out before them without intervening bunker over a hundred and fifty yards.

"What'll you play?" the caddy inquired. He was a lanky youth with a soft golden fuzz on his lip and chin. "It's a spoon shot."

Tommy Healey, in lieu of spoon, chose the mid-iron and played a careful half stroke, rolling the ball up to the edge of the green. But Duncan, playing a loose, masterful mashie, sent his ball well up to the hole. The boy's next was short, but left him a probable putt, while the other's rimmed the cup. He lifted, dropping a silver coin in the ball's place, and waited for Tommy to play. The latter bent over, concentrating all his faculties on the shot to be achieved, when the face of his club accidentally touched the ball, rolling it barely over.

"Yon's a stroke," the Scotchman told him grimly.

Tommy knew it. A deep chagrin possessed him. The mischance shook his nerve and his next putt wabbled weakly, almost halted short, but finally fell into the hole.

"Four and five," the scorer noted in monotonous tones.

The next hole was without interesting feature; Duncan repeated his drive and Tommy Healey, more cautious than before, was straight but even shorter. He played a brassy and a full iron, and with two putts holed out, equaling the other's five. A gradual change swept over Duncan's attitude—all traces of resentment or levity had disappeared. He watched with growing attention the boy's play, his set jaw and narrowed eyes. They drove again monotonously and each made four.

Duncan played without an error, but Tommy soon recognized that the Scotchman's game was without force; he was older than Tommy had realized—his high color, the rigid, upright carriage were deceiving. In cutting a ball out of a bad lie the niblick turned in Duncan's hand. On the fourth hole the boy outdrove him: a field entered a wedge "out of bounds" across the drive; and, selecting a spot wider than the other had essayed, he carried his ball safely to the sward beyond. But there he miscalculated and, playing an iron, was fifty yards short; his approach ran over into sand, and the hole cost him six.

The drive on the sixth hole, where a stream and a high bank, a narrow opening through a wood, offered a moral as well as a physical hazard, shook his confidence, and his ball, slicing, came to rest against the boundary fence. A bad hole here, he realized, with a six on the fourth might well end all chances of success. He studied the shot thoughtfully and, when he played, put every ounce of strength he possessed into the head of the club. He cut through a heavy weed, scraped the base of the fence, but his swing held true. The ball went out cleanly and bounded and rolled, with a measure of luck, almost to the green. After which, holing a six-foot putt, he made a four.

As they walked to the next tee, a niche cut in a thick growth of trees, Duncan studied him somberly.

"I'm thinking," he finally observed, "you learned your game in a hard school—of life. It's not just fitten for a lad to play such bitter golf."

At the next hole a crisis of judgment confronted Tommy, immediate, all-important—the green lay a long mid carry beyond, bunkered back and before, sloping down from the shot. A brassy might roll on and on into a public road, out of bounds, or perversely turn into a deep tangle; an iron, falling short, would leave a nasty approach. He chose the iron, was short, found the green with difficulty, and needed five. But the following hole, a medium mashie shot to the green, he captured in two. Tommy Healey's first nine holes had cost him forty-one.

VII

THE tenth hole, over five hundred yards in length, he negotiated in par. He now settled into a steady, mechanical progress; the example of Duncan's slow, studied game, his finished form, had its effect upon the boy. He tramped, absorbed, from shot to shot, unconscious of the still, dusty heat, the passage of the morning. At times, in trouble, he would make a sudden exertion, sand or weeds would scatter, the ball would fly up abruptly, and the familiar course would continue. They finished with a pair of fours. The completed round had taken him eighty-one. Duncan had required only seventy-eight; but the latter was already weary, his cheeks were hectic.

Without breakfast Tommy was ravenously hungry, and, discovering the old woman of the cart, he invested prodigally in her cloying comestibles.

(Continued on Page 72)

"Don't Let 'Em Have It!" the Girl Screamed. "You Run," She Urged Tommy

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Come and Join Us"

IX

NORGATE had chosen, for many reasons, to return to London as a visitor. His somewhat luxurious rooms in Albemarle Street were still locked up. He had taken a small flat in the Milan Court solely for the purpose of avoiding immediate association with his friends and relatives. His whole outlook upon life was confused and disturbed. Until he received a definite pronouncement from the headquarters of officialdom, he felt himself unable to settle down to any of the ordinary functions of life.

Behind all this another and a more powerful sentiment possessed him. He had left Berlin without seeing or hearing anything further from Anna von Haase. No word had come from her, no message. And now that it was too late he began to feel that he had made a mistake. It seemed to him that he had visited upon her in some indirect way the misfortune that had befallen him. It was scarcely her fault that she had been the object of attentions, which nearly every one agreed were unwelcome, from this young princeling. Norgate told himself, as he changed his clothes that evening, that his behavior had been the behavior of a jealous schoolboy.

Then an inspiration seized him. Half dressed as he was, he sat down at the writing-table and wrote to her. He wrote rapidly, and when he had finished he sealed and addressed the envelope without glancing once more at its contents. The letter was stamped and posted within a few minutes, but somehow or other it seemed to have made a difference.

His depression was no longer so complete. He looked forward with less aversion to his lonely dinner at one of the smaller clubs to which he belonged.

"Do you know where any of my people are, Hardy?" he asked his servant.

"In Scotland, I believe, sir," the man replied. "I called round this afternoon, although I was careful not to mention the fact that you were in town. The house is practically in the hands of caretakers."

Norgate nodded.

"Try to keep out of the way as much as you can, Hardy," he enjoined. "For a few days at any rate I should like no one to know that I am in town."

"Very good, sir," the man replied. "Might I venture to inquire, sir, if you are likely to be returning to Berlin?"

"I think it is very doubtful, Hardy," Norgate observed grimly. "We are more likely to remain here for a time."

Hardy was brushing his master's hat.

"You will pardon my mentioning it, sir," he said—"I imagine it is of no importance—but one of the German waiters on this floor has been going out of his way to enter into conversation with me this evening. He seemed to know your name and to know that you had just come from Germany. He hinted at some slight trouble there, sir."

"The dickens he did!" Norgate exclaimed. "That's rather quick work, Hardy."

"So I thought, sir," the man continued. "A very inquisitive individual indeed I found him. He wanted to know whether you had had any news yet as to any further appointment. He seemed to know quite well that you had been at the Foreign Office this morning."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I knew nothing, sir. I explained that you had not been back to lunch and that I had not seen you since the morning. He tried to make an appointment with me to give me some dinner and take me to a music hall to-night."

"What did you say to that?" Norgate inquired.

"I left the matter open, sir," the man replied. "I thought I would inquire what your wishes might be. The person evidently desires to gain some information about your movements. I thought that possibly it might be advantageous for me to tell him just what you desired."

Norgate lit a cigarette. For the moment he was puzzled. It was true that during their journey he had mentioned to Selingman his intention of taking a flat at the Milan Court, but if this espionage was the direct outcome of that information it was indeed a wonderful organization that Selingman controlled.

"You have acted very discreetly, Hardy," he said. "I think you had better tell your friend that I am expecting to leave for somewhere at a moment's notice. For your own information," he added, "I rather think that I shall stay here. It seems to me quite possible that we may find London, for a few weeks, just as interesting as any other city in the world."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, sir," the man murmured. The telephone bell suddenly interrupted them. Hardy took up the receiver and listened for a moment.

"Mr. Hebblethwaite would like to speak to you, sir," he announced.

Norgate hurried to the telephone. A cheery voice greeted him:

"Hello! That you, Norgate? This is Hebblethwaite. I'm just back from a few days in the country—found your note here. I want to hear all about this little matter at once. When can I see you?"

"Any time you like," Norgate replied promptly.

"Let me see! What are you doing to-night?"

"Nothing."

"Come straight round to the House of Commons and dine. Or no, wait a moment, we'll go somewhere quieter. Let's make it the club in a quarter of an hour—the Reform Club. How will that suit you?"

"I'll be there with pleasure," Norgate promised.

"Right-o! We'll hear what you've been doing to these peppery Germans. I had a line from Leveson himself this morning. A lady in the case, I hear. Well, well! Never mind explanations now. See you in a few minutes."

Norgate hung up the receiver. His manner as he accepted his well-brushed hat had lost now all its depression. There was no one in the Cabinet with more influence than Hebblethwaite. He would have his chance, at any rate, and an opportunity for other things.

"Look here, Hardy," he ordered as he drew on his gloves, "spend as much time as you like with that fellow and let me know what sort of questions he asks you. Be careful not to mention the fact that I am dining with Mr. Hebblethwaite. For the rest, fence with him. I am not quite sure what it all means. If by any chance he mentions a man named Selingman, let me know. Good night!"

"Good night, sir!" the man replied.

Norgate descended into the Strand and walked briskly toward Pall Mall. The last few minutes seemed to him to be fraught with promise of a new interest in life. Yet it was not of any of these things that he was thinking as he made his way toward his destination. He was occupied most of the time in wondering how long it would be before he could hope to receive a reply from Berlin to his letter.

■

THE Right Honorable John Hebblethwaite, M. P., since he had become a cabinet minister and had even been mentioned as the possible candidate for supreme office, had lost a great deal of that breezy, almost boisterous effusion of manner which in his younger days had first endeared him to his constituents. He received Norgate, however, with marked and hearty cordiality, and took his arm as he led him to the little table which he had reserved in a corner of the dining room.

The friendship between the entirely self-made politician and Norgate, who was the nephew of a duke and whose aristocratic connections were multifarious and far-reaching, was in its way a genuine one. There were times when Hebblethwaite had made use of his younger friend to further his own undoubted social ambitions. He, on the other hand, a power in politics, had always been ready to return in kind such offices. The note which he had received from Norgate that day was, however, the first appeal that had ever been made to him.

"I have been away for a week-end's golf," Hebblethwaite explained as they took their places at the table. "There comes a time when figures pall and snapping away in debate seems to stick in one's throat. I telephoned directly I got your note. Fortunately I wasn't doing anything this evening. We won't play about. I know you don't want to see me to talk about the weather, and I know something's up, or Leveson wouldn't have written to me and you wouldn't be back from Berlin. Let's have the whole story with the soup and fish, and we'll try to hit upon a way to put things right before we reach the liqueurs."

"I've lots to say to you," Norgate admitted simply. "I'll begin with the personal side of it. Here's just a brief narration of exactly what happened to me in one of the most fashionable restaurants of Berlin last Thursday night."

Norgate told his story. His friend listened with the absorbed attention of a man who possesses complete powers of concentration.

"Rotten business!" he remarked when it was finished. "I suppose you've told them the story at the Foreign Office?"

"Had it all out this morning," Norgate replied.

"I know exactly what they said to you," Mr. Hebblethwaite continued with a gleam of humor in his eyes. "Reminded you that the first duty of a diplomat of a young diplomat especially—is to keep on friendly terms with the country to which he is accredited. How's that, eh?"

"Pretty nearly word for word," Norgate admitted. "What they don't seem to take sufficient account of is that the prince's behavior to me was such as no Englishman, subscribing to any code of honor, could possibly tolerate. I will admit, if you like, that the Kaiser's attitude toward the affair may render it advisable for me to be transferred from Berlin. I do not admit that I am not at once eligible for a position of similar importance in another capital."

"No one would doubt it," John Hebblethwaite grumbled, "except those particular individuals we have to deal with. I suppose they didn't see it in the same light."

"They did not," Norgate admitted.

"We've a tough proposition to tackle," Hebblethwaite confessed cheerfully, "but I am with you, Norgate; and to my mind one of the pleasures of being possessed of a certain amount of power is to help one's friends when one believes in the justice of their cause. If you leave things with me I'll tackle them to-morrow morning."

"That's awfully good of you, Hebblethwaite," Norgate declared gratefully, "and just what I expected. We'll leave that matter altogether just now, if we may. My own little grievance is there and I wanted to explain exactly how it came about. Apart from that altogether, there is something far more important that I have to say to you."

Hebblethwaite knitted his brows. He was clearly puzzled. "Still personal, eh?" he inquired. Norgate shook his head.

"It is something of vastly greater importance," he said, "than any question affecting my welfare. I am almost afraid to begin for fear I shall miss my chance, for fear I shall not seem convincing enough."

"We'll have the champagne opened at once then," Mr. Hebblethwaite declared. "Perhaps that will loosen your tongue. I can see that this is going to be an exceedingly busy meal. Charles, if that bottle of 1904 champagne is iced just to the degree I like it, let it be served, if you please. Now, Norgate."

"What I am going to relate to you," Norgate began, leaning across the table and speaking very earnestly, "is a little incident that happened to me on my way back from Berlin. I had as a fellow passenger a person who I am convinced is high up in the German Secret-Service Intelligence Department."

"All that!" Mr. Hebblethwaite murmured. "Go ahead, Norgate. I like the commencement of your story. I almost feel that I am moving through the pages of a diplomatic romance. All that I am praying is that your fellow passenger was a foreign lady—a princess, if possible—with wonderful eyes, fascinating manners, and of a generous disposition."

"Then I am afraid you will be disappointed," Norgate continued dryly. "The person in question is a man whose name is Selingman. He told me that he was a manufacturer of crockery and that he came often to England to see his customers. He called himself a peace-loving German and he professed the utmost good will toward our country and our national policy. At the commencement of our conversation I managed to impress him with the idea that I spoke no German. At one of the stations on the line he was joined by a Belgian, his agent, as he told me, in Brussels for the sale of his crockery. I overheard this agent, whose name is Meyer, recount to his principal his recent operations. He offered him an exact plan of the forts of Liège. I heard him instructed to procure a list of the wealthy inhabitants of Ghent and the ratable value of the city, and I heard him commissioned to purchase land in the neighborhood of Antwerp for a secret purpose."

Mr. Hebblethwaite's eyebrows became slowly upraised. The twinkle in his eyes remained, however.

"My!" he exclaimed softly. "We're getting on with the romance all right!"

"During the momentary absence of this fellow and his agent from the carriage," Norgate proceeded, "I possessed myself of a slip of paper which had become detached from the packet of documents they had been examining. It consisted of a list of names, mostly of people resident in the United Kingdom, purporting to be Selingman's agents. I venture to believe that this list is a precise record of the principal German spies in this country."

"German spies!" Mr. Hebblethwaite murmured. "Whew!" He sipped his champagne.

Hebblethwaite Received Norgate With Marked Cordiality and Led Him to the Little Table Which He Had Reserved

"That list," Norgate went on, "is in my pocket. I may add that although I was careful to keep up the fiction of not understanding German, and although I informed Herr Selingman that I had seen the paper in question blow out of the window, he nevertheless gave me that night a drugged whisky and soda, and during the time I slept he must have been through every one of my possessions. I found my few letters and papers turned upside down and even my pockets had been ransacked."

"Where was the paper then?" Mr. Hebblethwaite inquired.

"In an inner pocket of my pyjamas," Norgate explained. "I had them made with a sort of belt inside at the time I was a king's messenger."

Mr. Hebblethwaite played with his tie for a moment before he spoke.

"Could I have a look at the list?" he asked, as though with a sudden inspiration.

Norgate passed it across the table to him. Mr. Hebblethwaite gave a little start as he read the first name, leaned back in his chair as he came to another, stared at Norgate, about halfway down the list, as though to make sure that he was in earnest, and finally finished it in silence. He folded it up and handed it back.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed a little pointlessly. "Now tell me, Norgate, you showed this list down there?" jerking his head toward the street.

"I did," Norgate admitted.

"And what did they say?"

"Just what you might expect men whose lives are spent within the four walls of a room in Downing Street to say," Norgate replied. "You are half inclined to make fun of me yourself, Hebblethwaite, but at any rate I know you have a different outlook from theirs. Old Carew was frantically polite. He even declared the list to be most interesting! He rambled on for about a quarter of an hour on the general subject of the spy mania. German espionage, he told me, is one of those shadowy evils from which England has suffered for generations. So far as regards London and the provincial towns, he went on, whether for good or evil we have a large German population, and if they choose to make reports to anyone in Germany as to events happening here which come under their observation, we cannot stop it and it would not even be worth while to try. As regards matters of military and naval importance, there is a special branch, he assured me, for looking after these, and it is a branch of the service that is remarkably well served and remarkably successful. Having said this, he folded the list up and returned it to me, rang the bell, gave me a frozen hand to shake, a mumbled promise about another appointment as soon as there should be a vacancy, and that was the end of it."

"About that other appointment," Mr. Hebblethwaite began with some animation.

"Confound the other appointment!" Norgate interrupted testily. "I didn't come here to cadge, Hebblethwaite. I am never likely to make use of my friends in that way. I came for a bigger thing. I came to try to make you see a danger the reality of which I have just begun to appreciate myself for the first time in my life."

Mr. Hebblethwaite's manner slowly changed. He pulled down his waistcoat, finished off a glass of wine and leaned forward.

"Norgate," he said, "I am sorry that this is the frame of mind in which you have come to me. I tell you frankly that you couldn't have appealed to a man in the Cabinet less in sympathy with your fears than I myself."

"I am sorry to hear that," Norgate replied; "but please go on."

"Before I entered the Cabinet," Mr. Hebblethwaite continued, "our relations with Foreign Powers were just the myth to me that they are to most people who read the Morning Post one day and the Daily Mail the next. However, I made the best part of half a million in business through knowing the top and the bottom and every corner of my job, and I started in to do the same when I began to have a share in the government of the country. The *entente* with France is all right in its way, but I came to the conclusion that the greatest and broadest stroke of diplomacy possible to Englishmen to-day was to cultivate more benevolent and more confidential relations with Germany.

"That same feeling has been spreading through the Cabinet during the last two years. I am ready to take my share of the blame or praise, whichever in the future shall be allotted to the inspirer of that idea. It is our hope that when the present government goes out of office one of its chief claims to public approval and to historical praise will be the improvement of our relations with Germany. We certainly do not wish to disturb the growing confidence that exists between the two countries by any maladroit or unnecessary investigations. We believe, in short, that Germany's attitude toward us is friendly, and we intend to treat her in the same spirit."

"Tell me," Norgate asked: "is that the reason why every scheme for the expansion of the army has been shelved? Is that the reason for all the troubles with the Army Council?"

"It is," Hebblethwaite admitted. "I trust you, Norgate, and I look upon you as a friend. I tell you what the whole world of responsible men and women might as well know, but which we naturally don't care to shout from the housetops:

"We have come to the conclusion that there is no possible chance of the peace of Europe being disturbed. We have come to the conclusion that civilization has reached that pitch where the last resource of arms is absolutely unnecessary.

"I do not mind telling you that the Balkan crisis presented opportunities to any one of the powers to plunge into warfare. No one bid more boldly for peace then than Germany. No one wants war. Germany has nothing to gain by it, no animosity against France, none toward Russia. Neither of these countries has the slightest intention, now or at any time, of invading Germany. Why should they? The matter of Alsace and Lorraine is finished. If these provinces ever come back to France, it will be by political means and not by any mad-headed attempt to wrest them away."

"Incidentally," Norgate asked, "what about the enormous armaments of Germany? What about her navy? What about the military spirit that practically rules the country?"

"I have spent three months in Germany during the last year," Hebblethwaite replied. "It is my firm belief that those armaments and that fleet are necessary to Germany to preserve her place of dignity among the nations. She has Russia on one side and France on the other, allies, watching her all the time, and of late years England has been chipping at her whenever she got a chance and flirting with France. What can a nation do but make herself strong enough to defend herself against unprovoked attack? Germany, of course, is full of the military spirit; but it is my opinion, Norgate, that she is a great deal fuller of the great commercial spirit. It isn't war with Germany that we have to fear; it's the ruin of our commerce by the great assiduity and more up-to-date methods of her people.

Now you've had a statement of policy from me for which the halfpenny press would give me a thousand guineas if I'd sign it."

"I've had it," Norgate admitted, "and I tell you frankly that I hate it. I am an unfledged young diplomat in disgrace, and I haven't your experience or your brains; but I have a hateful idea that I can see the truth and you can't. You're too big and too broad in this matter, Hebblethwaite. Your head's lifted too high. You see the horrors and the needlessness of war, and you brush the thought away from you."

Mr. Hebblethwaite sighed.

"Perhaps so," he admitted. "One can only act according to one's convictions. You must remember though, Norgate, that we don't carry our pacificism to extremes. Our navy is and always will be an irresistible defense."

"Even with hostile naval and aëroplane bases at, say, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Ostend?"

Mr. Hebblethwaite pushed a box of cigars toward his guest, glanced at the clock and rose.

"Young fellow," he said, "I have engaged a box at the Empire. Let us move on."

XI

"MY POSITION as a Cabinet minister," Mr. Hebblethwaite declared with a sigh, "renders my presence in the promenade undesirable. If you want to stroll round, Norgate, don't bother about me."

Norgate picked up his hat.

"Jolly good show," he remarked. "I'll be back before it begins again."

He descended to the lower promenade and sauntered along toward the refreshment bar. Mrs. Paston Benedek, who was seated in the stalls, leaned over and touched his arm.

"My friend," she exclaimed, "you are distrait! You walk as though you looked for everything and saw nothing. And behold, you have found me!"

Norgate shook hands with her and nodded to Baring, who was her escort.

"What have you done with our expansive friend?" he asked. "I thought you were dining with him."

"I compromised," she laughed. "You see what it is to be so popular. I should have dined and have come here with Captain Baring; that was our plan for to-night. Captain Baring, however, was generous when he saw my predicament. He suffered me to dine with Mr. Selingman and he fetched me afterward. Even then we could not quite get rid of the dear man. He came on here with us and he is now, I believe, greeting acquaintances everywhere in the promenade. I am perfectly convinced that I shall have to look the other way when we go out."

"I think I'll see whether I can rescue him," Norgate remarked. "Good show, isn't it?" he added, turning to her companion.

"Capital," Baring replied without enthusiasm. "Too many people here though."

Norgate strolled on, and Mrs. Benedek tapped her companion on the knuckles lightly with her fan.

"How dared you be so rude!" she exclaimed. "You are in a very bad humor this evening. I can see that I shall have to punish you."

"That's all very well," Baring grumbled; "but it gets more difficult every day to see you alone. This evening was to have been mine. Now this fat German turns up and lays claim to you, and then, about the first moment we've had a chance to talk, Norgate comes gassing along. You're not nearly so nice to me, Bertha, as you used to be."

"My dear man," she protested, "in the first place I deny it. In the second I ask myself whether you are quite as devoted to me as you were when you first came."

"In what way?" he demanded.

She turned her wonderful eyes upon him.

"At first when you came," she declared, "you told me everything. You spoke of your long mornings and afternoons at the Admiralty. You told me of the room in which you worked, the men who worked there with you. You told me of the building of that little model, and how you were all allowed to try your own pet ideas with regard to it. And then all of a sudden—nothing; not a word about what you have been doing. I am an intelligent woman. I love to have men friends who do things, and if they are really friends of mine I like to enter into their lives, to know of their work, to sympathize, to take an interest in it. It was like that with you at first. Now it has all changed. You have drawn down a curtain. I do not believe that you go to the Admiralty at all. I do not believe that you have any wonderful invention there over which you spend your time."

"Bertha dear," he remonstrated, "do be reasonable."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"But am I not? See how reasonably I have spoken to you. I have told you the exact truth. I have told you why I do not take quite the same pleasure in your company as when you first came."

"Do consider," he begged. "I spoke to you freely at first because we had not reached the stage in the work when secrecy was absolutely necessary. At present we are all upon our honor.

"From the moment we pass inside that little room we are, to all effects and purposes, dead men. Nothing that happens there is to be spoken of or hinted at even to our wives or our dearest friends. It is the etiquette of my profession, Bertha. Be reasonable!"

"Pooh!" she exclaimed. "Fancy asking a woman to be reasonable! Don't you realize, you stupid man, that if you were at liberty to tell everybody what it is that you do there, well, then I should have no more interest in it. It is just because you say that you will not and you may not tell that, womanlike, I am curious."

"But whatever good could it do you to know?" he protested. "I should simply addle your head with a mass of technical details not a quarter of which you would be able to understand. Besides, as I have told you, Bertha, it is a matter of honor."

She looked intently at her program.

"There are men," she murmured, "who love so much that even honor counts for little by the side of ——"

"Of what?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Of success."

For a moment they sat in silence. The place was not particularly hot, yet there were little beads of perspiration upon Baring's forehead. The fingers which held his program twitched. He rose suddenly to his feet.

"May I go out and have a drink?" he asked. "I won't go if you don't want to be alone."

"My dear friend, I do not mind in the least," she assured him. "If you find Mr. Norgate, send him here."

In one of the smaller refreshment rooms sat Mr. Selingman, a wondrously attired lady on either side of him. The heads of all three were close together. The lady on the left was talking in a low tone but with many gesticulations.

"Dear friend," she exclaimed, "for one single moment you must not think that I am ungrateful! But consider. Success costs money always—and I have been successful, you admit that. My associates are exclusively from the class of young men you have wished me to encourage. Pauline here, and I, and Rose, whom you have met, seek our friends in no other direction. We are never alone, and as you very well know not a day has passed that I have not sent you some little word of gossip or information—the gossip of the navy and the gossip of the army—and there is always some truth underneath what these young men say. It is what you desire, is it not?"

"Without a doubt," Selingman assented. "Your work, my dear Helda, has been excellent; and I commend you. I think with fervor of the day when first we talked together and the scheme presented itself to me. Continue to play Aspasia in such a fashion to the young soldiers and sailors of this country, and your villa at Monte Carlo next year is assured. For the present, is it a larger allowance that you want?"

"Not yet, but I want to warn you that the time may come when I shall need more," the woman replied. "A salon, dear friend, is an expensive thing to maintain. These young men tell their friends of our hospitality, the music, our entertainment. We become almost too much the fashion, and it costs money."

Selingman held up his champagne glass, gazed at the wine for a moment, and slowly drank it.

"I am not of those," he announced, "who expect service for nothing, especially good service such as yours. Watch for the postman, dear lady. Any morning this week there may come for you a pleasant little surprise."

She leaned over and patted his arm.

"You are a prince, my friend," she murmured. "But tell me: who is the grave-looking young man?"

Selingman glanced up. Norgate, who had been standing at the bar with Baring, was passing a few feet away.

"'The rake's progress,'" Norgate quoted solemnly as he caught sight of Selingman.

The German raised his hand.

"Come and join us," he invited.

Norgate shook his head slightly and passed on. Selingman leaned a little forward, watching his departing figure. The buoyant good nature had faded out of his face.

"If you could get that young man to talk, now, Helda," he muttered, "it would be an achievement."

She glanced after him.

"To me," she declared, "he looks one of the difficult sort."

"He is an Englishman with a grievance," Selingman continued. "If the grievance cuts deep enough he may—— But we gossip."

"The other was a navy man," the girl remarked. "His name is Baring."

Selingman nodded.

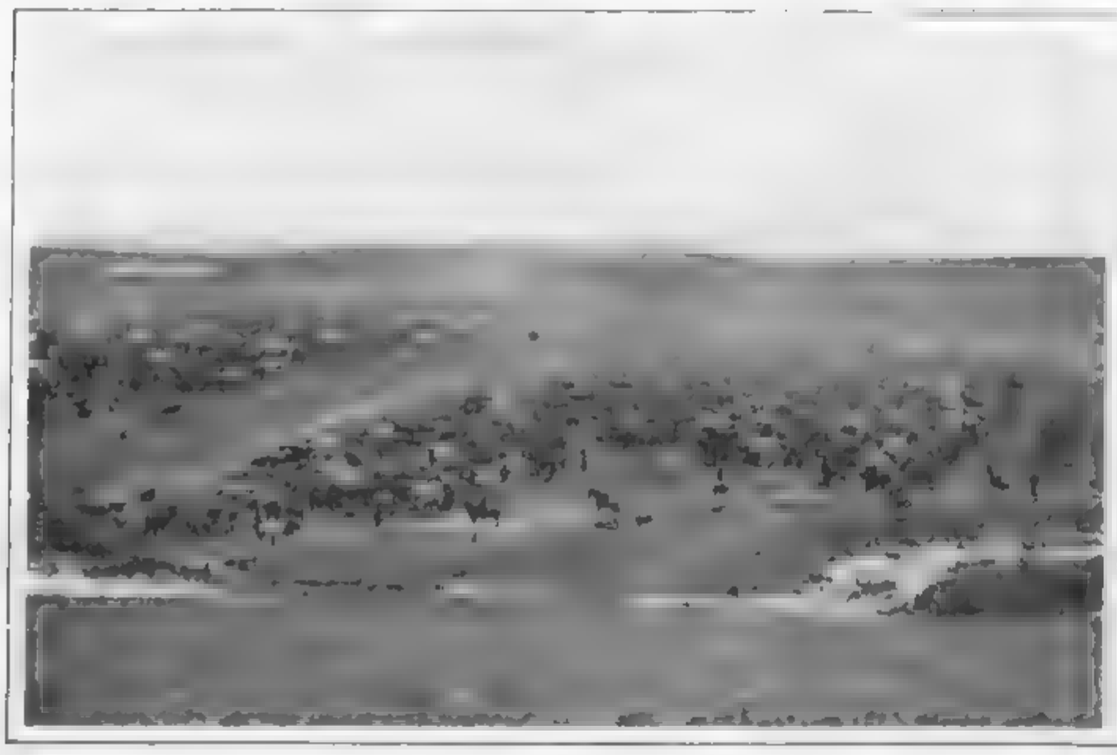
"You need not bother about him," he said. "If it is possible for him to be of use, that is arranged for in another quarter. So! Let us finish our wine and separate. That letter shall surely come; have no fear."

Selingman strolled away a few minutes later. Baring had returned to Mrs. Paston Benedek and Norgate had resumed his place in the box. Selingman, with a gold-topped cane under his arm, a fresh cigar between his lips, and a broad smile of good-fellowship upon his face, strolled down one of the wings of the promenade. Suddenly he came to a standstill. In the box opposite him Norgate and Hebblethwaite were seated side by side. Selingman regarded them for a moment steadfastly.

(Continued on Page 89)

"Fancy Sharing the Same Sofa With a Rival of Princes! Do You Know That the Baroness is a Friend of Mine?"

CONSIDER THE CALF



Typical Western Ranch Scene

Cutting Out on Flathead River, Montana

By George Pattullo

I WENT into a restaurant and ordered a sirloin steak. "The dollar sirloin or the ninety-cent kind?" asked the waiter, balancing on one foot as he eyed a tall blonde at a neighboring table.

"Neither. Bring me the forty-five-cent kind"

"We ain't got it, brother," responded the waiter.

"What!" I cried, aghast. "You haven't anything less than a ninety-cent sirloin? And this is Texas, where the cattle come from!"

"Maybe they do," he answered nonchalantly; "but it's a cinch they don't come to this burg. Say, brother, what'll you have? I can't stand here all day." And with a pitying gesture he tossed me the menu. "Here," said he, "are the twenty-cent dishes."

The imputation had its effect and I ordered a dollar sirloin, but not without a passionate protest. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't afford a bit of beef for dinner."

The waiter yawned.

"It's tough, it sure is. Maybe you can get one of them cheap steaks at the beanery round the corner, but we don't serve 'em. And there's no good getting sore about it. This joint don't make three cents on an order of beef. Honest it don't! Hey, Sam, come here and talk to this guy."

The management of the establishment corroborated him. What with retail prices, bone and waste portions, rent and service, they could not count on better than three per cent profit from beef orders. Now it was only an average restaurant, not one of the kind where you expect to be mulcted, and the contention sounded fishy to me. It still does, but later the club chef told a similar tale—they were serving steaks to members for seventy cents at a loss.

Why the Price of Beef May Drop

COMING from a cattle range of four hundred thousand acres, where fat, sleek Herefords grazed every slope and dotted the draws and gullies—knowing that in this state were 5,120,000 beef cattle, one-seventh of Uncle Sam's supply—well, it was a solar-plexus blow. A dollar for a sirloin in Texas, where they have more beef cattle than there are people in Ohio! I set out to probe for the wherefore of it all.

And this is what I found: There has never been the time in a decade when the prospect was better for cheaper beef. Of course we may not get it, but here are two reasons why we may:

1. An increase in the American supply of beef cattle. There came a turn in 1914 from the long, steady decline of our herds, an increase of 1,212,000 head, or three and four-tenths per cent. We had 37,067,000 on January 1, 1915, as compared with 35,855,000 the same date last year, according to the Department of Agriculture.

2. A diminution in beef exports to Europe, owing to the war. Buying by the belligerent countries for army supplies is confined to canned meat, and the sort of beef that goes on our tables doesn't go into tins. Furthermore, it can be confidently predicted that the foreign demand will continue off for a long period to come, because when this war ends Great Britain, France and Germany will be too hard up to indulge the luxury of American beef to any extent.

Toward what other phases of the problem my investigations led will presently develop, but they ended with a big-eyed, four-legged creature that wabbles at the knees and looks more innocent than it is possible for any sensate thing to be—they ended with the calf. It isn't much on looks and its intelligence is open to debate, but the calf is a mighty factor in the meat supply of the American people. Some assert that it is the keynote to cheaper beef. Let us look into this. Let us consider the calf.

First, let me tell you about Jim Callan, of the Rocking R. Eight years ago he went out on his range in Menard County with a .30–.30 and slew a hundred innocent young calves. Jim wasn't stalking calves for sport or gathering veal on a commissariat contract; he had no shipping facilities at the time, was up against it hard for grass and had to save the mothers. By herself, a cow can get along almost as well as a steer, but a calf at her side dooms both in very bad seasons.

Cattle raisers have been soundly berated and lashed with invective for marketing their young stuff, thereby depleting the herds, but the bulk of calf selling has not been from choice. Either range conditions prompted it or creditors were urgent. It is a maxim in the business that the sale of calves means their owner is hard pressed.

Then, too, the tendency has been all toward baby beef. The market for calves has been so strong that it has dwarfed the percentage of profit on grown stuff.

"It has paid best to market young," said W. J. Lewis, of the Spur. "You can make more meat on a young calf than on grown stuff. A calf will put on weight quickly. Take a good one of four hundred pounds, give it six months' feeding, and you will bring it to a thousand pounds. In comparison with that the proportionate increase in weight after two years old is slight."

Some calves that Lewis bought at twenty dollars three years ago, and fed on silage, cotton seed and grass, netted him $85 apiece. It doesn't take a financial sharp to see why raisers have been tempted to market young. And look at the prices calves command today. Steers and heifers from six to eight months old fetch $30; the best sell at $35. Only eleven years ago the same grade would have sold for $10 a round.

The bunch Callan wiped out with a .30–.30 were worth then about fifteen hundred dollars. Today they would bring three thousand, which is some jump, even for a calf. Yet in the face of tempting markets the cattlemen have been holding. They improve in this respect every year.

"In the livestock markets, relatively smaller marketings of calves and cows in the past year indicate the disposition to increase supplies," reports the Department of Agriculture.

Receipts at Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph, St. Paul and Sioux City combined were 981,000 calves in 1910; 975,000 a year later; 910,000 in 1912; 741,000 in 1913; and last year dropped to 664,000. At Fort Worth, formerly the largest calf market in the world, but now second to Chicago, the receipts diminished last year by 34,093—from 219,629 in 1913 to 185,536. The decline has been steady and consistent.

Some emphatic exception has been taken to the Department's estimates.

"The actual receipts at the Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Fort Worth and Sioux City markets show a decrease of 752,065 head of cattle and an increase of 112,448 head of calves for 1914 as compared with 1913," wrote E. B. Spiller, of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, to the Secretary of Agriculture. "With such large decrease in the marketing of cattle and the increased marketing of calves, it seems surprising that there should be any reliable information to sustain a report such as has been given out."

To this came no direct reply, merely a copy of the Department's report with page seventeen marked. It showed that there had been gains in beef cattle in every state of the Union except New Hampshire, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Alabama, Rhode Island and Texas. The Lone Star, which leads any other state a mile, was credited with 52,000 head less than on January 1, 1914. Even so, it had a million more beef cattle than citizens. And there the controversy rests.

Hard Times for Cattle Raisers

A FAIRLY general impression has prevailed that the war is a boon to the cattle industry. On the contrary it has hurt the business and stimulated speculation in stockers to a degree that must prove ruinous. The beef cattle market at this writing is from $1.50 to $2.50 a hundred under what it was a year ago. For cowmen 1914 was a joy until August; prices reached high-water mark. Then the war broke and a perfect avalanche of cattle to the market resulted. Money was tight, none could say on what rocks we might be drifting, and everybody was scared. Security holders clamored for payment of all paper maturing, and so the cowmen poured their herds into the markets in order to settle their debts. Naturally prices were depressed. But the consumer may fail to get lower prices this spring despite the propitious situation. For a number of contrary influences can be urged—the soaring prices of grain and consequent increase in cost of feeding; a virtual stoppage of importations from Mexico—there are plausible arguments in plenty.

And now to the matter of current speculation, which is resulting in an unprecedented condition of things in the industry. It is positively amazing—stockers command higher prices than good beef cattle.

To put that differently for the layman: Suppose you own two steers. One has rustled for himself out on the range and is a bit lean; the other has been fattened at considerable cost and is ready for market. You take both animals there. Wouldn't you expect to get more per hundredweight for the fat beef steer on which you had spent time and hard dollars than on the one that was poor? You would. And in normal times you would get it too; but not today. These are not normal times. Of those two steers standing in the pen side by side, the sorry one would bring from fifty cents to a dollar a hundredweight more. It is enough to jar a sane man loose from his religion and shake his faith in the Constitution. Yet that anomaly exists, a triumph of optimism over cold facts.

The explanation is that many are figuring that cattle must ultimately go higher because of the war and normal increase in beef consumption each year, and so they are willing to pay more for animals that will make beef in the future than for animals that have beef on them now. Of course this plunging can't last long.

"More money will be lost in the cattle business in the next hundred days," declared W. N. Waddell, "than in any five hundred days of its history. The present state of things is against all reason."

Some people turn to the tariff as a panacea for all ills. They can see prosperity in every fresh juggling. Therefore, when the duty was knocked off cattle from Mexico by the Wilson Administration there were whoops of exultation and delight. What a boon to the burdened, harassed consumer!

It has done him no good whatever. Beef prices have held up. Before the law went into effect there were being imported as many cattle as will probably be brought in under present conditions with the duty off. Because of internal strife the cattle business in Mexico has been practically at a standstill, and that country must become settled before its exports can exert any appreciable influence on Uncle Sam's beef market.

Cowboy at Work on the Southwestern Range

For a time Mexican stuff poured across the line in a flood. It looked as though Northern Mexico would be drained dry. All the big *hacendados*, driven into exile, their properties harried by warring factions, looted by every outlaw chief who passed, shipped what they could gather to the United States. Fort Worth was the principal gateway, and for months more than a third of its run of 990,763 head for 1914 was cattle from across the boundary. Terrazas alone contracted with an American commission firm to deliver three hundred and fifty thousand head from his own ranges. Then Pancho Villa took a hand in the game. He clapped an export duty of ten dollars a head on cattle, and the shipments abruptly dwindled. On top of this, Texas has declared a quarantine because of the foot-and-mouth disease.

Doing Business on Eight Per Cent Money

NO MEXICAN soldier goes hungry these days along the Border. They have been doing a wholesale business in rustling, it being a comparatively simple matter for a few men to sneak across the line with a bunch. In four months the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association recovered two thousand five hundred hides stolen from its members.

Mexico, then, can be regarded as a negligible quantity for the present. There remains the Argentine. The importations of fresh meat from that country sound big in print, but weighed against the amount used annually in the United States they are insignificant. That trade has been handicapped in its shipping and refrigerating facilities. Recently a bill was introduced into Congress to admit cattle from Venezuela and Central and South American countries, but since the outbreak of the foot-and-mouth disease nothing has been heard of it. Even should it not die a natural death and survive to become law, its effect would be practically nil, for the entire outside world suffers from a shortage of cattle.

It being apparent that we must look within our own borders for a solution of the beef problem, let us consider what can be done to insure a fair-priced supply. A variety of courses have been urged: 1. Prohibition by law of the marketing of calves. 2. Abolition of the speculator and the middleman, and linking-up of connection between raiser and consumer. 3. Encouragement to cattle raising by opening of public lands to grazing and classification of them; protection in leased land; improved methods of marketing, and long-time money.

Long-time loans—we all like those. Is there another big industry in the world that could thrive on eight per cent money? Yet eight per cent is the rule in the cattle business, and many big cowmen with sound security cheerfully pay ten in a pinch. The major portion of cattle loans are short-term loans on beef cattle, which, being readily marketed, assure a quick turnover. More difficulty is experienced in financing a loan for she-stuff to build up a herd.

Money is an opportunist and woefully timid and greedy; it cannot be diverted in bulk for any considerable period from its natural channels; and about the only relief in sight for the cattle raisers who need long-time money must be of their own contriving. Gilt-edge security is as commanding in the cattle business as anywhere else. If borrowers can demonstrate that cows offer inducements for extended loans, the money will flow to such borrowers just as surely as water will run downhill.

As for the middleman, he is apparently a fixture. There is a middleman in every big business, whether it be selling drygoods, or boys' suits, or groceries, or bonds, and no cheaper, more workable system has been hit upon. If one were available it would speedily come into operation.

And now let us take a peep at the speculator, the ofttime goat of the industry. Everybody flings a rock at his head whenever the h. c. of l. is the topic. He is a much maligned species. His activities aren't a factor at all in the determination of beef prices; he doesn't cost the consumer a penny; and he is of positive, substantial benefit to the cattle raiser. The speculator acts as a buffer between the cattleman and the packer. He holds prices up when they would otherwise take the chute. Of course he is out for his profit—now from the raiser, now from the packer—but his takings don't appreciably influence the fluctuations in beef to the retail trade.

What is seldom remembered is that he also swallows his losses. Usually he goes broke. For every speculator who succeeds you can find ten who go down and out. A few own town houses and palaces by the sea, but on the other hand you can go on the Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City market any day, and see men who have once bought cattle in hundreds or thousands for their own account making a touch on former associates for the price of a meal. For one thing we should doff our hats to the speculator—he is always on the job. No grass grows under his feet.

An Arizona friend of mine graduated from cow-punching at forty dollars a month to speculating in five figures, and in 1902 lost everything he had in the world. He was not only bankrupt, but a New York firm got judgment against him for six thousand dollars. It was the second time in his brief career that he had blown up, and his friends were unanimous in urging him to quit. They pointed out that his credit was a trifle strained, that the market was inhospitable, and that he had best abandon gambling in cattle and settle down to a useful job, with a regular stipend attached. But the gentleman from Arizona could not see it that way. He turned down an offer to manage a half-million-acre ranch in the Panhandle at two hundred and fifty dollars a month and wired the New York parties to keep their shirts on and he would presently settle with them. There being nothing else to do, they kept them on.

His available capital was eleven dollars and eighty cents and a gold watch. He hocked the watch and with the proceeds bought a ticket for New Mexico, where cowmen were having a bad time of it. Not a thousand miles from the San Andreas Mountains there dwelt a rancher from whom he had often bought cattle in the past.

Now it had been a terrible year in that section of country. The ground was as bare as the palm of a man's hand and cattle were starving. Either the rancher had to ship his stuff immediately or he had to see them die. The speculator arrived at night, while old Lon was sitting glumly beside his gourd-vine, in a blue funk over the prospect. He had to get rid of half his stuff quickly or be wiped out by losses. Before they went to bed the gentleman from Arizona bought nine thousand cows from him dirt cheap, delivery within sixty days. Then he went peacefully to sleep.

Lon had said nothing about money. Hadn't he known Jim for years and years and traded fairly with him often? Therefore he had no fears that the cattle would be left on his hands, and Lon, too, slept.

A Big Deal on a Shoestring

NEXT day the speculator borrowed fifty dollars from Lon in a casual way. That also was all right, because any man is apt to be caught short of cash moving round the cow country. Then he drove to the railway and started for Kansas City.

What would you do if you had a judgment against you for six thousand dollars, no more credit at the bank, nothing but a few borrowed dollars in your clothes, and nine thousand cows to pay for within two months? My friend felt that the situation was rather serious. "I knew I had to do something," is his way of telling it. He felt that it needed sober thought, so he took out a cigar and went into the smoking compartment.

"Why, bless my eyes, if it ain't old Jim!" came a hail through the blue haze that enveloped his fellow-travelers. There was Flannigan, buyer for a great Chicago packing house.

They fell into talk, and it presently came out that Mr. Flannigan was scouting round for some likely cows to stock a range his employer had purchased on the Canadian River. He mentioned it carelessly, with the tolerant good-nature of a successful man to one who has failed.

(Continued on Page 52)

White-Faced Feeders

A Stock Farm Near Brandon, Manitoba

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Getting Down to Business

THE foreign service of the United States has long had military and naval attachés—men specially trained to note and appreciate developments of a martial character; but only quite recently has it had commercial attachés. There are now ten of these stationed at foreign capitals where our commercial interests are largest. There are also a number of business experts with roving commissions. One of them may take up the subject of cotton goods and follow it through many countries. Another, in the same way, may survey the foreign field for leather goods.

The usefulness of the regular consular service to American manufacturers who are looking abroad has always been limited by lack of money and lack of specially trained men. In many cases a consul—himself a political appointee, with no particular fitness for commercial investigation—has been restricted, by mere lack of clerical assistance, to routine duties. With the best of intentions the aid he could lend to exporters by way of gathering significant information was slight.

Big exporters get the information they want through their own extensive and costly organizations. It will be a long time before the Government has an organization comparable in efficiency to theirs. A man of considerable experience in that line said not long ago: "If I wanted quick and accurate information on conditions in any foreign capital I should not go to Washington. I should go to either one of two skyscrapers in the Wall Street district."

In the matter of promoting foreign trade, however, the Government is really getting down to business.

A Quaint Old Custom

A LANK and elderly figure in frock coat and silk hat stands conspicuously at the side of the square trying his best not to look like a fool, while the crowd stares at him. Facing him a rod away is a stiff figure in uniform, with sword at shoulder and that half-strangled appearance which etiquette requires of an officer on parade. A second stiff figure, sword at shoulder, stands another rod away, his back to the first one and facing a company of infantry drawn up on the other side of the square. Commands are barked and the soldiers go through various evolutions much like those performed by a comic-opera chorus, except that the chorus tries to be graceful and here the object is to achieve a wooden and mechanical rigidity.

Occasionally the two officers wheel, facing each other, and jab their swords into the air—evidently a military method of conveying information that the soldiers have turned round seven times without getting mixed up. The first officer makes a final upthrust with his sword, halt at chin. The distinguished civilian removes his silk hat and gets it back on his head without dropping it, whereat he looks relieved. But his troubles are not over. The officers advance on him resolutely and march him away, one on each side, so that, with his black coat and round shoulders between the uniforms, he looks comically like a gentleman who has been pinched by two policemen.

He is marched round the rigid soldiers, apparently satisfying himself that they are all there. The band strikes up and the soldiers tramp woodenly back to their barracks, where they promptly remove their fancy clothes and resume their ordinary occupation of scrubbing the floors.

The next morning's local newspaper announces that Honorable Jabez Smith, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Indiahoma, reviewed the troops. Possibly it amused the spectators, for spectators are easily amused.

The City's Dilemma

THE New York Board of Education has long been firmly of the opinion that a woman cannot properly teach school and rear a child, because, with two such exacting occupations on hand, she will inevitably neglect one or the other. By discriminating against married women teachers, or refusing employment to mothers, other school boards have expressed the same idea.

It is shown, however, that in New York a great many widowed mothers of young children engage in occupations that are much more exacting as to time and bodily strength than teaching school.

If a school-teacher cannot properly rear a child, what about the mother of two who leaves home at five in the morning in order to reach her humble task by six, and returns at six in the evening? She thereby discharges the primary maternal duty of providing food and shelter for her children, but other maternal duties mostly go by the board.

That children get only the most patchy, haphazard sort of rearing under such conditions, often with results most unfortunate to themselves and to the community, is the testimony of those who have given the subject most attention. If the city regards the duties of motherhood as so exacting that they cannot be properly discharged by a woman who spends five or six hours a day in a well-ventilated, well-lighted schoolroom, with slight physical exertion, and is comparatively well paid for doing it, what business has it to leave children to the care of one who spends ten hours or more daily at hard bodily toil, usually amid disagreeable surroundings, and earns but the barest subsistence?

These are some of the questions concerning the subject of pensions for indigent widowed mothers. There are the usual objections that pensions are socialistic and discourage thrift; but leaving young children to grow up by themselves is as unthrifty a condition as we know of.

Statesmen Not Economists

WE WONDER why the vicissitudes of politics never land an economist in the White House. Harrison helped unload the silver trouble on the country. Cleveland blamed the innocent greenbacks for the drain of gold from the treasury. McKinley said foreigners paid our tariff tax. Taft swallowed the arguments of the framers of the Payne-Aldrich Bill as a child takes candy.

Economically, President Wilson is rather more reactionary than Aldrich and Cannon. Usually he looks over his shoulder for sanction. He talks of renewing and restoring something or other.

Apparently what he wishes to restore is the economic status of Jackson's time, when the country was not troubled by Big Business or much business of any sort; when animal power and the flatboat were the chief factors in transportation, and the iron industry was represented by the village blacksmith shop.

Then, the rational object of individual skill and thrift was individual ownership of a bit of land or a bit of business, such as a corner grocery, a stagecoach, a woodyard. In that régime of intense individualism and unlimited competition a collective undertaking as essentially feeble and harmless as the second Bank of the United States was considered intolerable; but that status is as hopelessly in the past as the Stone Age. Individual ownership has been practically relegated to farming and the country retail trade. Competition does not cure all economic troubles, but aggravates some of them.

Nearly all the important problems with which politics deals are economic, and economics is merely the science of business in the largest sense. A valued contemporary wonders how a Hamilton would handle them; but it seems to be only once in a century that talent for economics is combined with any other of the talents which win the greatest success in politics.

The Turn of the Golden Tide

WE MENTIONED some time ago that foreign countries have been establishing credits in the United States—in other words, opening bank accounts with us—on a scale undreamed of before the war. These credits are needed to pay for supplies purchased here; but in the opinion of that experienced observer, the Financial Chronicle, another and more or less subterranean movement along the same lines is going on.

The action of foreign exchange has shown a big flow of funds from Europe to this side. Exchange on London has fallen in New York to the lowest point on record. Roughly speaking, everybody wants to send money this way; nobody wants to send it the other way. The Chronicle argues that this action of foreign exchange is not explained by the large outflow of merchandise to Europe and payments therefor; but is a sign that a good deal of European capital is seeking a safe harbor in New York—at least, the safest harbor in sight.

For months many credits in London, Paris and Berlin were uncollectible, because of the moratorium. So long as war lasts, recurrence of that unpleasant condition is among the possibilities. Aside from that, the enormous destruction of capital in the warring countries raises possibilities which a prudent capitalist may well view with misgivings; and in a painful conflict between prudence and patriotism he may unostentatiously throw an anchor to windward by slipping some money over to New York.

The way capital fled from war in the Napoleonic era, incidentally creating the Rothschild fortune, is well known. Show capital a safe harbor in troublous times, and thither some of it will surely flee.

An Export Item

COMPARING a month's exports of iron and steel manufactures with the corresponding list of a year ago, one finds heavy declines in such useful items as hardware, castings, cutlery, enameled ware, pipe, rails, car wheels, track materials, scales, stoves. Some of these items dropped nearly to nothing. Machinery fell off four million dollars, or forty per cent, and structural steel nearly seventy per cent.

Only two items show important gains—firearms and horseshoes. Both are worse than useless in this case, because put to worse than useless purposes. Our export trade is large; but a considerable part of it is like selling fire water to Indians—the more they buy, the less promising the outlook for their future purchasing ability.

The Short Ballot

THIRTEEN governors, eight of them Democrats, have recommended the short-ballot idea in their annual messages. In several states substantial progress is likely to be made in that direction this year. In New York it will certainly receive much attention in the Constitutional Convention. In Iowa a joint committee has recommended making the governor the only elective state officer, he to appoint heads of departments; and a commission form of government for counties has been discussed. In Kansas—where former Governor Hodges gave the short-ballot idea a notable impetus by recommending a commission form of government for the state—the present governor is urging reform of county government on short-ballot lines.

The simple notion that a government is democratic in proportion to the quantity of voting done, and that government by the people involves electing every holder of a public job by direct vote of the people, has long since passed away, overthrown by experience. The form survives because the changing of any political form is nearly always a slow, laborious matter; but everybody with experience in politics knows that a great number of names on the ballot means careless voting and ill-organized government. The real success of direct primaries may finally be involved in the short ballot. Voting first for nominees, then for candidates, with a pageful of offices to be voted on, tends to become a bore.

Wherever the short ballot is not now an active issue it should become so.

The High Cost of Governing

THE assessed valuation of all property on which ad valorem taxes were levied in 1912 was in round numbers seventy billion dollars, which was something like half of the estimated total wealth of the country; but property is rarely valued for taxation at its true market worth. By a sort of universal, confessed and futile attempt to beat the tax collector assessments are usually made at two-thirds or only half of the supposed true value—with the result that the tax rate is half or a third higher than it would be if assessments were marked up to par. So perhaps two-thirds of all the wealth in the country that is not publicly owned is on the assessors' rolls for ad valorem taxation.

On that property in 1912 taxes amounting to a billion three hundred million dollars were levied, the increase over 1902, when the Census Bureau made its last previous investigation, being eighty-six per cent. No doubt expenditures by governmental bodies that derive revenue from direct ad valorem taxation quite doubled in the ten years; and the people of this country are now paying something like two billion and a half dollars a year for a rather inferior article of government.

In view of the size of the bill we may abate a little our indignation at European governments that waste so much public money on armaments.

Billy Fortune and the Lady Who Spoke Her Mind

By William R. Lighton
ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"I Shouldn't Wonder a Bit if She Was a Kind of Expert in Listenin' to Such Talk"

LISTEN a minute! If us men could whirl in right now and change all the womenfolks till they just exactly suited us, would we do it? You know mighty well we wouldn't. We're too wise. We don't know it all, mebbe; but there's one thing we do know—we've found out that the only thing in the world that gives the women variety enough is havin' 'em just exactly the way they are, with all the different kinds mixed up together.

Honest, now, would you relish it if you knew you could pick the first one you come across and if you knew she was goin' to do you just as well as any of the rest? It would be like tryin' to play draw without the discard; you wouldn't need to use a speck of judgment.

No, sir! There's just got to be a chance to discard in this man-and-woman game.

But if you'd let the women change the men till they had us like they wanted us, would they do it? Judas Priest! They wouldn't have a card in the deck but aces, would they? That's why the woman don't live that can really play poker. If she's got an ace in her hand she always feels plumb safe. She'll throw away a couple of deuces and hold up a lone ace to draw to every time. And if you tell her you've got her ace beat with a pair of little bits of ones she just knows you're cheatin' her. Ain't that the truth? And ain't it comical?

Why do you reckon it is that they'd like to make us all over? Do you think it's because they want to have us so they can like us better? You know that ain't it. If they're real anxious to like us they can find an easier way than that. Or do you expect it's because they just crave the satisfaction of seein' us better? I don't. Women ain't so rank religious as all that. They don't claim they'd make us better; they'd just make us different from the way we are. That's the woman of it.

Most likely it's been that way ever since the very first woman. Most likely when the very first woman saw the first man she just took one good look at him and then she says: "Oh, shucks!" It didn't matter a mite to her that he was there first. The thing she did was to fly at it to change him—and they tell me she sure worked it too. But do you have any notion she was aimin' to make him better? Well, I don't. That never come into her head. All she wanted was just to sort of speak her mind. And it's that way yet.

I knew a lady once who was awful good at it. Mrs. Bill Wing her name was, and she lived down there in the flat country above Whalen Cañon, before you turn off toward the Sunrise Trail. Bill lived there too, as much as you could say he lived any place. Bill, he didn't count for such a great sight. He was just a sheepman—and plumb satisfied with bein' one; so you know pretty near what he was. I guess Bill was the only thing round the country that she'd ever quit tryin' to change. She just naturally found out there wasn't enough to him to work with. He certainly was one aimless man. I don't know—mebbe that's what was partly ailin' her. You give a lady a husband and then deprive her of the chance to fix him over, and I shouldn't wonder if it makes her peevish and uncontented.

Anyway, she was a powerful hand for speakin' her mind about the things that didn't suit her. If a body wanted to find out what was wrong with anything in creation, from A to Izzard, all he had to do was to mention it to Mrs. Bill Wing and she'd tell him. If there was one single thing in the whole world, inside or out, that Mrs. Bill Wing thought was perfectly satisfactory that thing was just Mrs. Bill Wing herself. She sure did approve of Mrs. Bill Wing, but all the rest was wrong; and the only way it could ever be got right was to let her fix it. Did you ever know one of 'em like that? Ain't they interestin'?

She looked the part. She was a great, big, wide woman—not strong-lookin', but just wide, with a shape she'd got from settin' for years and years in a big rockin' chair and findin' fault. If she'd ever had a face that knew how to seem even a little bit cheerful she'd changed it. It had got to be just big and wide and heavy; so it sagged all down wherever there was a chance for it to sag. Her bunch of double chins sagged, and the corners of her thick mouth sagged, and the fat round her eyes sagged. It didn't look healthy. Nor the color wasn't healthy, either—nothin' but a fat kind of a pasty look, with a mess of crooked little purple veins showin' on her cheek bones.

And she had a couple of eyes that matched up with the rest of her looks—a sort of a hard gray, without any more life in 'em than there is in the eyes of a fish that's been caught since yesterday. There ain't many kinds of women that I can't get along with somehow, if you give me 'most any kind of an excuse; but I sure would hate to try it with one like her.

There was one time when I come by the house along toward evenin' and stopped to get my supper. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been near starved on account of missin' my dinner after gettin' breakfast before day. Steve Brainard was with me; so I figured I could mebbe stand her that long, because we was meanin' to ride on just as soon as we'd eat.

And there she was, settin' on the porch in her rockin'-chair all alone, just rockin' herself, with her fat hands layin' in her wide lap.

I reckon she'd been that way ever since the sun got away from the front of the house at noon. Wouldn't you have thought she'd feel a little friendly toward folks that would happen along and take away the tediousness of it? But she didn't act a mite friendly.

"Stay if you want to," she says when I asked her; "but you'll take just what you git. I won't fix nothin' extra for you. And you'll have to take it when you git it. You'll have to wait till Bill comes for his'n. I ain't goin' to cook two suppers. I've got all through with slavin'. Nor I don't know when Bill'll be here; and what's more, I ain't carin'."

"He'll be comin' along pretty soon," I says. "We passed him a few miles out, at one of his sheep camps. He told us to come on ahead. His sheep are lookin' mighty good, Mrs. Wing."

"Lookin' good?" she says. "Huh! I don't know what you mean by lookin' good."

"Why," I says, "they look as though they're goin' to make a fine wool crop and some mighty good mutton. I ain't hardly saw a band of sheep anywhere this year that's in better shape."

"Huh!" she says. "What if there is a good wool crop? It won't fetch nothin'—not with the gumption Bill's got for handlin' it. Look what he done last year—sold at shearin' time, instead of holdin' like I told him! And next time prob'ly he'll just be contrary enough to hold and let it go down on him. If he'd listen to me! If he'd just let me manage it!"

There wasn't but one way to head her off when she was started to grumblin' about a thing, and that was to give her somethin' else to work on. It was Steve that done it.

"This country's awful pretty this time in the evenin', ain't it?" Steve says. She snapped him up on it quick.

"Pretty?" she says. "Huh! What's pretty about it? You've got queer notions of what's pretty if you call this pretty. Nothin' but just the very same things to look at every day—just them there common red hills and them flats with grass on 'em. I don't see where the pretty comes in. If I was goin' to call a place pretty it would have to be a sight different from this."

"Well, anyway," I says, "I'm real glad to see the grass on them flats. It's good grass and plenty of it this year. We ain't had any better range since I can remember."

"Huh!" she says. "You're easy pleased if that suits you. What if there is good grass? Prob'ly there'll be fall rains to ruin it after it's cured; or else the snow'll be so deep next winter that the stock can't git it an' will starve to death. It does beat all how a man can git so chirked up over such a thing as a crop o' grass! If I had my way about it ——"

I forget what she said she'd do if she could have her way. It don't matter. I only started to show you how she talked. It didn't make a bit of difference when you'd run up on her, or what kind of proposition you'd put up to her; that's the way she'd be. I 'most believe it would have killed her if you'd happened to spring something on her that she couldn't find anything wrong with. I don't know as I blame Bill so much for bein' the way he was. What livin' chance would a man have with a woman like that?

Steve and me went on up the trail as soon as we'd had our supper. It wasn't any great shakes of a supper—only the messy last end of a quarter of mutton that we had to pick mean little scraps off of. It had been settin' there on the table, covered over with a corner of the cloth, ever since it was cooked. There wasn't hardly anything left of it but the cold tallow. Are you fond of cold mutton tallow? And there was a sloppy dish of boiled beans, and some cold biscuit, and a little thin coffee left over from breakfast. I ain't complainin', understand; I'm just tellin' you.

And there wasn't any conversation durin' supper to help it down. Old Bill jest set in his place, humped down over his plate, and snapped his grub off the end of his knife as if he was in a terrible rush to get through and get away; and Steve and me fooled with ours some, keepin' perfectly still over it. There was only Mrs. Bill doin' any conversin', up at her end of the table, quarrelin' steady with herself. We pulled out just as soon as we could.

When we'd got away from the house a ways, the first thing I done was to begin to swear; it seemed as though I just had to get the taste of Mrs. Bill Wing out of my mouth somehow. But Steve started laughin'; and he kept it up till he was bent down on his saddlehorn, fair chokin' with it.

"Well, gee whiz, Steve!" I says. I was real cross with him. "You're different from me if you can laugh at that. What the Sam Hill is there to laugh at?"

Steve had to wipe the tears out of his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt before he could say anything to me; and then the thing he said was all full of little gurglin' blubbers.

"Billy," he says, "I was just wishin' I could have been somewheres round to listen when Bill was makin' love to her. Ain't it comical to think about?"

"Aw!" I says. It didn't amuse me to think about it. It was disgustin' to me. It tickled me some afterward, but not then. "Love!" I says. "For pity's sake! Don't use that word. It don't sound decent. Steve, what in the name o' goodness do you figure is the use of a woman like that?"

Steve shook his head at me, as if that was the only answer he could think of.

"You sure are one great man for wantin' to have everything explained," he says. "What's it to you? What have you got to know the reason for? Why can't you just let her be the way she is and enjoy her, same as you would anything else that's comical? She's bound to be of some use someway, even if you can't see it."

"I don't believe it," I says.

Nor I didn't, either. No, sir; you couldn't have got me to take any stock in it at all if you'd told me that I was ever goin' to be the one that would find a use for her myself.

I forgot everything about her next mornin' for a while. I couldn't have remembered her if I'd tried, because before I'd got home to Nine-Bar I had somethin' else to think about.

It was somethin' that's always bound to take my mind off of everything else. It was a girl. I saw her first from away off, a mile or so before I come to Nigger Baby Creek, down below the Raw Hide Buttes place. She was goin' the same way I was, so I couldn't see only her back then; but I could tell she was a new one, right the first minute. If I do say it myself, I'm a kind of expert at sizin' up womenfolks. Even half a mile off I could tell she didn't belong in our part of the country. There was forty things to tell by.

She was afoot. She wasn't goin' any place in particular; she was only takin' a walk. The women that belong in Wyoming don't do that much. It's only the strangers that you'll find walkin' for fun. That's what this one was doin'. She was all dressed up for it, with a real pretty gray corduroy outfit and a real pretty little corduroy hat, and pretty little stout shoes with gray corduroy tops; and she was goin' swingin' along the trail, free and easy and supple, with her hands tucked down in the side pockets of her coat and her chin up and her young shoulders throwed back, gettin' a heap of satisfaction out of every step she took.

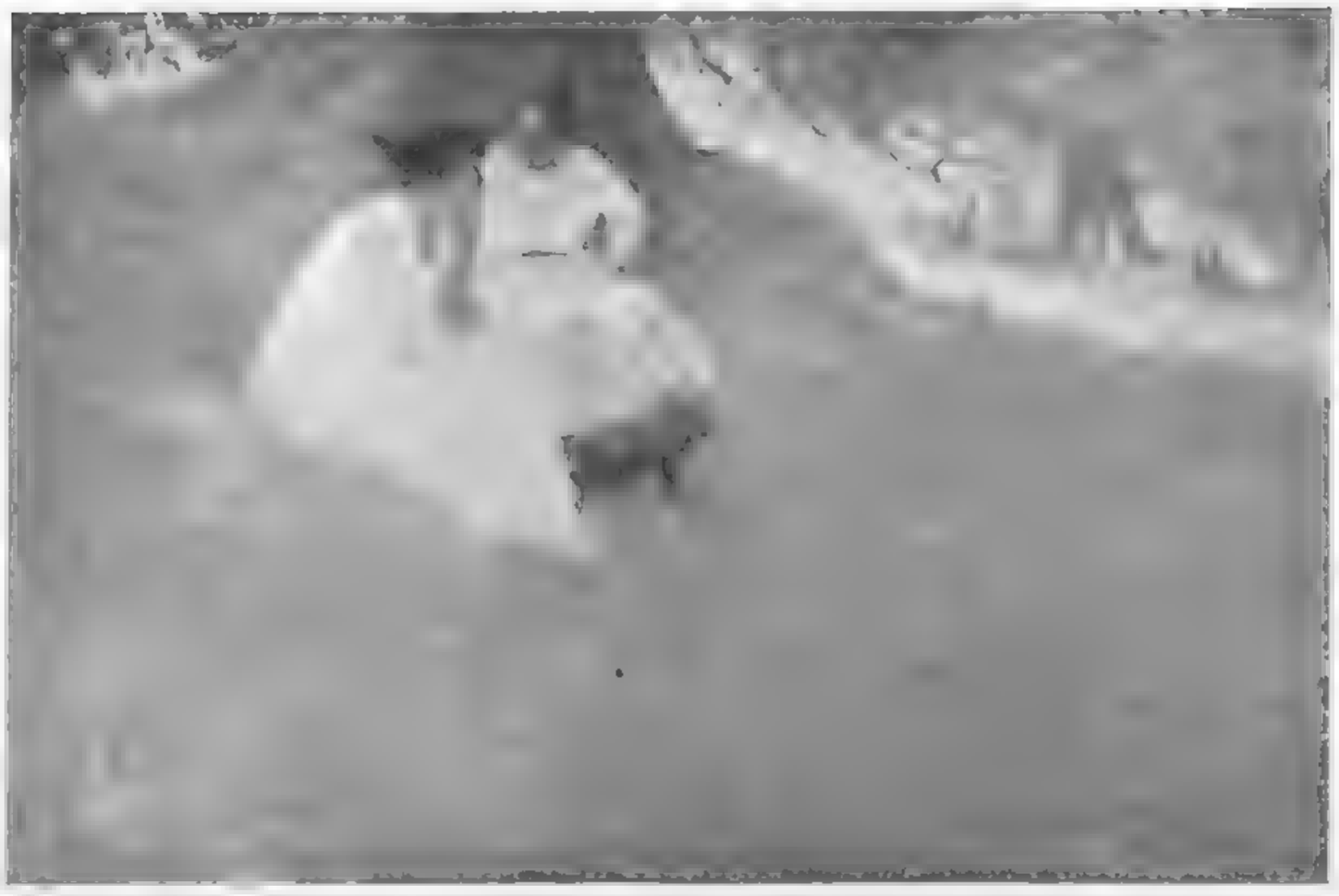
I don't know who'd picked out her clothes, but it was some awful wise person. There wasn't a single thing she had on that looked as though it had been meant to be noticed particular; but the man don't live who could have helped noticin', unless he'd been plumb blind in both eyes.

"Well, in the name of goodness, Billy, who's that?" I says to myself. "Somethin' or other's been happenin' since we've been gone." And with that I gathered up my bridle tighter and lifted my pony into a lope.

I don't know what makes me do it, but I just can't help it. It ain't only because pretty girls are so sort of scattered far apart here in the cow country; if they was as thick as sagebrush it would be all the same with me. I ain't sure but that would make it worse. It don't matter about that part. You just let a nice girl be somewheres in sight and you're goin' to see me payin' attention to her.

I didn't have the least notion who this one was, or where she'd appeared from, or nothin' else about her. It didn't make any difference. The look of her suited me; and while I was hurryin' to catch up with her I was mighty glad that Steve had turned off down below a ways to go and see how the boys was gettin' on with the dam they was buildin' on the lower creek. I didn't hanker a bit to have him round.

She heard me comin' pretty soon, and when I got close up she stepped out of the trail to let me go by, turnin' to take a look at me. I didn't go by at all; I slowed down to a walk, and then I stopped still. I couldn't have helped doin' that, either, after I'd got the first little glimmerin' sight of her face.



"Huh! I Tell You They're All Just Exactly Alike, Every One of 'Em"

Let me tell you: She hadn't been takin' a walk just to exercise her health; she'd been doin' it for the joyfulness of it. It showed in the shine of her eyes, and in the lovely brightness of her pretty cheeks, and in the way the little wisps of her brown hair was blowin' free round her little ears. Oh, she suited me, that girl did!

She got her eyes fair on mine and smiled up at me.

"Good morning!" she sung out to me. It wasn't the least little bit bashful or shy, the way she said it; it come out full and free and friendly—just like when a meadow lark calls to you. "Do you know whether I'm on the road that will take me to Raw Hide Buttes Ranch?" she says.

"Why, yes'm," I says. "It's right straight ahead. After you top that next rise you'll see the peak of the lower butte. You can't miss it after that."

"Thank you!" she says; and then she give a funny little tinkle of a laugh. "I lost myself," she says. "I came out for a walk after breakfast; and I just walked and walked without paying any attention to the landmarks. I've been wandering in the hills for two hours."

I'd kicked my feet loose from the stirrups and dropped down to the ground beside her.

"It's as much as a couple of miles yet," I says. "I'm goin' right by that way myself. You let me put you up in my saddle."

"Oh, no!" she says. "No; really, I'm not a bit tired."

"It ain't that," I says. "You're in Wyoming now and you've got it to do. It ain't allowed in this country for a man to stay on horseback when a woman's afoot. Honest! If I was to go on by and let you walk it I couldn't belong round here. The boys would outlaw me. It's an awful strict rule here."

If it wasn't the rule it ought to have been. Anyway, it worked. She didn't argue about it any more; she just stood there for a minute, with her pretty eyes laughin' at me and her lip caught in between her pretty teeth. I shouldn't wonder if she knew I was lyin' to her; but she didn't act as though she was so terrible pained by it.

"Please do!" I says; and then she came right straight over and let me put her up without her sayin' another word.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," she says—"my getting lost like this! But a big, open country is so new! I've been used to finding my way about by street corners and signposts and policemen."

"Yes," I says; "I could tell the minute I saw you that you hadn't been used to this kind of thing."

"Could you?" she says. "Really? How could you?"

You don't catch me missin' chances like that.

"Oh, well!" I says. "It ain't so horrible hard to tell. If I was to see a pink rose out here in the sagebrush I wouldn't have to be told it was a stranger."

Mebbe you think that was sort of soon, when I'd been knowin' her only a couple of minutes. If I'd been nothin' but a raw amateur I expect likely I'd have bungled it up; but there's several different ways of sayin' things like that to 'em. It didn't make her mad a mite. She laughed at me again, with that same cheerful little tinkle of a laugh. I shouldn't wonder a bit if she was a kind of expert in listenin' to such talk.

"You haven't lived always in the sagebrush, have you?" she says to me.

I didn't have a chance to tell her whether I had or not because right then was when the Brewster lad showed up. I wasn't hankerin' for him; but when we come over the top of the little rise I'd been tellin' her about, there he was, comin' drillin' up the long slope on the other side, walkin' fast and anxious.

And he was a stranger, too, clear from his plaid cap on down to his tight yellow-canvas leggins. He was one of the kind that's built for speed—slim and long. I'd never noticed anybody with any longer legs than his. He was sure usin' 'em too. And then when he got his eye on us he started runnin' right toward us.

"For pity's sake!" I says. "Who's that?"

Laughin' seemed as though it was a kind of a habit with her, because she done it again—a funny little chuckle down under her breath.

"Just another pink rose," she says.

"Oh, sugar!" I says.

It was all I had time to say. He was right up close to us by now, so I could see him good. He couldn't see me, though—not with her there. That girl was the only blessed thing in the whole wide world that he could notice. I don't know as he knew he was doin' it, but he was reachin' out both hands toward her; and it looked just as if his eyes was reachin' out for her too, impatient and eager.

"Peggy!" he calls to her. "Peggy! Thank Heaven!" I might just as well not have been round at all. He come up on the run and took the bridle right out of my hand and he reached up his other hand and laid it on hers, that was restin' on the saddlehorn. "Girl!" he says. "Where have you been? We've been worried to death about you."

The color come flamin' up over her pretty face, clear to the roots of her hair; but it didn't take a wizard to see that she wasn't feelin' the same way as him. She pulled her hand away from his quick and stiffened up straight in the saddle, with a little pucker comin' between her eyes, and her little chin beginnin' to look plumb prim and determined.

"Why, what nonsense!" she says. "Why in the world should anybody be worried? I'm not a child! I'm perfectly able to take care of myself. Mother knows that."

"It wasn't only your mother," he says. "It was—it was I, more than anyone else. You'd been gone for—so long—and—and—— You hadn't said anything about where you were going—and—— Well——"

He was gettin' himself all fogged up with it. You couldn't have helped knowin' what the trouble with him was. He wasn't tryin' to hide it. He was fair foolish with it. He was so foolish that he tried to get hold of her hand again, as though he thought that was goin' to help—only she wouldn't let him.

"Don't!" she says. "Please don't!" And then he was foolish enough to quit tryin', clean dejected and down-hearted and discouraged.

That's no way! A man has got to be either one thing or the other if he's goin' to win out with 'em; he can't be just middlin' and win one that's worth winnin'. Somebody told me once about the time

"Well, Gee Whiz, Steve!" I Says. "What the Sam Hill Is There to Laugh At?"

when the men used to knock 'em down with clubs and then pack 'em off before they could come to. That way don't sound nice, but it's a sight better than the way Long-Legs was takin' with her.

"Don't!" she says—and then he didn't! Fiddle!

"But, Peggy!" he says—only she wouldn't let him go on with it.

The red had all died down out of her cheeks and she'd got to be just perfectly cool, like one of them wax queens you see in the dry-goods store windows. She turned round so as to look back at me, trailin' along behind.

"This gentleman," she says, "was good enough to put me on his horse for the rest of the way home; but, really, he didn't rescue me from anything more terrible than a sandy trail and a warm sun. Did you, sir?"

That fetched him out of his daze enough to let him see I was in the view. He certainly had been overlookin' me before. When he turned back to me he acted just exactly as though he wondered where I'd popped up from so sudden. It didn't seem to comfort him much, seein' me there, because his eyes stayed all melancholy and worried, and his lean face didn't show a flicker of anything besides sadness; but he was nice about it. He shook hands with me, plumb polite.

"My name is Brewster," he says to me; and when I'd told him mine: "I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Fortune—that is, we are—all of us—

greatly obliged to you. I feel that you have—that is, we all feel that you have ——"

"Don't mention it!" I says. "I haven't done any such a thing."

I wanted to get him headed off before he'd be wantin' to offer to reward me with half a dollar for savin' her life. A man like him is liable to. I shouldn't wonder if he'd have done it if he hadn't been too busy to think about it. He didn't have but a minute to spend on me before he clear forgot all about me, turnin' back to the girl again.

I let 'em get on ahead a ways, so I wouldn't have to listen. His love-makin' was too clumsy to be interestin'. He was certainly innocent at it. Don't you think there ought to be a law to keep a man from tryin' to make love to as nice a girl as her till he's had some experience? I do. The girl sure can't relish it much; it must make her suffer a heap. It don't make a mite of difference how much he loves her; if he ain't had the experience he's goin' to mangle it up and ruin it. That's what this lad was doin'.

When we got to the Buttes I found out what the matter was. The place was all littered up with company from Omaha. There was a couple of nice, plump old ladies, to begin with. One of 'em was the girl's mother and the other one was her aunt. And then there was a nice, easy-lookin', bald fat man, who was her uncle. And there was an awful cute little trick of a girl, sixteen or so, who was her cousin—and two or three more of 'em that I can't remember.

It was a right friendly bunch of people. I liked 'em; and why I liked 'em most was because they wasn't ashamed of bein' perfectly new to the cow country. Don't you enjoy havin' folks act natural with you? Them people was just perfectly willin' to be astonished and pleased and interested by the newness and the bigness and the strangeness. That's what they'd come for. And they was goin' to stay for quite a spell too, while Uncle was figurin' on puttin' some money in the cow business.

Well, I got to likin' that Brewster boy first rate. It don't sound likely, after what I've told you; but I did. He was a real nice man. If you got him away from his girl he wasn't such an awful fool at all. He was human and clean and friendly; and he sure had knocked round a heap. He'd helped to run a railroad in China, and he'd worked for some kind of Dutch syndicate that was buyin' grazin' land in South America; and he'd bossed a bunch of niggers in a diamond mine in Africa; and he'd spent a whole year once on a ship that was makin' a map of the bottom of the ocean in some of them foreign places.

He'd had a couple of little fishes named after him on that trip, he told me—a pink one and a blue one—fishes he'd fetched up himself from away down deep. And he'd killed a tiger once, somewheres over yonder, and a mess of elephants, and a whole lot of drfferent truck like that. You wouldn't ever have thought it of him -just lookin' at him.

I certainly did enjoy hearin' him tell about it. That's why I used to get him to go with me if I could when I'd be makin' one of my rides; and then one Sunday I took him away up on the tiptop of the big North Butte, where there's that deep basin in among the pines, with the thick green grass and the cold spring, and the stillness. If you're lucky you're liable to jump a little bunch of deer up there, where they're bedded down for the middle of the day.

We didn't pack a gun with us; we didn't go to shoot. I'd never have took anybody up there for that. We just went on the chance of gettin' a look, close up, if we could sneak in on 'em. Did you ever notice a couple of them quaint little fawns sportin' round with the does at times when they didn't know there was a human anywhere near 'em to bother? Ain't they pretty? That's what I was

He Sure Was Peterin' the Life Out of Her

wantin' to show him. And that's how we happened to be alone together, with a sort of a quiet spell on us, after we'd got through lookin' at the deer and while we was restin' a little before we headed back for home.

"I've seen lots of things to remember," says the Brewster boy, "and now I've got another one—the look in those fawns' eyes when they weren't suspecting that there was any danger anywhere near. That was great! What we call wild life is often so gentle if we men don't break in and interfere with it and terrify it. Have you noticed that? But isn't it a pity that we have to wait so long and travel so far to see those worth-while things? I've seen lots of interesting things, of course; but not so very many like that—the things that really count—the things that let you know life exactly as it is at its best."

It was a kind of new notion to me. I shouldn't wonder if he was pretty near right. I set and turned it over in my mind a few times, sizin' it up, before I tried to say anything.

"It's right curious to me," I says, "that a man who's distributed himself round as much as you have, and been as busy as you've been, can keep interested in them little things."

"Little things?" he says. "Why, man, they're the big things! There isn't any more wonderful experience under heaven than to be able to dig down through all the worthless rubbish of living and get at something that's real."

That's the way he'd talk to me when we'd be off alone. It didn't sound much like the way he'd run on when he was tryin' to make love to that girl. There was sense to it.

"Well," I says pretty soon, "but you ain't all through with the kind of things you've been doin'. Ain't you aimin' to be goin' back to 'em? If it was me I couldn't fool this way for very long."

I hadn't meant to do it, but that took the sense all out of him right away. His lean face got all mournful, and he began to pick, with his lean fingers, at a grass blade he'd pulled, strippin' thin little shreds off it, slow and thoughtful.

"I don't know," he says. "I can't take up my work again until -not now—not until —— Well ——"

He wasn't gettin' anywhere; and yet he couldn't hardly have said it any plainer.

"Shucks!" I says. "Say, you ain't makin' a speck of headway with her, are you? Anybody can see that. You're just squanderin' your time, the way it's goin'. What's the reason she don't just take you and be done with it? Has she got any reason?"

He could have flared up and got mad at me if he'd wanted to, couldn't he? for bein' so familiar; but he didn't. I don't believe he thought about that.

"I don't know," he says. "I wish ——"

"Say, listen!" I says. "You ain't so very wise about women, are you? I'll bet this is the first one you've ever tried to get, ain't it?"

"Why, of course'" he says. "Certainly! Why should I have tried ——"

"Oh, that's all right!" I says. "You don't have to tell me it's because she's the only one you've ever wanted. That part's all right; but wantin' her ain't made you wise about gettin' her. It ain't your wantin' her that's goin' to get her for you—it's makin' her want you! And you sure ain't makin' much headway at that, by the signs."

He didn't have the ambition to answer me; he just let me run on. I never did see anybody that could act as discouraged as that lad

"The trouble is," I says, "you're tryin' to play your hand with the cards faced up on the table. That's no way! If it was draw you was playin' you'd know enough to hold 'em up, wouldn't you? All right! Well, a piece of courtin' is a sight worse complicated than draw. I don't care who the woman is, if you're goin' to get her interested you've got to keep her guessin' about what you've got. You've got to play 'em so as to make her anxious to know—so when you slide out your chips she's goin' to want to raise you a few instead of just passin'. A man that always gets his bets passed ain't ever goin' to win nothin'."

"That's just the trouble, Billy," he says; "I don't hold a hand to bet on."

Wasn't he the innocent!

"Oh, shoot!" I says. "That's what I'm tryin' to tell you. What's the difference what you've got? Play 'em as though you had 'em! If you come to that, the man don't live who holds a winnin' hand against a woman when it comes to a showdown. That ain't the way we win. We win because we're such deceivin' players. You ought to know that.

"Sufferin' Peter! If you're just goin' to start out by showin' her you've got a full hand and are scared to bet it she's goin' to hunt for somebody else to play with who can interest her. Hold 'em up! And make her play the game if she wants to see 'em. The biggest winnin' I ever made at draw was when I didn't have a blessed thing only a mean little old nine-high; but I just bet my whole stack and acted just exactly as though I didn't care a rip. That's an awful good way with a woman. Make her guess some. Act careless!"

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It seemed as though that pained him real bad.

"Act as though I didn't care!" he says. "Why, I care more than ——"

"Well, then," I says, "run a whizzer on her! Jump your blue chips at her fast and fierce; and keep a-jumpin' 'em hard, till you've got her all confused and gaspin' for breath and she can't use her judgment. My soul! I'd take 'most any way besides just settin' and thumbin' my cards."

He shook his head at me, sorrowful as an old owl with the earache.

"No," he says; "I can't do that. She knows what I am. She knows all about me. I couldn't deceive her about myself if I would; and I wouldn't do it if I could. I must win honestly, old man."

"Oh—honest!" I says. "All right! It ain't any of my funeral. I was just tryin' to tell you."

I quit then. What was the use? I reckon it ain't ever paid to try arguin' with a man in that fix; but don't it seem sort of funny to you that the very time when a man would seem to need sense the worst is the very time when he's apt to be the most unreliable in his head? Can you understand that?

I don't know how it would have worked out with the Brewster boy if it hadn't been for the big picnic over on Muskrat. It wasn't one of these little ones where you just ask a few; it was a real big one, with the word sort of circulated round clear from Lusk down to Four-J, so anybody could come that took a notion.

They was all there too—old Bill Wing and Mrs. Bill; and some of them dry farmers from down below Frederick; and a couple of crazy Swedes that was prospectin' for gold back in the hills; and a couple of Mexican herders from the Diggin's country—and all the rest of 'em—and the Brewster man, and the girl, and Uncle, and Mother, and Aunt, and Little Cousin. Oh, I guess everybody in our set had come.

And it was just the same with Long-Legs as it had been before—only worse. It tickled me. If he'd understood a word of what I'd been sayin' to him it hadn't done him a mite of good. He was certainly bein' terrible conspicuous with it. She couldn't as much as move all mornin' long, without havin' him right there at her heels, faithful and beseechin' and unhappy as a lean stray dog that's hangin' onto you and beggin' for a chance just to lick your hand.

She couldn't lose him.

I judged it was gettin' pretty humdrum for her, with everybody lookin' on at it and relishin' it the way they was. Annoyed—ain't that what you call it? He sure was pesterin' the life out of her. It got kind of dull for me, too, after a bit—just like settin' and watchin' some tame-minded man playin' solitaire with himself.

I can't get any encouragement out of a game like that, even just lookin' on. Don't you need to have somebody playin' against you if it's goin' to keep amusin' to you? But the girl wasn't doin' any playin'. She wasn't doin' a thing but what I'd said to Brewster—just passin', without seemin' to take even one little peek at her hand.

It run along that way till after we'd had our dinner before I tried to do any more than the rest of 'em was doin'—just lookin' on; but then it begun to rile me up some. I certainly do hate to see a man workin' at anything so clumsy that he's bound to ruin it—and most especially when it's a piece of love-makin'.

"Billy," I says to myself, "you and me can't stand for this. It's disgraceful. Let's us light in and see whether we can't mebbe locate the trouble and do somethin' about it. Come on!"

Well, that suited me. Uncle was the first one I come across when I begun circulatin' round. He'd had a real good dinner; so he was feelin' plumb full of placidness, settin' on a fat cushion in the shade, with his fat legs stretched out and his fat eyes half shut, and a fat black cigar in his mouth. There wasn't anything botherin' him at all. I set down beside him on the ground and commenced to roll me a cigarette. I didn't wait to work round to it; I come right out with it.

"I think that Mr. Brewster's an awful nice man," I says.

Uncle turned and give me a sleepy look out of his contented eyes, foldin' his fat hands over his fat stomach and workin' his cigar over to one corner of his mouth.

"Right!" says he. "Correct, sir! Your judgment is most excellent! A remarkable man—an uncommon man—a man who will go very far in this world, sir! A very exceptional man!"

"Ambitious, too, ain't he?" I says.

"Alive with high ambition!" says Uncle. "A man who has set a world's record or two in his profession; but that has merely stimulated his ambition instead of satisfying it. With his splendid ambition he will be a great man, sir. He is sure to win very great distinction. A fine brain, well trained!"

Well, that was all right, so far. You wouldn't have figured that Uncle would be regrettin' it a speck if the Brewster boy was to happen to marry into the family. So I sifted round and dug up Mother, sort of casual, where she was takin' a rest, too, under a tree down beside the spring, makin' believe to be readin' the book she had, but just half dozin' and lazyin' through the noonin'.

"I hope you're enjoyin' yourself, ma'am," I says to her. "And I hope you're relishin' the people."

"Charming!" says she in that plump, smooth voice of hers, soft as a cat purrin'. "So friendly! So unaffected! Perfectly charming!"

"You're pretty near sure to like some of 'em," I says, "because there's all sorts; but there ain't any of the men that's got anything on that Mr. Brewster. I think he's an awful nice man."

It seemed as though just mentionin' his name mellowed her all up. Right from the jump you couldn't make any mistake about what she thought of him.

"A delightful fellow!" she says. "A dear fellow! A most fascinating man! I'm extremely fond of him. He's so knightly towards women—a perfect gentleman, you know. Yes; I think he is dear!"

"And no bad habits, either," I says.

"Oh, absolutely none!" says she. "Our family has known him for very many years, almost as a son—ever since he was a dear little boy. His life has been simply unexceptionable—oh, quite faultless, indeed!"

So Mother was willin' too! I was figurin' on sayin' it to the girl herself next; but then, when I got my eyes on her, I changed my mind. It didn't look exactly safe. She'd managed to get rid of him somehow for a minute, sendin' him trottin' off to bring her a drink or somethin', till she could have time to catch her breath. She wasn't in any rush for him to come back.

She looked horribly hostile to me, with her little head held up straight and stiff, and them two bright little red spots right in the middle of her cheeks, and a sort of a hot look in her pretty eyes—like when you see a little flickerin' blaze smolderin' deep in behind thick smoke. No, sir; I didn't choose to stop right then and try to tell her what a nice man he was. I didn't say a word to her. I let her alone and looked for somebody else.

It was Little Cousin I got sight of. She'd pulled away from the rest of 'em and climbed clear up the side of the cañon, till she'd got to the top of a big breast of bare rock; and there she was settin' with her feet danglin' over the edge and her hat off, and the ends of her hair flyin' loose in the wind. She wasn't a bit bad to look at.

I never had tried to talk to her much, on account of her bein' such a funny, still little young one, and not much on the talk herself; but now I started scramblin' up the rocks to get to her, wormin' off one way, and then zigzaggin' back and comin' down on her from up above, so I'd seem to have stumbled on her by accident. I didn't want to scare her—us two bein' pretty near strangers.

I needn't have bothered. She didn't act a mite scared. When I got to her she was swingin' her feet down off the edge of the rock and singin' a soft little song to herself. She didn't quit; she just turned her head and took a slow look at me, givin' me a little bit of a nod and a little bit of a friendly smile, and keepin' right on with her tune till she'd finished it up.

"Now sing another," I says. "Please do! That one was pretty near wasted, with nobody here to listen to the best end of it."

"How do you know it was the best end?" she says.

"It was bound to be," I says. "Anybody would rather hear you beginnin' than quittin'."

She took another look at me then, payin' more attention to me; but she just give her head a little shake.

"I'm done singing," she says; "but you may sit down here if you want to. And you may smoke if you like. And then maybe one of us will think of something

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worth saying. Don't you think it's something like an adventure to meet new people and wonder what they're going to say to you? I do. Sometimes you get the most delightful surprises. I wonder what you're going to say to me."

It was a funny sort of a kid's notion, it struck me; but right bright, though. I got my smoke started before I said anything back to her, takin' my time to it, as though I was doin' some thinkin' over it.

"Look down there!" I says pretty soon. "Don't people look comical when you see 'em from the top? Sort of all out of shape, so you can't hardly tell which is which."

She give a funny little laugh as though it tickled her, and bent over to see.

"I can pick out some of them," says she. "There's Daddy. Goodness! Isn't he round! And there's Mrs. Wing—she looks like a toy balloon. And there's Peggy—I can tell her by her perfectly independent walk. And there's ——"

"Yes," I says; "there's that Mr. Brewster, right close behind her. You could tell him, it wouldn't matter from which way you looked at him. Ain't his legs long? They look like a couple of evenin' shadows. But that's nothin' against him, though, is it? I think he's an awful nice man."

She pretty near fell off the edge of the rock she straightened up so quick, whirlin' round to face me. You'd have thought I'd said somethin' terrible, the way she took it. She was mad as a wet cat all in a minute.

"Oh! Oh!" she says. "Oh, for mercy's sake! Don't say that! Oh, I could scream!"

"What?" says I. "I didn't say nothin'—only what everybody else is sayin'. I think he is a nice man. Ain't it true?"

"True?" says she. "True! It's so true that it's perfectly dreadful! Oh, it's awful!"

"What?" I says again. "I don't seem to get you."

She flared right back at me.

"You don't? I wish you'd tell me how you'd like to go through your whole life with people saying nothing but that about you—that you were just an awfully nice man—just that and nothing else! How would you like it, now?"

I had to laugh it was so plumb ridiculous.

"It sure would pain me, hearin' 'em say it," I says; "but mebbe it ain't so bad as that, though. Anyway, there's one who don't seem to think it of him. That girl ain't thinkin' he's so nice—is she?"

She made a sharp little sound with her tongue against her teeth.

"Peggy? She does! She knows it! She's so absolutely sure of it that it's—it's deadly! For years and years she's been hearing not a single word about him except that he hasn't a fault in him. And she can't find any herself! Oh, if there was just some teenty-weenty thing—some least wee bit of a flaw somewhere!"

"Well, gee whiz!" I says. "Say, do you mean to tell me she'd be likin' him better if there was somethin' the matter with him? Is that what you're aimin' to tell me?"

She begun to beat her tight little fists on her knees.

"Oh! Oh!" she says. "If she could only have the faintest suspicion that he's concealing some defect from her—something he's been or done that was silly or weak, or even downright wicked—anything that would make him seem human! It's breaking her heart!"

Did you ever hear the like? You can see what it was I had to do. If there was anybody in the world that could fix that it was just nobody but Mrs. Bill Wing. That's why I went back down the hill, as soon as I'd got it straightened round in my mind, and rooted her out. It don't matter how I worked up to it, but pretty soon I'd said it to her.

"There's that Mr. Brewster," I says; "I think he's an awful nice man."

The old sour-heart give me a mean look out of her cold eyes, then looked over to where the Brewster boy was, and back to me again.

"Nice?" she says. "Nice! Huh! You have got judgment, I must say! Nice! The man don't live what I'd use that word on. Nice? Huh!"

It worried me to keep my face straight.

"Well, anyway," I says, "there's some that thinks it of him. There's that girl—you couldn't make her believe he ain't a nice man. And if somebody don't make her believe it right quick it's goin' to be too late. Besides, I think he is a nice man."

I judged that would be sufficient. You couldn't say a thing like that to Mrs. Bill Wing and have her let it alone, if it was

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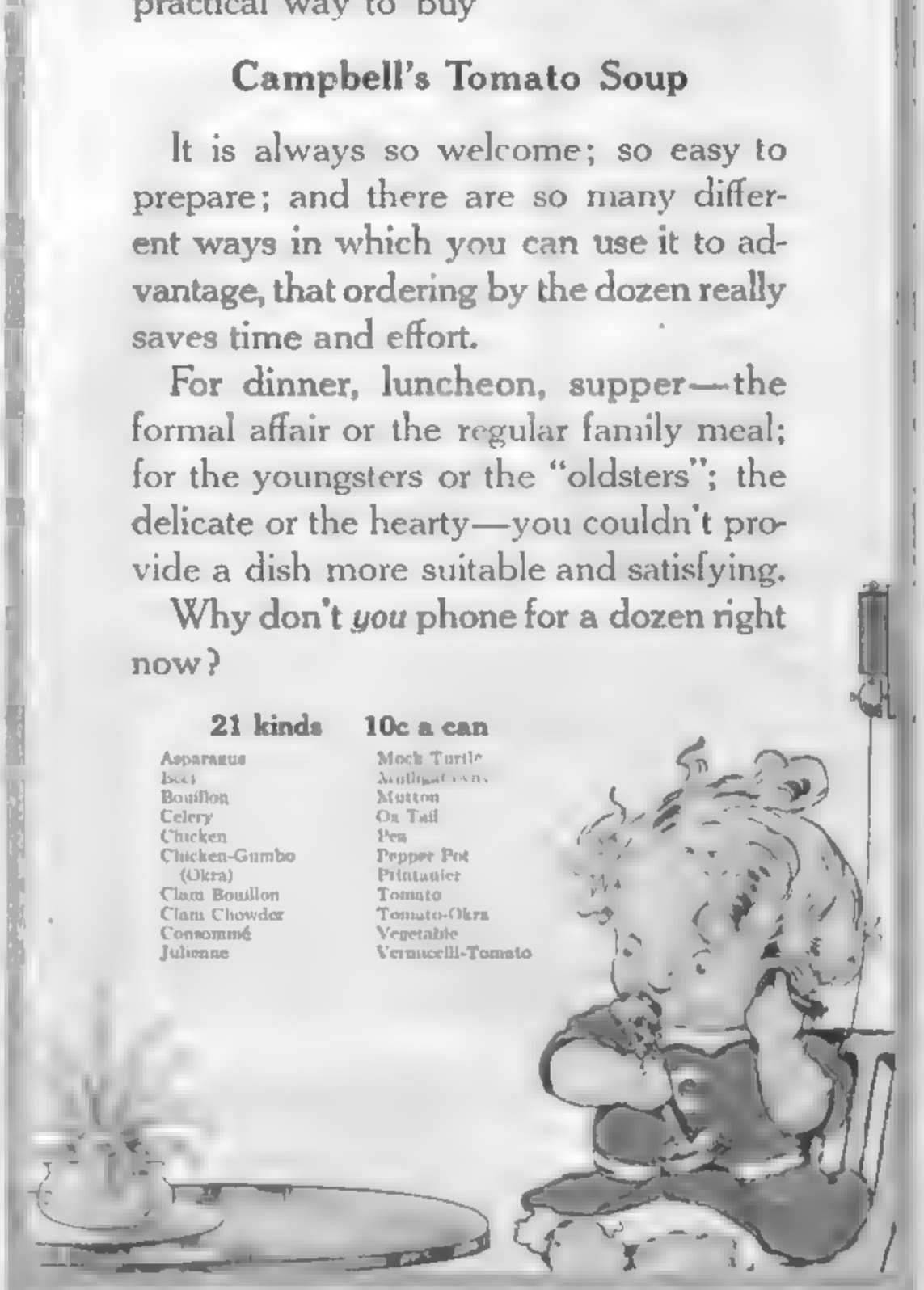

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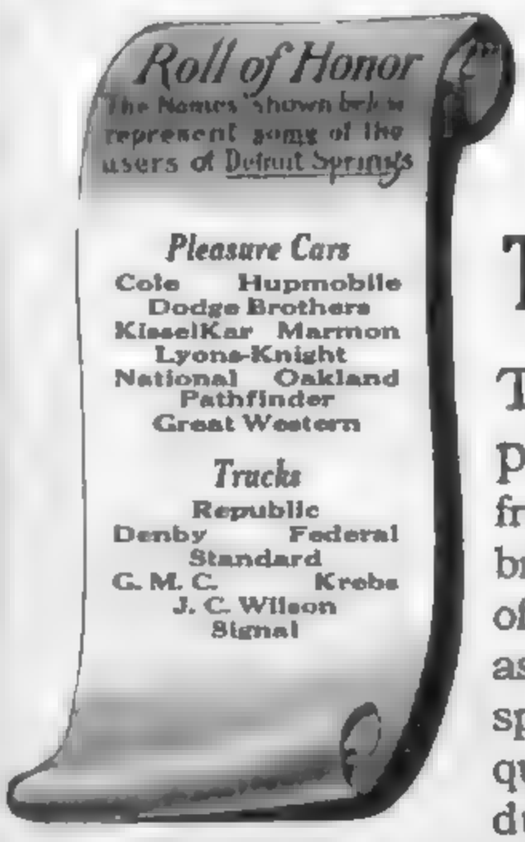

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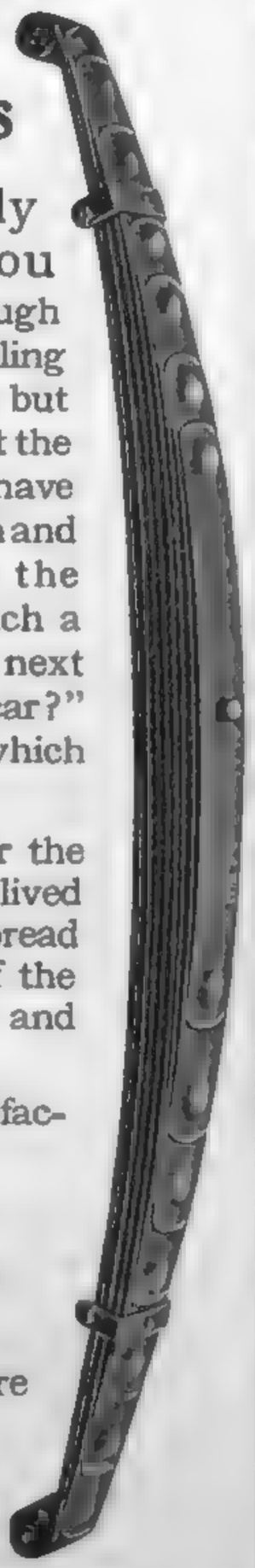

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anything at all that she could meddle with. And it wasn't but just a couple of minutes or so before I got sight of her and the girl settin' together off on one side under a tree.

They was there all of half an hour. I didn't do nothin' to interrupt 'em. I let 'em alone. I fought the Brewster lad away from 'em, too, draggin' him along with me to see the place up the cañon where they'd been puttin' down that prospect hole for copper, and showin' him where that vein of moss agate crops out, and different things. I wanted Mrs. Bill Wing to have all the time she needed. By and by I drifted past where they was settin'—back behind 'em, where they wouldn't notice—just so I could get a notion of how things was goin'. It sounded plumb satisfactory.

"Oh, I don't believe it!" the girl was sayin'; but she was sayin' it real faint and weak, as though she wasn't resistin' much.

"You don't?" says the old dame. "You don't? Huh! I tell you they're all just exactly alike, every one of 'em. You needn't to tell me! Why, the Good Book itself says so! Don't it say they're all vile? Don't it say there ain't none of 'em righteous—right in so many words? There ain't no gittin' behind that! You can't tell me there's any good in 'em—because I know!"

Yes, sir; it was sure goin' satisfactory!

I hung round to get a sight of the girl when she'd come out of it. That tickled me, too, clear down to the ground. She'd certainly got her system filled clean full of the poison, and she was actin' as though it had worked on her good—all dazed and meek and droopin', but with her eyes shinin' bright. It was me that her eyes lit on first when she come out from under the tree. I don't know whether she rightly knew what she was sayin'; but she said it:

"Mr. Fortune," she says, "do you know where Mr. Brewster is?" And then there she went, headed straight toward him, walkin' fast and eager.

It was all right. I know it was because I was pokin' along behind in my saddle when the wagon got to Raw Hide with 'em in the evenin', and I saw him jump down to the ground from close beside her and hold up his arms for her. She wasn't hangin' back; she just naturally fell into 'em. His face was lifted, too, and I could notice the way it looked. A body can't make any mistake about that look. Yes, sir; it was all right! But don't you think it's comical? Can you figure it out what it was she wanted? Shucks! She just wanted to believe there was a chance of his bein' different from the way he was—didn't she?—so she could have somethin' to change in him afterward. Of course that's the way of it because that's the woman of it.

Telephoning the Deaf

TINY telephone receivers, about the size of a bean, and hence small enough to be slipped into the ear, have proved to be successful in practical tests. The scientists who invented the device believe that it has great future possibilities in practical telephony, as a substitute for the comparatively bulky receiver of the standard telephone; but it is quite likely that its first practical use will be in instruments used to improve the hearing of persons who are partially deaf. The little bean must, of course, be connected with wires; but these can easily be placed in a fine cord, so that the only visible appearance of such a receiver at the ear would be an inconspicuous cord.

The receivers are very simple. A tiny piece of platinum wire is connected with the ordinary telephone wire; and, though this platinum wire is so thin that it cannot be clearly seen without a microscope, it catches the electric current that comes through the telephone wires, and heats up and cools off rapidly in accordance with the strength of the currents. This heating and cooling starts sound waves in the air round the wire. This idea of starting sound waves by heat is an old story for scientists. Of course the sound caused by the heat is very slight and hardly audible in the open air. It was discovered, however, that if a little cap is placed over the wire, making a little chamber in which it can operate, and a hole left in the cap, a very satisfactory volume of sound will come from the hole. So, with the bean tucked into the ear, the telephone message can be heard very well.

Tests before the Royal Society, in London, brought the opinion from electrical engineers that, for telephoning over short distances, at least, the sound was actually clearer than in standard telephones.

You don't realize what you are missing if you never tried the Girard Cigar.

Here is a real "Havana" smoke—with the ripe tropic flavor which you find only in genuine *Cuban-grown* tobacco; and it *doesn't get on your nerves.*

The entire *Girard* filler is *imported Havana tobacco*, grown in the famous *Vuelta Abajo* district of Cuba. And this choice leaf we mature—not by artificial "sweating" but by the slow, old-fashioned Cuban method which takes away all rankness or over-strength and brings out the native quality and aroma perfectly and sweetly.

Fragrant, full-flavored, yet *mild*—that is the surprising combination you get in the

Girard Cigar

You ought to get acquainted with it *to-day.* Ask your dealer for it. He has it or will get it for you. If not, fill out and mail us the coupon below, enclose a dollar and we will send you ten Girards of the shape and color you prefer.

Kindly tell us your dealer's name also. We don't carry on a mail-order business; but we want you to *know* the *Girard*, and judge it for yourself. *That is the only way.* Here is your opportunity of finding a cigar that is exactly what you want. And the best time to do it is *right now while you* have it in mind.

Coupon

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia

Enclosed find one dollar for which send me ten Girards as checked below. (Check shape you prefer.)

"BROKER"
5¼ inch Perfecto

"MARINER"
5¾ inch Panetela

"FOUNDER"
5 inch Londres

(Check color you prefer.)
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Utility-Privacy-Grace

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Not a touring car—though the Detroit Electric will carry you on 98% of all the trips you ordinarily undertake more satisfactorily than any other type of automobile.

Not a racing car—though the Detroit Electric will develop all the speed you really need—and carry you 60 to 80 miles on a single charge.

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Its beauty of design, quality of construction and mechanical excellence have made the Detroit Electric the choice of one-third of all electric car buyers.

See one of the six handsome models ranging in price from $2 600 to $3,000 at our nearest dealer s. For the needs of the business man there is a specially designed Detroit Electric Cabriolet—$2,650

Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit

World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles

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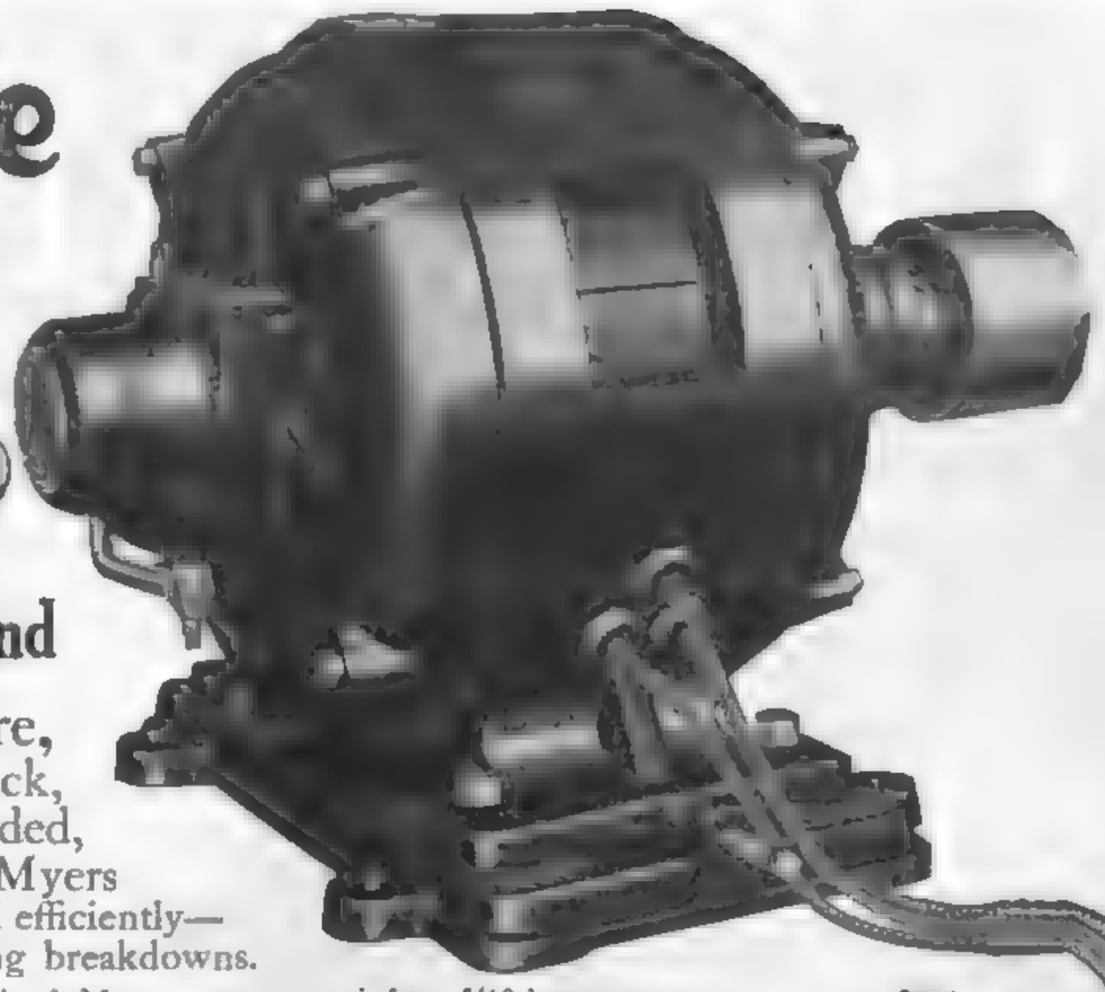

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In the home, office, store, factory—or wherever else quick, clean, economical power is needed, there you will find Robbins & Myers Motors doing the work smoothly and efficiently—without demur, attention, or annoying breakdowns.

No job is too light or too heavy—the Robbins & Myers power-range is from 1/40 horsepower up. And R. & M. Motors give perfect speed control: they are clean, portable, quiet, simple to operate—absolutely reliable every way.

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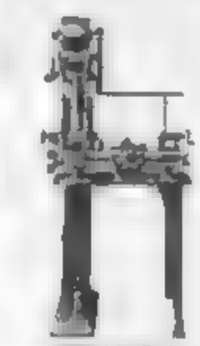
"Doing the World's Work" is a mighty interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the all 'round utility of Robbins & Myers Motors in the home, office, store and factory. Write for it today. It is free.



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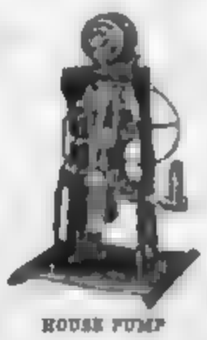
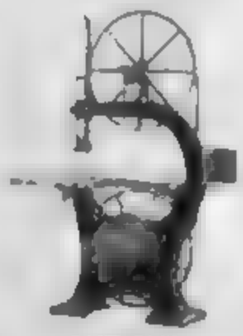


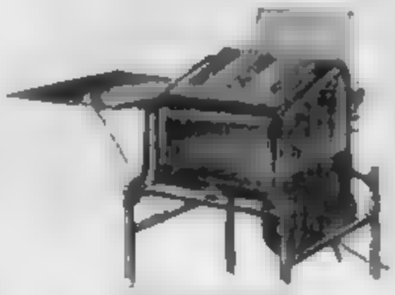
HOUSE PUMP

ADDRESSING MACHINE

PORTABLE GARAGE PUMP



BAND SAW

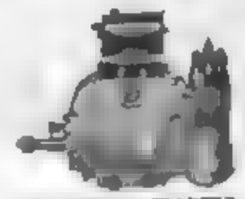


ADDING MACHINE

PRINTING PRESS

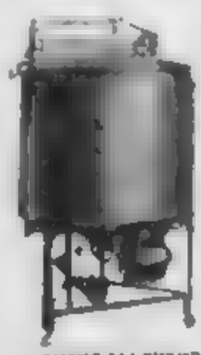
SILVER BURNISHING MACHINE

BREAD PAN GREASER



AUTOMOBILE STARTER

VACUUM CLEANER



WASHING MACHINE

LAUNDRY MARKING MACHINE

Robbins & Myers Motors

To Electrical Dealers and Contractors

The Robbins & Myers line is the safe line, the efficient line, the guaranteed line. Every customer to whom you sell a Robbins & Myers Motor is guaranteed absolute satisfaction under the Robbins & Myers Guarantee. That means a two-fold assurance of value—yours and ours. And our guarantee is broad and liberal—not merely a matter of form.

The line is complete. It includes motors for operation on all commercial direct and alternating circuits, in sizes ranging from 1/40 to 15 horsepower, D. C., and at present from 1/40 to 7 1/2 horsepower, A. C.

And the R. & M. line is heavily advertised consistently in national publications reaching the home owner, storekeeper, small shop owner and professional man, as well as the large motor user. Every motor customer who enters your store knows what Robbins & Myers Quality means.

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If you make power-driven machines requiring electric motors, you will find just the quality motor you are seeking in the Robbins & Myers line. Robbins & Myers Motors will maintain the quality of your output. The cost is reasonable. We will gladly submit sample motors for trial, and will quote on required quantity lots.

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We design special motors to fit the particular service. No "adapting" for you to do.

Write for our free book, "SERVICE." It tells some mighty interesting things that you should know regarding electric motors for small power-driven machines.

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The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

See all motor-driven appliances in operation at our exhibits at San Francisco and San Diego

DALHOUSIE'S LADY OF THE MORNING

(Continued from Page 7)

Dalhousie's perplexity. "Perhaps raven is a misdescription that puts us off? Locks of gold it should be—eh? And eyes of violet? I see! I see!"

The mounting color in the young man's face assured him. He glanced from Dalhousie to the girl; then suddenly stopped. A wild surmise had flashed on him, showing in his startled eyes and in the rueful expression of his half-open mouth.

"I see!" he repeated softly; then his face became a mask.

"See what?" said the girl.

He rose and apparently was about to speak, when the door opened and the mistress of the house came in.

"Prince," she said, "I know that I impose; but there is a friend of mine who wishes very much to be presented to you."

Amadis bowed gravely.

"A pleasure!" he said. "Any friend of yours ——" He offered his arm and they went out.

"What did the man mean?" said Dalhousie. "Why did he put that in about the black hair and the six children when he was describing you?"

"Me!" said the girl. "He never knew I was in the room. He was twenty-five years in the past. It was his cousin—the one who married the Duke of Steinmal. I never believed the story before; but there you are!" She looked at him ruefully and laughed.

"Well, you know now that you aren't what you thought you were to him," he said.

"You needn't rub it in," she answered. "Poor Amadis! He must really have cared."

"But what did he mean?" Dalhousie demanded again. "You thought, at first, he was describing you."

"I thought, at first, he was teasing me by pretending that he thought I was the woman," she answered; "but then came the black hair, and I woke up. It was clear what he was doing, however. He was chaffing you. He loves to find out whether people are in love, and he was describing an ideal that every man would recognize as his own lady. Amadis is very subtle, but he got so interested in describing Thérèse de Clernay that he missed out."

"I don't pretend to account for the black hair," said Dalhousie; "but he was describing you. I know when you are described." Their eyes met and he flushed. "He knows that you were the woman I was talking about."

"Knows!" she repeated. "How could he know? It's ridiculous! Can't you see——"

She broke off as the door opened again. The Prince de Chaulieu-Valmore stood in the doorway. It seemed to Dalhousie as though he had suddenly grown tall and commanding. He came three paces into the room and stopped.

"Mr. Dalhousie," he said. "I have had an interesting idea. It has occurred to me that the elderly Minotaur of whom we were speaking is none other than myself."

The girl started. She looked from the prince to Dalhousie.

"Your conjecture is correct," said Dalhousie.

"Amadis!" said the girl.

"Please!" he answered, and raised his hand. "Please let me finish. Mr. Dalhousie," he went on, "there is a manner prescribed by gentlemen, as you are aware, for meeting such situations as this. But for myself—perhaps from eccentricity, perhaps from advancing years, perhaps from mere whim—I find myself inclining to offer you advice rather than to shoot at you. Youth, my dear young sir, is extremely short. Life itself is not long; and such rewards as it has to give are for those who avoid the great errors. I spoke recently of compensations. By grace of Providence they exist, tempering the sharp wind of regret to those shorn by indecision and failure; but compensations, sir, are and can only be second best. My advice to you is to avoid second-best things.

"The Lady of the Morning appears but once to any man. He who is wise lets neither rival nor circumstance, lets neither life nor death, bar the way to her. This is the great adventure. As one who speaks from knowledge gained by failure, I tell you this. And, as part of the compensation of a man who failed rather through blindness than from hesitation, I not only am able to advise but to offer congratulations."

He advanced impressively to the girl, bowed, and lifted her hand to his lips.

"God keep you and give you all good things. Adieu!"

He then bowed ceremoniously to Dalhousie and, raising his hand as though to command silence, turned and left the room.

Neither spoke at first. Then the girl rose and stood leaning against the mantel, dabbing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I don't know why it affects me this way," she said brokenly. "But now we must get back to earth." She rolled her damp handkerchief into a wad and crushed it. "I suppose his mistake was natural. When I allowed him to suppose you were an old friend I must have told him in such a way as to make him misunderstand. It was entirely my fault. I think we'd better go back to the ballroom. I must find him."

"Wait!" said Dalhousie. She looked at him and dropped her eyes. "The man is right," he said.

"Hush!" she answered. "Because a sentimental Frenchman has thrown me at you is no reason why you should make love to me. There is nothing about me to remind anyone of a dewy morning. I know what I am!"

"You have no idea what you are," he said. "Nor can I tell you. But what warmth is to a man that is cold; what the way is to one that is lost; what light would be to the blind—that is something of it. I have been lost and blind and cold; and now suddenly you come, making life glorious and wonderful. Can't you understand?"

She stared at him with dazed eyes.

"It is impossible," she said. "You know nothing of me."

"I know all about you," he answered. "What difference does it make whether it has taken me years to learn it or a single moment? You must trust me, for I am sure!" He held out his hands.

"No," she said faintly. "No; it is impossible."

He put his arm about her. She trembled but made no resistance. Suddenly she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and began to sob.

IV

WHEN they began to talk again they were sitting before the fire in two low chairs, close together.

"We must be married soon," he said. She made no dissent. "We'll take a little trip, and then go to San Francisco and outfit."

"Why San Francisco?"

"That's the best place to get a schooner."

She straightened up and faced him.

"You're not going to take me away?"

"But you don't want to stay here?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" he repeated. He looked at her in amazement. "You never could stand it here."

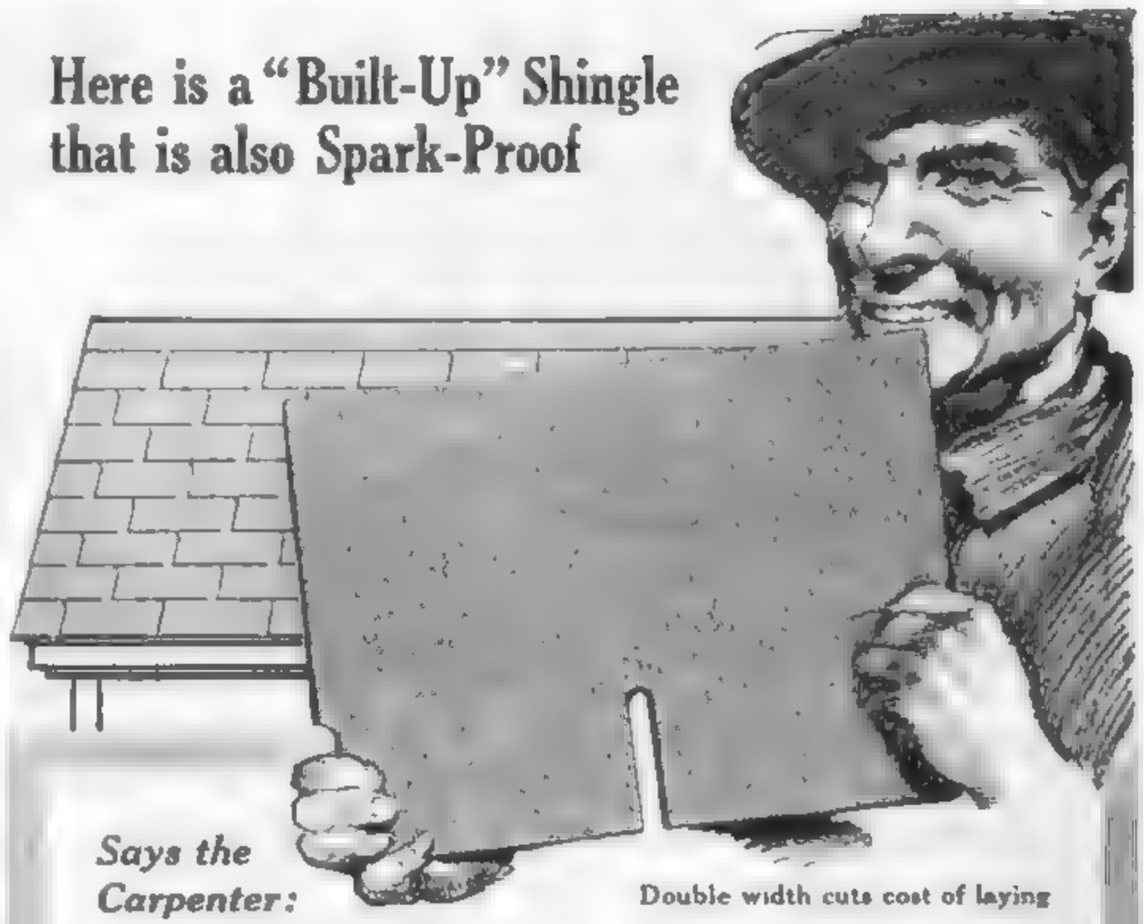
She shook her head.

"I've been through all this globe-trotting. There's nothing in it! When you begin going away just to get away, you're always going and you're never getting anywhere. If it's me you're thinking of, James Dalhousie, give me the chance to settle down where I can't get away. Make me stick to my responsibilities until I'm equal to them. No; we've got to stay here and make bedsteads until we've learned all there is to be learned from it."

He made no reply. Her words were ringing in his mind. What had he thus far learned from making bedsteads? Had he ever considered there was anything to be learned from that occupation? The uncouth figure of his father began to grow before him, gazing at him accusingly from under shaggy brows. Was it possible, then, that business was in a sense an end in itself, aside from the gaining of money? Was it the overcoming of obstacles; the sharpening of character against routine; the winning in competition; the waiting for unseen ends—that kept the world at the daily treadmill, yet keen eyed and eager? In that moment it came to him it was so.

"It won't always be dull for you," she went on. "I'm a strange creature, James Dalhousie. Sometimes I get glimpses of

Here is a "Built-Up" Shingle that is also Spark-Proof



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"I try to keep up with the times. I want to do business as well as carpentry. That's why I recommend Neponset Shingles."

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Neponset Wall Board is a substitute for lath, plaster and wallpaper. It makes handsome interior walls or wainscoting. It comes already decorated in Cream, Burnt Leather or Oak — is waterproofed and needs no painting.

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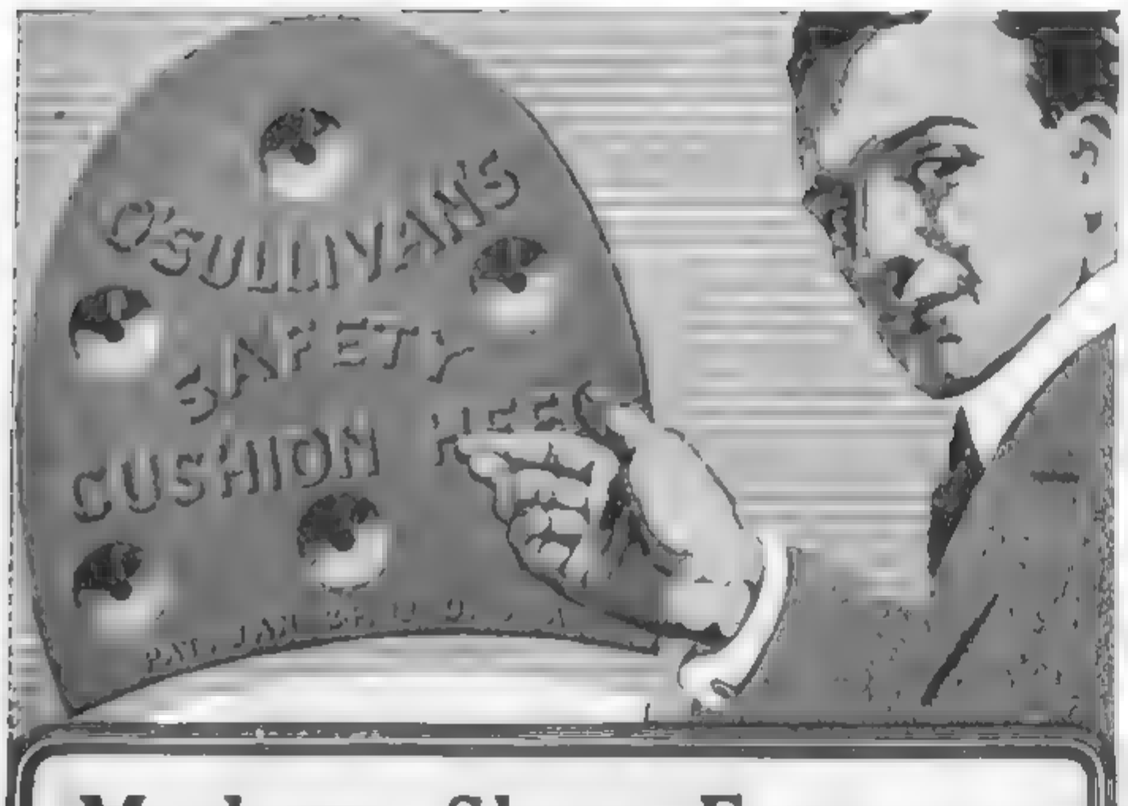

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EVERY time your leather heel runs over, it forces your shoe out of shape and makes it wear at some one point. O'Sullivan's Heels make your shoes tread evenly and wear longer in every part.

O'Sullivan's Heels wear more than three times as long as leather heels and greatly prolong the life of your shoe.

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In addition think of the added comfort that O'Sullivan's Heels give. Instead of pounding on hard leather, every step is cushioned with these pads of live rubber, that take the jar off the spine and nervous system.

You can get O'Sullivan's Heels at any cobbler shop, fifty cents, attached. Many manufacturers are making shoes ready to wear with O'Sullivan's Heels. These O'Sullivanized shoes are carried by leading stores all over the country.

Write to us, or to the manufacturers listed below, if your dealer does not carry O'Sullivanized shoes.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., 131 Hudson Street, New York

$3.50 Hazzard O'Sullivanized $4.00

Ask your dealer for the famous Hazzard shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels made right on them.

Write us for fully illustrated descriptive catalogue.

Style 0120

This season's correct style—gun metal vamp, grey Oxford cloth top, with famous O'Sullivan's Heels attached—Price $3.50.

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WALK-OVER SHOES

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For Men $4.50 and Upward For Women

WALK-OVERS O'Sullivanized are made in high and low shoes for men and women—and in dainty Louis heeled slippers.

Your local Walk-Over dealer can supply you with these shoes.

GEO. E. KEITH CO., Campello, Mass.

Women's O'Sullivanized Shoes and Slippers selling at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00, are the CARTHEAN SHOE O'Sullivanized made by Dunn & McCarthy, of Auburn, New York

myself as I suppose God sees me. Marrying me, James, and living with me day by day, will be adventure enough without traveling round the world."

He laughed softly and kissed her. For a time they were silent, gazing into the fire. Then his hand went to his breast pocket and came out with an envelope addressed to the president of the International Metal-Working Company. He leaned forward and flicked it into the blaze.

"What was that?" she asked.

"That," he answered, "was a business letter of no importance."

She watched it curl in the flame and break in ashes. Then she turned again to him.

"You see what I mean?"

"Yes," he answered; "and you're right. We'll double the bedstead business, we'll triple it, and we'll have our adventure——"

"Being happy though married!" she suggested. He laughed. "It's a big adventure," she added.

She held out a hand and he gripped it. When he looked at his watch it was four o'clock.

"We must have our first dance," she said; and they went back to the ballroom.

The kettledrums were throbbing, horns blared, the tremulous voices of violins sang and sobbed; the air was hot and bright with many lights and heavy with the scent of roses. The four-o'clock-in-the-morning frenzy of a successful ball was at its height. Her color came as the excitement went into her blood.

"This must all be the symbol of something wonderful," she whispered. "We must find it."

"The thing itself?" he said. "The real thing?"

"Yes," she assented; and they began to dance.

▼

AND just then, coming down the stairs, hat in hand, a little man, his face buried in the sable collar of his overcoat, glanced through the doorway into the ballroom. He paused a moment and watched them with dim eyes.

"Life, life, life!" he murmured sententiously. "Thou art all things—failure and age and withered hopes. Yet thou art also youth and morning; and mine eyes have seen thy great miracle!"

Luminous Pictures

LUMINOUS photographs, delicately reproducing with phosphorescent effect every light and shade of a landscape or a face, are new scientific curiosities that some practical photographer may develop into commercial use. Like many other practical devices now in common use, the luminous photographs were merely incidental to elaborate research work in a scientific laboratory. The scientist was studying the many odd effects of the light called cathode rays—the father of X-rays. He discovered that cathode rays will make various salts color vividly. For instance, common salt will quickly turn amber color under the rays, and potassium bromide will turn deep blue. Then, when the salts are later exposed to sunlight, they will gradually lose their new colors. He found, however, that these salts, when they lost their new colors, acquired a phosphorescent quality and glowed in the dark.

Based on these facts, the scientist succeeded in making some luminous photographs for his own amusement. First, he colored some salt under the cathode rays; then he proceeded to make a photographic plate of the salt. The easiest way to do this was to spread some of the colored salt on a glass plate, then place over it another glass plate, and fasten the two plates together so firmly that the salt would stay in position. Thus he had a crude photographic plate, which he placed in a camera.

A photograph was taken in the ordinary way, with a short time exposure. The daylight striking the plate faded out the color from the salt wherever it struck the plate, and in place of the color left a luminous effect. This was the luminous photograph.

By careful selection of all materials the scientist succeeded in making photographs that gave a fine phosphorescent picture when viewed in the dark; and the pictures proved to have better lasting qualities than expected, so long as they were properly protected from daylight after the photograph had once been taken. Whether the luminous picture in the salt can be fixed—like an ordinary plate—has not yet been determined.

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But why wait for this kind of proof that *you* should have taken care of *your* teeth? It's better to use

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twice daily (and see your dentist at least once yearly) and thus ward off tooth-trouble before *too late*.

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Nine out of ten people have "acid-mouth," the worst foe to teeth, the enemy that eats away the enamel and causes destruction of the soft interior.

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The Test Papers will show you whether you, too, have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a feeling of freshness and keenness.

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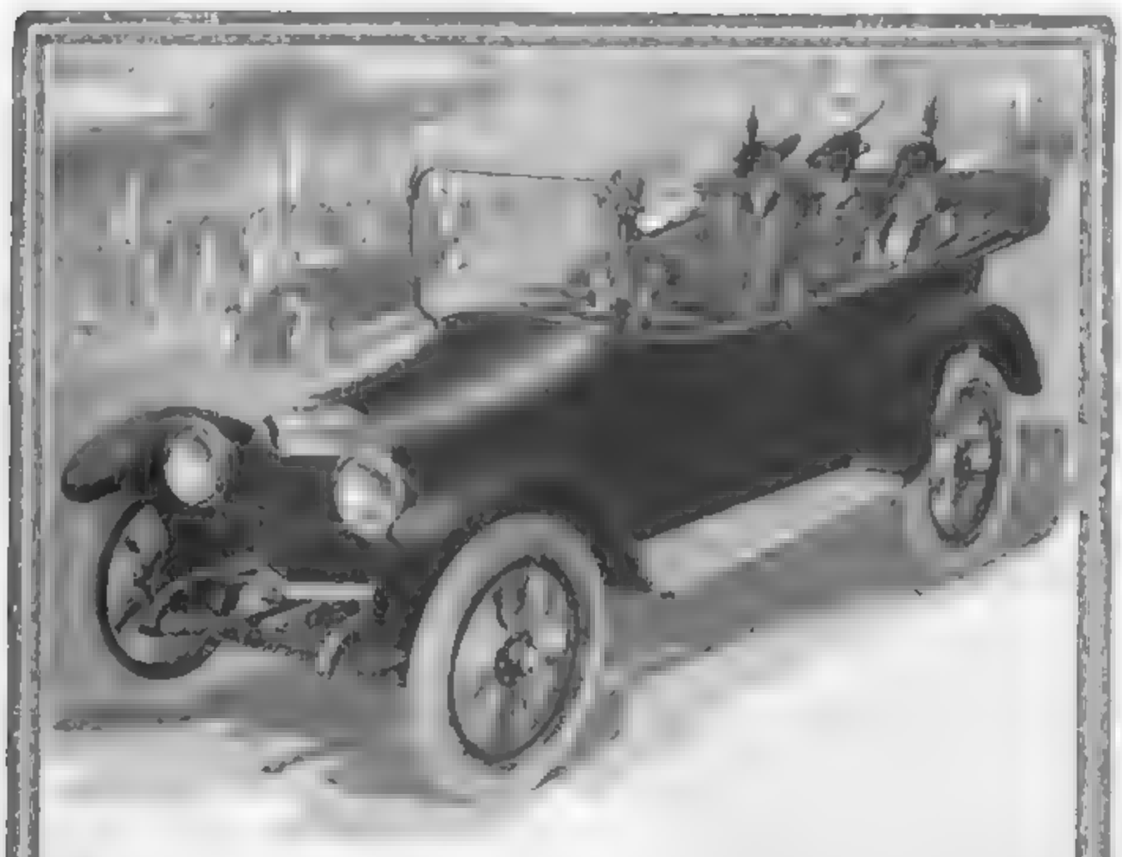
THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

"61" FLOOR VARNISH



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and as much better as it is different

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Every feature works toward a definite economy—maintenance becomes a mere incident. Combined with low upkeep are the final touches of comfort, convenience, ease of handling and beauty that make up real luxury. Then—see the Oakland—drive it—get a demonstration that's a real road test—and decide.

The Oakland Catalog upon request. Fours and Sixes: Speedsters, Roadsters and Touring Cars—$1100 to $1685 f. o. b. factory

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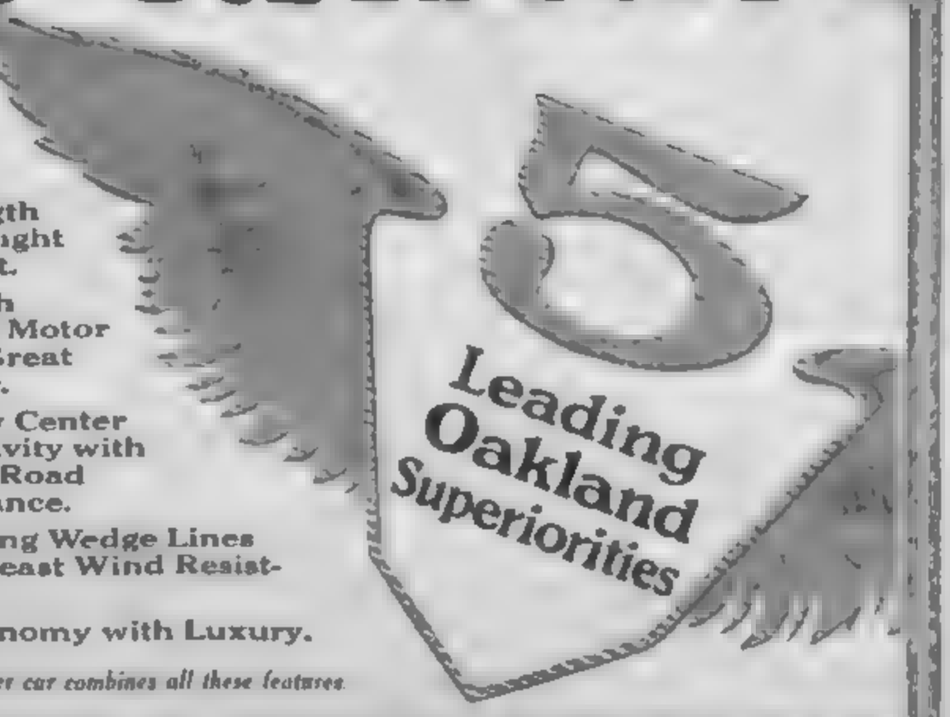
Pontiac, Michigan

Oakland



1—Great Strength with Light Weight.

2—High Speed Motor with Great Power.

3—Low Center of Gravity with Usual Road Clearance.

4—Flying Wedge Lines with Least Wind Resistance.

5—Economy with Luxury.

No other car combines all these features

THE BLACK BEAR

By Enos A. Mills

A BLACK BEAR came into a United States Government Survey camp one Sunday afternoon while all the men were lounging about. He walked into the cook's tent. The cook was averse to bears; he was so terribly frightened that he went through the rear of the tent at a place where there was no door. The tent went down on the bear; the bear, confused and not in the habit of wearing a tent, made a lively show of it—a sea in a storm—as he struggled to get out.

All gathered round, and when the bear emerged from beneath the tent somebody recommended that we get him to climb a tree. In a short time the bear found himself at the foot of a pine, surrounded by a circle of men who yelled and waved coats and hats. Of course this demonstration led him to climb the tree. Out on the first large limb he walked. From there he looked down on us, somewhat puzzled and inclined to be playful. Everybody wanted to see him come down and then climb up again; so the problem was how to get him to do it.

I was the boy of the party and our camp was at the Thumb, in the Yellowstone National Park. This was in the summer of 1891. For some years I had been interested in wild life, and while in the park I used every opportunity to study tree and animal life. In doing this I frequently climbed trees to examine the kind of fruit they bore, to learn about the kind of insects that were preying on them, or the kinds of birds that were eating the insects. The men naturally nicknamed me the Tree Climber.

I did not then consider bears so favorably as I do now; therefore, you may imagine my fright and astonishment when there was a unanimous call for the Tree Climber to go up and get the bear down. Of course no one wants to climb a tree when it is full of bears.

The Happy Hooligan

At last I was persuaded to climb a tree near the one in which the bear reposed. I was handed a pole, and told to prod the bear and make him get out of the tree. I prodded at a lively rate and at last he got out of it. He had climbed up rapidly head foremost. He went down easily tail foremost. The instant he touched the earth there was such a yelling and slapping of coats that for a time the bear was confused as to whether he should fight or frolic. He decided to climb again; but in his confusion he took the wrong tree and climbed up beneath me.

Rapidly I made for the tree top to escape him. From long experience since that time, and from what the spectators afterward told me, I now realize that the bear simply wanted to romp, for he was scarcely more than one year of age; but to me it was an extremely serious situation. I climbed rapidly and high, while he quietly came after me. Out on a limb I made my last stand, and out on this he came. When he playfully struck at me I lost my grip or my wits—my hold on the limb also—and tumbled awkwardly through the limbs, hitting the earth with a thud. The men laughed the remainder of the summer.

The black bear is neither ferocious nor dangerous. The most fitting name I have ever heard given him is the Happy Hooligan of the Woods. He is a lazy, playful loafer, and has no evil intentions; but, like a shut-in boy, or a boy with a task to perform, he wants company—does not know just what to do with himself.

The most surprising pranks I ever saw were those of a pet cub. During one of my rambles in the mountains of Colorado I came to the cabin of an eccentric prospector who always had some kind of pet. On this occasion it was a black bear cub. The cub was so attached to the place that, unchained, he stayed or played near by all day long while his master was away at work.

With my feet moccasined I approached the cabin quietly, and the first knowledge I had of the cub was his spying my approach from behind a tree in the rear of the cabin. He was standing erect, with his body concealed behind the tree; only a

Get Full Power

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THIS is where piston rings count. Whatever your engine may be, however good the carburetor system or the grade of fuel if the piston rings are faulty in any way there's direct power loss. And this loss will persist and increase as long as the piston rings remain in such condition

¶ Power depends on piston rings, for the power impulse is measured by the compression of the fuel charge, and compression is governed by the way in which the piston rings perform their function. This is to prevent any escape of gas from the combustion chamber of the cylinder. [illegible] can only be effectively done [illegible] adjustment of the piston rings [illegible] their bearing firm and equ[illegible] thus present no unsealed ex[illegible] opening

¶ To obtain this service requires the use of

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PISTON RINGS

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¶ Because in their design and construction the special quality of gas-tightness under all service conditions is most fully obtained

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LEAK-PROOF PISTON RINGS [illegible] grooves—preventing [illegible] and eliminating carbon pockets. They guarantee full power, save fuel, oil and motor wear and reduce carbonization to a minimum.

¶ When your car is overhauled have LEAK-PROOF RINGS installed

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"To Have and to Hold Power." It explains the theory and function of piston rings and shows why you should equip your engine with LEAK-PROOF RINGS.

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At last comes this union suit with ONE button at the chest doing the work of ten down the front.

THE

Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

Perfectly fashioned to your body, it eliminates gaps, wrinkles, sags, pulls, and lost buttons.

It is as like you as your reflection in a mirror,—fashioned lightly around your body so that it gives to every motion. No tape-bound seams to stretch and gap and bulge—just one even line from neck to knee (or ankle).

YOUR favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us your remittance and we will supply you direct, delivery prepaid. Made with our special closed crotch in fine-ribbed weave—also in the famous Keep-Kool mesh. Sells at 50c for boys, and 50c, $1 and $2 for men.

Here is the label ➡ to guide you.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, N. Y.

small bit of his head and an eye were visible. As I approached him he moved round, keeping the tree between us.

Finally he climbed up several feet; and as I edged round he sidled about like a squirrel and, though always peeking at me, kept his body well concealed on the opposite side of the tree. On my going to the front of the cabin he descended; and when I glanced round the front corner to see him he was peeking round the rear corner at me.

As I had kept up a lively, pleasant conversation all this time he evidently concluded that I was friendly, and like a boy proceeded to show off. Near by stood a barrel, upright, with the top missing. Into this he leaped and then deliberately overturned it on the steep slope. Away downhill rolled the barrel at a lively pace, with the bear inside. Thrusting out his forepaws he guided the course of the barrel and controlled its speed.

Once while two black-bear cubs were fleeing before a forest fire they paused and, true to their nature, had a merry romp. Even the threatening flames could not make them solemn. Each tried to prevent the other from climbing a tree that stood alone in the open; round this tree they clinched, cuffed and rolled about so merrily that the near-by fleeing wild folk were attracted and momentarily forgot their fears.

The black bear has more humanlike traits than any other animal I know. He is a boy in disguise—will not work long at anything unless at something to produce mischief. Occasionally he finds things dull and simply does not know what to do with himself. He is happy-go-lucky, and taking thought of the morrow is not one of his troubles. He is afraid of the grizzly and avoids man as though he were a pestilence.

He plans no harm. In other words, the black bear is just the opposite in character of what he has long been thought and is still almost universally believed to be. A million written and spoken stories have it that he is ferocious—a wanton, cruel killer. He fights or works only when compelled to do so.

He avoids people and is as shy and bashful as a child. He is completely unlike the synonym for evil he is painted. The average bear is harmless. He does not eat bad children; nor does he desire to do so. Nothing would give him greater delight than to romp with rollicking, irrepressible children whose parents have blackened his character.

A Plausible Bluffer

One day, in climbing out on a cliff, I accidentally dislodged a huge rock. This, as it fell, in turn set a still larger one going. In its hurtling plunge it struck a tree in which a young black bear was sleeping. As the tree and bear came to the earth the bear made haste to scamper up the nearest tree; but unfortunately the one up which he raced had lost its top by this same flying ton of stone. The bear was thus enabled to get only a few yards above the earth.

To get him to come down I procured a long pole and prodded him easily. At first, on the defensive, he slapped and knocked the pole to right and left. He was plainly frightened and, being cornered, was determined to fight. I proceeded gently and presently he calmed down and began playing with the pole. He played just as merrily as ever kitten played with a moving, tickling twig or string.

He is the most plausible bluffer I have ever seen. With hair bristling on the back, upper lip stuck forward and an onrush, with a rapid volley of champing K-woof-f-f's, he appears terrible. He pulls himself out of many a predicament and obtains many an unearned morsel in this way. Most of his bluffs are for amusement; he will go far out of his way for the purpose of running. In any case if the bluff is ineffective—and most often it is—he moves on with unbelievable indifference at the failure, and in a fraction of a second is so interested in something else, or most effectively pretends to be, that the bluff might have been yesterday, judging from his appearance. Often, like a boy, he has a merry or a terribly make-believe time. In this the bluff is often exhibited.

Bears are fond of swimming, and during the summer they often go for a plunge in a stream or lake. This is followed by giving themselves a sunning on the earth or by an airing in a tree top.

A black bear climbs a tree almost as readily as a cat, and he climbs a small pole or a large tree with equal ease. The grizzly

"If it's RED, it's an EMPIRE"

If tire bills are making you see Red—

—then, see RED far enough to buy Empire Tires; then see that tire expense dwindle.

Most tires come to grief through decay. But, for scientific reasons, decay is minimized in RED Rubber, and friction has slim chance to work on Empire RED Tires. RED Rubber must be new rubber, so the RED is a sure-thing sign of longest wear—on the road or standing still.

We studied tire faults and came across with this big idea of Empire RED Rubber Tires, which are tougher and livelier to start with, and which dodge blowouts and rim-cuts till extra-long service bares the fabric. All of which is mighty nourishing to your bank account.

This Empire RED Tire has a tread that laughs at ruts and slippery streets. The elastic RED Rubber contracts on cuts and keeps them from spreading.

Past performances have proved that we can freely pledge Empire RED Tires to deliver more mileage than you expect. So this is our proposition: "If you feel you have another single mile coming from an Empire RED Tire when it finally peters out, just say the word, and we will satisfy you fully—and promptly." Can any agreement be fairer, squarer or broader? Then write us or see your leading supply house.

EMPIRE RUBBER AND TIRE CO.
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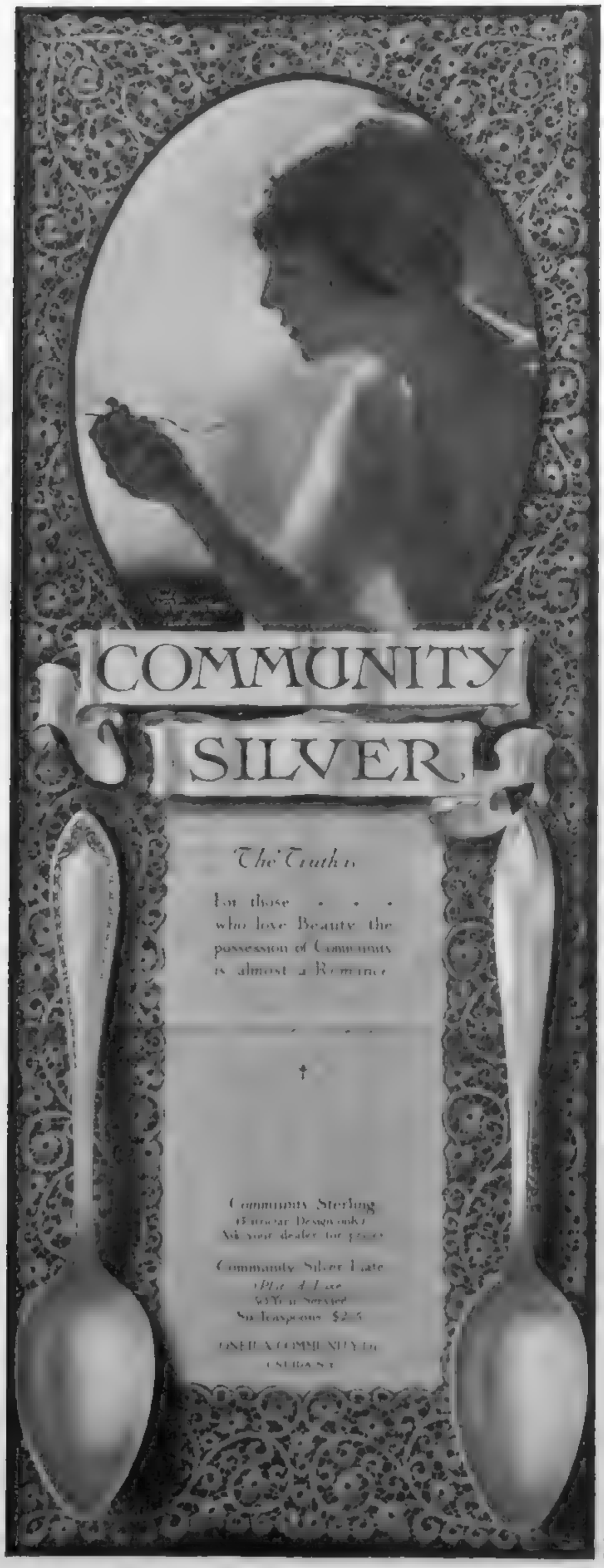
Empire Tires RED WEAR LONGEST



does not climb trees, but the black bear, with its catlike forepaws, can simply race up a tree trunk. Much of his time, both asleep and awake, is spent in tree tops. He might almost be called a perching animal. Often a bear has a special tree. Into this it climbs for safety or for sleep, and may use the same tree for months or even years. When closely pursued by dogs, or on the near-by appearance of a grizzly, or let something startling happen—instantly a black bear climbs a tree.

In case of danger or before going on a long foraging expedition the mother usually sends her cubs up a tree. There they faithfully remain until she returns. One day in Wild Basin, Colorado, while watching a mother and two cubs feeding on traveling ants, the mother raised her head quietly; then she pointed her nose at the cubs. Though there was not a sound the cubs instantly, though unwillingly, started toward the bottom of a tree trunk. The mother raised her forepaws as though to go toward them. At that the cubs made haste to the bottom of the tree. Here they hesitated; then the mother, with rush and champing Whoof! simply sent them flying up the tree. Then she walked away into the woods.

In the tree top they remained for hours, not once descending to the earth. Their tree was a lodgepole pine sixty or seventy feet away, on the side of a moraine and several feet lower than my stand. For some minutes the cubs stood on the branches looking in the direction in which their mother had disappeared. Presently they explored the entire tree, climbing everywhere on the branches. Then they commenced racing and playing through the tree top.

Treetop Antics of the Cubs

At times their actions were very catlike; at other times, squirrel-like; frequently they were very monkeylike—but at all times these actions were lively, interesting and bearlike. Occasionally they clinched and started wrestling far out on a limb. Sometimes one or both fell off, but caught a limb below with their claws, and, without a pause, swung up again or else dropped to another limb. Once they scrambled down the trunk within a few feet of the bottom; and as they raced up again the lower one would snap at the hind legs of the upper one and finally, attaching himself to the upper one with a forepaw, he pulled him loose from the tree trunk. The upper one thus exchanged places with the lower one and the lively scramble up the trunk continued.

After a while one curled up in a place where three or four limbs intersected the tree trunk and went to sleep. The other went to sleep on his back on a flattened limb near the top of the tree.

Realizing that the cubs would stay in the tree, no matter what happened, I concluded to capture them. Though they had been having lively exercise for two hours they were anything but exhausted. Climbing into the tree I chased them round from the bottom to the top; from the top out on limbs, and from limbs to the bottom—but was unable to get within reach of them.

Several times I drove one out on top of a limb and then endeavored to shake him off and give him a tumble to the earth. A number of times I braced myself on a near-by large limb and shook with all my might. Often I was able to move the end of the limb rapidly back and forth, but the cubs easily clung on. At times they had hold with only one paw—occasionally with only a single claw; but never could I shake them free.

The affair ended by my cutting a limb—to which a cub was clinging—nearly off with my hatchet. Suddenly breaking the remaining hold of the limb I tossed it and the tenacious little cub out, tumbling toward the earth. The cub struck the earth lightly; and, before I had fully recovered from nearly tumbling after him, he came scrambling up the tree trunk beneath me!

One spring day, while traveling in the mountains, I paused in a whirl of mist and wet snow to look for the trail. I could see only a few feet. As I peered ahead a bear emerged from the gloom, heading straight for me. Behind her were two cubs. I caught her impatient expression when she first saw me. She stopped and, with a growl of anger, wheeled and boxed the cubs right and left, like an angry, unpoised mother. All vanished in the direction from which they had come, the cubs being urged on with lively spanks.

(Continued on Page 45)

Wins the Crowd

The coaxing fragrance of BUTTER-KIST Pop-Corn is irresistible, its tempting flavor delightful. Every crisp, crackling snow-white kernel is evenly buttered, piping hot—the last word in captivating food purity. This quality and delicacy are possible only with the BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper that feeds itself, pops the corn, sorts it and butters each kernel evenly. The finest savory, flavory treat in the world—sold only in the BUTTER-KIST bags—5c, 10c and 25c.

No wonder hundreds of storekeepers are putting in BUTTER-KIST Corn Poppers and satisfying their customers with the corn that fairly teases the nickels and dimes out of their pockets, and never fails to bring them back for more.

Storekeepers!

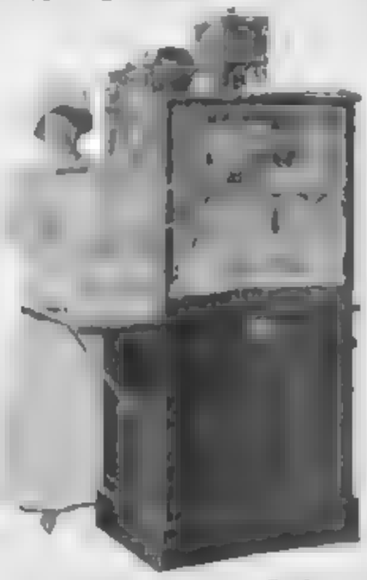
$25 to $60 More Profits Weekly

Adopted now by high class drug, candy, department and cigar stores, news stands, picture theatres, lunchrooms, etc.

Scores of records to prove how this BUTTER KIST Corn Popper *pays 5 times as much profit per square foot as anything else in the store* Stands anywhere—needs only 26 by 32 inches of space—move a chair and you have room for it

All-year, spot-cash business—no stock to carry. Great trade winner—increases entire store sales

Pops, separates and butters *automatically* Runs itself—requires no constant watching Superbly built expressly for high-class stores of all sorts and picture theatres, etc. Beautiful mahogany, oak or ivory white cabinet, plate glass sides



Pay From Your Sales

A small payment down puts this BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper in your store with all BUTTER-KIST profits assigned. Send for a little of the money it earns for you. Operates up to 75 times per hour $3.75 in sales.

"The Little Gold Mine" FREE

Photographic proof of profits and easy terms all shown in our Catalogue and dealers book "The Little Gold Mine." Sent free postpaid. Dealer's territory is being rapidly taken. Write at once for every day gained means $5 to $16 more sales for you.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
1851 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

First the lather, then the ice, then—gradually, but surely—the charm of "a skin you love to touch"

IS there some condition of *your* skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily?

Perhaps your complexion is being marred by that disfiguring trouble—conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the condition that is keeping *your* skin from being beautiful—

—it can be changed!

The Woodbury treatment described here was first formulated and published four years ago. Since that time it has brought to thousands of people the lovelier complexions they have longed to possess.

They have read it, tried it, felt such a difference the first time they used it that they have adopted it as their daily method of cleansing. Here it is:

First the lather —then the ice

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

This is what happens—

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny old, dead particles. *Then*, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference *at once!*

Use persistently— you can't keep the charm away!

Use this treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today. Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write today for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write or mail coupon today and begin to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., 302 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Canadians: The Woodbury preparations are now manufactured also in Canada and are sold by Canadian druggists from coast to coast. For sample, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 302 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 302 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

I enclose cents for postage on the Woodbury samples according to the offer above.

Name

City State

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., 302 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Hupmobile Economy

5-pass. T. Car or Roadster, $1200
7-passenger Touring Car, $1225

Real Reasons Why the Hupmobile Is the Fastest Selling Car of Its Class

Economy of Maintenance

The real test of a car's economy is the cost of repairs necessary to keep it in daily service.

Records of all the parts ever sold by this company, spread over the total ownership of Hupmobiles, show almost negligible cost for repairs

Hupmobiles rarely go out of commission; many have traveled 100,000 miles. The yearly average is 8000 miles per car.

On this basis, the total cost of parts charged against the total production of the Hupmobiles up to January 31, 1915, shows an average repair cost of less than ¼ cent per mile.

Think of it! Over six years of manufacturing; nearly 50,000 cars in service—and an average repair cost of less than ¼ cent per mile. This is the most eloquent testimony we can offer to the endurance and sturdiness of all the Hupmobiles ever built

Economy of Gasoline

Hupmobile records in regard to gasoline consumption are equally astonishing.

Because of varying driving conditions and uncertain grades of gasoline, it is not customary for manufacturers to guarantee a given mileage on gasoline.

The Hupmobile is a big five-passenger car—roomy enough for seven, if you prefer—with 119-inch wheelbase. Its weight, ready for the road, is 2850 pounds.

Yet owners are reporting an average of 18 miles and more per gallon of gasoline—considerably better than is expected of the average car of equal size and capacity.

But the Hupmobile is not an average car; it is above the average in many ways, and this is one.

Economy of Tires

Tire-miles indicate the degree of engineering quality in a car—the correctness of its design and balance, and the distribution of weight. No car manufacturer can say to buyers that his car will travel so many miles on tires; for luck, driving conditions and individual handling of cars are factors.

Nevertheless, the experience of Hupmobile owners is so uniformly satisfactory, and their average tire mileage so high, that the Hupmobile everywhere is famous for its economy of tires.

This wonderful tire economy record is due to tires fully 10 per cent over-size, for the Hupmobile weight is from 150 to 500 pounds under that of cars generally using the same size tires—34 x 4 inches. Furthermore, non-skid treads on the rear are regular equipment for Hupmobiles.

Economy of Oil

Oil rightfully belongs at the very end of a motorist's yearly expense list; and that is where the Hupmobile owner keeps it.

Occasionally some owner writes to ask us if the very low oil consumption of his car may possibly indicate trouble. He can hardly believe that any car can run so well, and go so many miles, on so small an amount of oil.

We have never had a complaint on oil consumption or the efficiency of the oiling system.

Economy of Care

Simplicity, with handy accessibility of all parts that require attention, makes the care of a Hupmobile a matter of little time and effort. The Hupmobile owner needs no technical or expert knowledge to make the occasional slight adjustments.

Most Hupmobile owners garage their cars at home, and seldom do more than see that they are supplied with water, oil and gasoline.

Economy of Nerves

There is no strain, no nervous tension in driving a Hupmobile, or riding in it.

The motor is non-stallable; therefore quite safe. Its flexibility reduces gear shifting to a minimum. Steering is delightfully easy. Absolute brake control requires but moderate effort.

Seats are pitched at just the right angle for comfort. There is plenty of leg room for passengers and driver. The long wheelbase and flexible springs literally smooth a rough road.

An entire day's riding or driving does not excessively tire a Hupmobilist.

Economy of Price

The last thing a car buyer should consider is the price. He should first assure himself that the car is economical: that repairs are few; that it is a thoroughly good car; that it will give satisfactory service season after season.

The Hupmobile price is high enough to insure the good quality which keeps Hupmobiles constantly in commission and cuts repair costs way down. It is low enough to make the Hupmobile a possibility for any family that is in position to consider owning a car.

The size of the car—its capacity and comfort—the completeness and quality of its equipment—and its wonderful economy records, make the Hupmobile a most generous $1200 worth.

Hupmobile Owners Have Proved Every Economy Claim We Make

$2000 Car Can't Compare

I am more than pleased with my 1915 Hupmobile. I have been driving a $2000 car, but it cannot compare with the Model K.—CLARENCE R. CONSTANT, Williamsville, Ill.

Total Cost 1.87 cents per Mile

I have just been computing the cost of running my Hupmobile roadster, and I find from the time I purchased it including storage, washing, polish, tires, gasoline, oil, kerosene and repairs (under $6), the cost has been 1.87 cents per mile.—BOWDEN WASHINGTON, New York

No Repair Expense at All

I have owned three Hupmobiles and just recently purchased a 1915 Model. My 1914 Hupmobile I have driven 8450 miles averaging only 1.9 cents per mile for up-keep expense, and I averaged 18½ miles per gallon of gasoline, through winter and summer. I have had no repair expense of any kind. This is conclusive evidence why I stick to the Hupmobile.—W. H. HUMMEL, Chicago, Ill.

12,000 to 18,000 Tire Miles

I have now used one of your Hupmobiles for 18 months, and owing to its light weight I get remarkable tire mileage from 12,000 to 18,000 miles before replacements are necessary. No car that I have ever driven has ever had such satisfaction.—L. M. BARBOUR, Jacksonville, Fla.

10,000 Miles on Same Tires

I have driven my Hupmobile ten thousand miles without any attention whatsoever. The tires are still good for much more service. This car is my sixth and I like it best of all.—PAUL H. HOLGATE, Scranton, Pa.

20 to 25 Miles Per Gallon

I find my Hupmobile very economical in the use of gasoline. I secure from 20 to 25 miles on a gallon. I am more than pleased with the machine and have not a fault to find with it.—E. O. ROGERS, Alta Loma, Texas

Averages 20 Miles

I average 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline with my Hupmobile. The expenses are so small that they are hardly worth mentioning. The Hupmobile is easy on tires and the engine is sufficient to carry the car anywhere.—R. E. JOHNSON, Pelzer, S. C.

"Very Economical"

My Hupmobile is giving good satisfaction. Have run it 6000 miles and have had $1.50 expense. It is very economical in the use of gasoline and oil.—B. B. SIMMONS, M. D., St. Joseph, Mo.

Hupmobile His Most Economical Car

As an owner of several different makes of cars, I have concluded that the Hupmobile is the most economical and satisfactory car I have ever seen. It is very economical in the use of gasoline and oil.—C. S. MORROW, Toronto, Can.

Pleasure to Drive It

I am perfectly satisfied with the 1915 Hupmobile. It is working fine and it's a pleasure to drive it. It requires little or no attention.—U. E. HESSE, Mendon, Ohio.

Riding Comfort Unsurpassed

My 1915 Hupmobile is giving excellent service. The long wheelbase gives riding comfort that is not surpassed in the highest-priced cars. There is no strain of any kind on the driver.—DR. C. R. BROWN, Marion, Ind.

Most Economical of Its Class

I have owned motor cars from $2500 down to the price of the Hupmobile. I have owned two Hupmobiles and have driven each over 5000 miles, and I have not spent a dollar on either one. The up-keep of the Hupmobile in gasoline and oil is less than any 30 H. P. car I have previously owned. I consider it the most economical car in its class on the market.—A. H. SNIDER, Indianapolis, Ind.

Write for our new and valuable 1915 Year Book and see the Hupmobile at the nearest dealer's.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Brictson
Pneumatic Tires

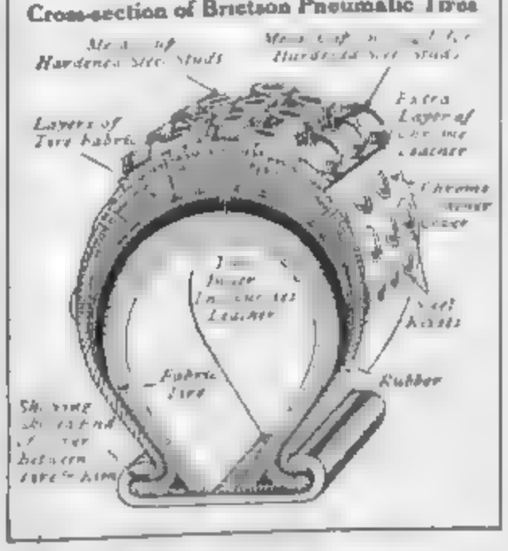
Backed by a 10,000 Mile Guarantee

Every Brictson Pneumatic Tire is sold under a specific 10,000 mile written service guarantee. Think what that means: *10,000 miles service* with punctures, blowouts and rim cuts eliminated—a wonderfully resilient, easy-riding tire that's proof against ruts, oil and gasoline.

Try Them at Our Expense

Give BRICTSON Pneumatic Tires a trial on your own car at our risk. Don't pay for them unless perfectly satisfied. Can you ask anything fairer than that? For full particulars of this liberal Free Trial Plan, sign and mail back the coupon.

Cross-section of Brictson Pneumatic Tires



Your Tires Rebuilt the Brictson Way

If the fabric in the tires you are now using is in good condition, we can take them, make them proof against rim-cutting, punctures, blowouts, side-wall breaks, skidding, ruts and oil, and give you thousands of miles of additional service.

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For full information, including details of our Free Trial Plan.

Mail Back This Coupon

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3745 Brictson Bldg., Brookings, So. Dak.
Please send me full particulars about Brictson Tires, explain your free trial plan, also explain how my own tires can be rebuilt the Brictson Way.

Size of Tires _____

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 42)

Like most animals the black bear has a local habitation. His territory is twenty or less miles in circumference, and in this he is born, lives and dies. In springtime he descends to feed on the earliest wild gardens of the foothills. I have tracked black bears across mountain passes, and on one occasion I found a bear track on the summit of Longs Peak.

The black bear eats everything that is edible. Though omnivorous, his food is mainly that of a vegetarian. He digs out rich willow and aspen roots in the shallow and soft places, and tears up or digs out numerous plants for their roots or tubers. Often he eats grass and devours hundreds of juicy weeds. During autumn I have seen him on the edges of snowfields and glaciers consuming thousands of unfortunate grasshoppers, flies and other insects there accumulated. He is particularly fond of ants—tears ant hills and decaying logs to pieces and licks up the ants as they come storming forth to bite him. He tears hundreds of rotten logs and stumps to pieces for grubs, ants and their eggs.

He freely eats honey, the bees and their nests. He catches mice, and often amuses himself and makes a most amusing and manlike spectacle by chasing and catching grasshoppers. He will devour carrion that has the accumulated smell of weeks of corruption. In a fish country he searches for fish and occasionally catches live ones; but he is too restless or shiftless to be a good fisherman. I have seen him catch fish by thrusting his nose in root entanglements in the edge of a brook; sometimes he captures salmon or trout that are struggling through shallow ripples.

In summer he goes miles to berry patches and, with the berries, browses off a few inches of thorny bush; he bites off the end of a plum-tree limb and consumes it along with its leaves and fruit. Occasionally he catches a rabbit or a bird; but most of his meat is stale, with the killing of which he had nothing to do. He catches more mice than a cat; and in the realm of economic biology he should be rated as useful, for he consumes many other pests.

Bears in Winter Quarters

In the majority of cases the mother appears to wean the cubs during the first autumn of their lives. They then den up together for the first winter. In a number of cases, whenever the cubs are not weaned until the second autumn, during the first winter they are certain to den up with their mother; and the second winter the young den up together. Though eager for play brother and sister cubs do not play together after the second summer. When older than two years the playing is usually done by two bears of unequal size and age.

For a year or two a dissipated cruiser and his loyal black bear were familiar figures in the West. The pranks of the bear easily brought drinks enough to enable the cruiser to be drunk most of the time. Many times, when going to my room in the early morning, after work on a night shift, I have found the cruiser asleep in the street entrance to my lodging house. The faithful bear—Tar Baby—sat by the cruiser's side, patiently waiting for his wakening.

The black bear is—or was—found pretty well distributed over North America. His color and activities vary somewhat with the locality, this variation being due perhaps to a difference of climate and in the food supply.

Everywhere, however, he is very much the same. Wherever found he has the hibernating habit. This is most developed in the colder localities. Commonly he is fat at the close of autumn; and as a preliminary to his long winter rest he makes a temporary nest where, for a few days, he fasts and sleeps.

With his stomach completely empty he retires into hibernating quarters for the winter. The place is a nest that he digs beneath the base of a fallen tree, close to the upturned roots. The nest may be a rude cave between immense rocks or a den beneath a brush heap. Sometimes he sleeps on the bare earth or on the rocks of a cave; but he commonly claws into his den a quantity of litter or trash, then crawls into this and goes to sleep. The time of his retiring for the winter varies with the latitude; but usually all bears of the same locality retire at about the same date, early December being the most common time.

The grizzly bear is more particular in his choice of sleeping quarters and desires

HOW often mother's advice to be careful about the spending money goes "like rain off a duck's back." You must encourage the boy to *teach himself.*

One parent, with this problem, who persuaded the boy to sell ***The Saturday Evening Post*** *and* ***The Ladies' Home Journal,*** *afterwards noticed that the boy no longer came begging for money; his earnings were sufficient.*

Later the following dialogue between the boy and his younger sister was overheard:

"Tommy, got fifteen cents?"
"Uh-huh! Why?"
"Lemme it, will you? I want t' buy some paper dolls. They got some new ones down in the store window."
"Jennie, fifteen cents is a lot of money."
"Oh! pshaw, Tommy! You make a lot selling *The Post.*"
"No, I don't either. It took me half an hour yesterday to make fifteen cents."

You may talk to the average boy for hours; you may tell him that pennies saved make dollars, and that a five-dollar bill represents hours and hours of hard work, but he won't understand until he has taught himself, by earning his own spending money.

With your approval we can help your boy to learn as Tommy learned. By our plan thousands of boys are acquiring the great gift of thrift and at the same time are earning all of their own spending money. Upon request we will tell you how your boy can do it.

Sales Division, Box 815

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

By Appointment to His Royal Highness,
The American Gentleman.

LONDON LIFE
CORK TIP CIGARETTES

"Most Extraordinary"

Do they LIKE "London Life"?
DO THEY?

Ask the *thousands* of men who *were* smoking 20c and 25c cigarettes, until they tried "London Life."

Ask the *thousands* who smoked 10c and 15c cigarettes and thought they were satisfied—until they tried "London Life."

THEY'LL TELL YOU
all about

The "most extraordinary"—
The most original—
The most worth while—

cigarette ever made for His Royal Highness, The American Gentleman.

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

better protection and concealment than the black bear. When the grizzly retires it is for the entire winter; but the black bear may come forth in fair weather for a few hours and possibly for a few days. I have known them to come out in midwinter, but only for a few hours.

With the coming of spring—anywhere between the first of March and the middle of May—the bears emerge, the males commonly two or three weeks in advance. Usually they at once journey down the mountain. They eat little or nothing for the first few days. They are likely to break their fast with the tender shoots of willow, grass and sprouting roots, or a bite of bark from a pine. They dig out dozens of roots.

The cubs are born about midwinter. Commonly there are three at a birth, but the number varies from one to four. At the time of birth these tiny, helpless little bears rarely weigh more than half a pound. I suppose if they were larger their mother, on account of having to endure the hibernating fast for a month or so after their birth, would not be able to nourish them.

In May, when the cubs and their mother emerge from the dark den, the cubs are most cunning, and lively little balls of fur they are! By this time they are about the weight and size of a cottontail rabbit. In color they may be black, cinnamon or cream. As is the case with the grizzly, the color has nothing to do with the species. With the black bears, however, if a bear's fur is black his claws are also black; or if brown the claws match the color of the fur. With the grizzly the color of claws and fur often do not match.

A million stories convey the false impression that the black bear is ferocious, and also make him weigh from five hundred to one thousand pounds. The average one weighs less than three hundred and fifty pounds.

Nothing is more pathetic in the wild world than the attachment shown by the actions of the whimpering cubs over the dead body of their mother. They will struggle with utmost desperation to prevent being torn away from the mother; while she, when alive, will defend them with cunning, strength and utmost bravery. Few more interesting exhibitions of play are to be seen than that of cubs with their mother. Often, for an hour at a time, the mother lies in a lazy attitude and allows the cubs to romp all over her and maul her to their hearts' content.

Protection Needed for Bears

The black bear has a well-developed brain and may be classed among the alert animals of the wild. Its senses are amazingly developed; they seem to be ever on duty. When a possible enemy is yet a mile or so distant they receive by scent or by sound a threatening and wireless message on the moving or through the stationary air. Therefore it is almost impossible to approach closely a wild bear.

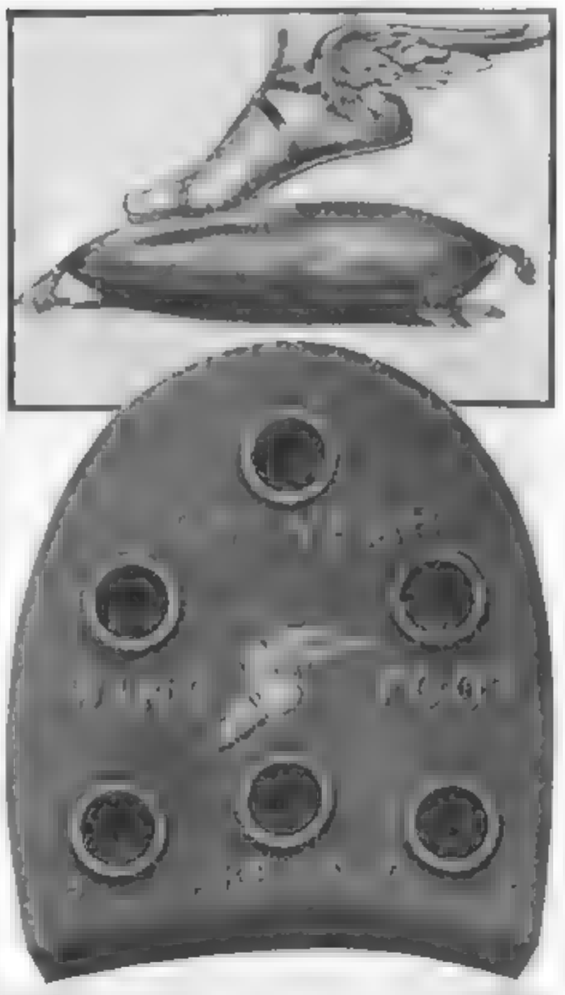
With the black bear, as with every living thing, it is a case of safety first; and this exceedingly alert animal is among the very first to appreciate a friendly locality.

Young black bears have good tempers and are playful in captivity; but if teased or annoyed they become troublesome and even dangerous with age. If thine enemy offend thee present him with a black bear cub that has been mistreated. He is an intense, high-strung animal, and if subjected to annoyances, teasing or occasional cruelty, becomes revengeful and vindictive. Sometimes he will even look for trouble, and, once in a fight, has the tenacity of a bulldog.

Though mischievous and inclined to be troublesome I do not believe black bears are dangerous if they receive kind treatment. Two bears that I raised were exceedingly good-tempered and never looked for trouble. I have known similar instances. I am inclined to conclude that with uniformly kind treatment the black bear would always have a kind disposition.

The black bear has never been protected as a game animal; through all the seasons of the year, with gun and dogs, the hunter is allowed to pursue him. It would be well, for a few years, to have a closed season on bears. As he is verging on extinction, and as he gives to the wilds much of their spirit, there ought to be a closed season to protect this rollicking fellow of the forest.

If I were asked to select the one emblematic animal that best gives and suggests the spirit and the spell of the great outdoors I should select the black bear.



Heels of Air Make Roads of Velvet

No velveted floors of castles royal offer more ease than heels of active air. For in Goodyear-Akron Wingfoot Heels the act of walking becomes a real joy.

A heel of resilient, durable rubber and famous air pillows place beneath each heel an air-velvet cushion at every step.

None of the "drag" of solid heels; but a feeling of buoyancy and youth that takes you back to barefoot days.

As superior to ordinary rubber heels, as they to solid leather heels.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Imagine the delight of compressed air beneath you as you walk. The rubber deadens the jar and jolt. The air cushions anticipate and aid each next step. Their action is positive—they save your nerves.

Price, put on, 50c a pair. Sold everywhere in all sizes, black or chocolate, for men, women, boys and girls. If your dealer is out of them send us his name and tracing of your heel, and we will see that you are supplied

Now on New Shoes

So successful have been Goodyear-Akron Wingfoots that the shoes of the following shoe manufacturers come with them already on. And quality and service must come before such endorsement.

MANUFACTURER	BRAND
Emerson Shoe Co.	"The Emerson Shoe"
E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.	"The Just Wright Shoe"
P. B. Keith Shoe Co.	"Keith's Konqueror"
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.	"Douglas Shoe"
The Excelsior Shoe Co.	
Emery & Marshall Co.	"E. & M."
Field Bros. & Gross Co.	"Walkabout"
J. H. Winchell Co.	
N. B. Thayer Shoe Co.	
E. E. Taylor Co.	
Stacy-Adams Co.	
Field-Lumbert Co.	
Foss-Packard Co.	"The Foss Shoe"
Brockton Co-operative B. & S. Co.	
Isaac Prouty & Co., Inc.	"Matchless"
The Alden, Walker & Wilde Co.	

All-Weather Tread Soles

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires.

ALADDIN'S TRIUMPH

Uncle Sam Invites You to See His Idea of a Model Home at the Exposition —and its an ALADDIN

UNCLE SAM'S Department of the Interior chose the Aladdin company to co-operate in the building of a model home at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The result is an Aladdin home which Uncle Sam invites you to inspect if you visit the great exposition. It is built by the Aladdin Readi-Cut system of construction, equipped with Aladdin plumbing and lighting fixtures and furnished with Aladdin furniture. It is in charge of one of Uncle Sam's special representatives.

Aladdin houses and the Aladdin Readi-Cut system of construction have thus scored an imperishable triumph—have taken the leading place in this the greatest exposition of modern scientific, commercial and industrial accomplishments.

But more than all else, it is a tribute to the good judgment of American home-builders who have recognized the merit of Aladdin houses and made this wonderful growth and success possible. Almost every hamlet in these United States boasts of a delighted Aladdin home-owner. Each one is proud of being a part in the success of the growing Aladdin family, proud of his home, for he knows how strong it is in every timber, how warm it is in every weather, how attractive it is, and how much better it is than he could have had for equal cost by the old home-building methods.

The complete story of Aladdin houses is found only in the Aladdin catalog, which you may have for the asking. It is probably the most interesting, *practical* story ever told of the most interesting of subjects—home-building.

In building an Aladdin home, you know in advance what all of the material costs. You know that you will receive Dollar-A-Knot Quality *at a distinct saving in cost. Aladdin Golden-Rule Service* protects you from mistakes and helps solve all your problems. It shortens the time of building and hastens the moving-in day.

If you write us today, you will receive this splendid catalog by return mail. Ask for Catalog 300.

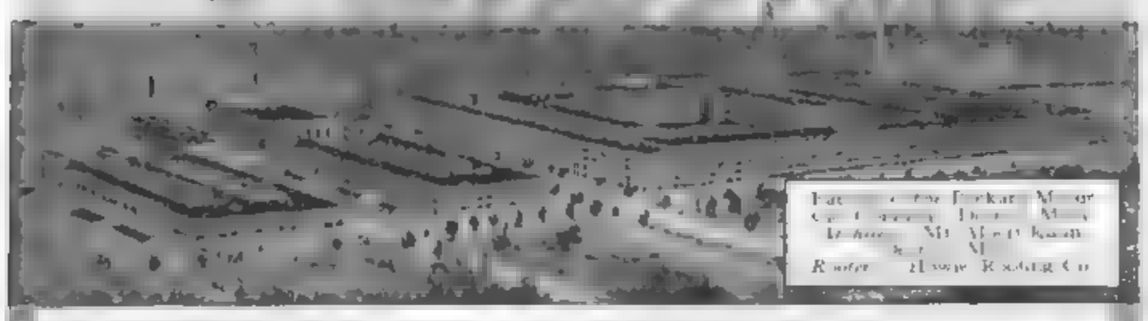
ALADDIN READI-CUT HOUSES Sold By the GOLDEN RULE

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.

"Home Builders to the Nation"

303 ALADDIN AVE. BAY CITY, MICH.

Barrett Specification Roofs



Barrett Specification Roofs on the Packard Plant

THE great Packard Automobile plant at Detroit is one of the marvels of American industry.

It consists of thirty buildings stretched out for three-quarters of a mile. It is a modern plant built on model lines by modern engineers.

It seems almost unnecessary to add that all these buildings are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

We say "unnecessary" because the use of Barrett Specification Roofs is practically universal on large modern plants.

The leading architects, engineers, and roofers of the country—those who usually are responsible for the construction of buildings of this character—*know that Barrett Specification Roofs will give longer service at lower cost than any other form of roof covering.*

A Barrett Specification Roof will last twenty or more years without costing a cent for maintenance. It takes the base rate of insurance because fire-underwriters class it as non-inflammable.

To borrow for a moment the famous Packard phrase, we say: "Ask the man who owns one."

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, mailed free on request.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
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What Next?

Faces Made to Order

TRANSPLANTING fat is the latest means by which the surgeon may be a beauty doctor and make more graceful chins or regular noses. Injections of paraffin under the skin have long been used for this purpose, but, for various reasons, trouble or unsatisfactory results may follow; so the paraffin treatment is opposed by many doctors. Occasionally it happens that the lump of paraffin becomes displaced, making the face uglier than before, and often it does not live in harmony with its neighbors under the skin. The new method of transplanting fat was explained and discussed at length at a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, with apparently favorable opinion.

Masses of fat are taken from under the skin on any part of the body, preferably the abdomen, and are then pushed into a snug nest in the flesh of the face, where the desired improvement is to be attempted. In cases where the fat is properly imbedded it seems to thrive, and does not become absorbed after a few weeks, as might be feared. The fat has even been known to grow in perfect proportion to the fattening in its neighborhood perhaps years afterward, when the patient begins to become stouter.

This transplanted fat is taken from the body of the same person whose face is to be beautified, owing to the fact that fat from another person would be less likely to give good results. Transplanting operations in general show much greater success where the patient supplies her own fat; and to some extent there is a difference in the success of transplants from a near relative and those from a nonrelated person.

Such an operation for cosmetic purposes, as the doctors say, usually is to correct some ugly appearance following a serious surgical operation or a serious accident; but, to a limited extent, surgeons undertake transplanting to correct natural defects of the features.

Learning From War

OUT of the miseries of the war are coming many new schemes for relieving suffering, some of them of practical value in peace times. Three of these are: a method of getting additional strength for more work after a day's exhausting march; a method of giving medicine where no water or spoons or other facilities are convenient, and designed primarily, of course, for doctoring in the trenches; and an apparatus for shooting antiseptics to the very depths of a wound without opening it.

All three have been put forward by men of high standing and indorsed by others who have tried them out.

The scheme for renewing strength is the oddest. The soldier who is utterly worn out by a long march and believes he cannot walk another step is directed to take off his shoes, lie on his back and raise his legs straight up in the air, leaning them perhaps against any handy wall or tree or box.

Then the soldier goes through a series of light exercises, consisting of wiggling his toes and bending his ankles and knees a little, for from five to fifteen minutes. This treatment was reported to the French Academy of Medicine, confirmed by tests conducted by members of the Academy, and approved after discussion.

This series of exercises seems to destroy joint and muscle stiffness, and its effect is credited to the temporary reduction of blood in the legs.

How a man can take medicine—particularly some distasteful drug, such as quinine—when no water is obtainable, when he is unable to swallow a tablet without some liquid chaser, or when there are no spoons or glasses for taking liquid medicine, no doctor at hand to give injections, and every man and everything covered with infected dirt, which should be avoided, is something of a problem. The doctors wish to supply officers in the trenches with a few simple remedies, such as quinine, cathartics, and perhaps morphine for emergency use; but the remedies would be worse than useless if they could not be taken easily and cleanly.

One scheme is to put medicine up in gelatin sheets, marked into squares, using each square as one dose. The gelatin tablets readily dissolve in the mouth.

Before You Build Read This Amazing Book

Many people tell us that this, our latest Catalog, is the most remarkable book of its kind ever published. Not only are they delighted at the big **cash saving and liberal credit** terms but also at the unusual **character** of Sterling Homes. For every one is a model of **beauty, comfort and convenient arrangement.**

No matter **where you live, what type of Home you want, or how much you feel disposed to invest,** you will profit by getting this book. You simply can't afford to overlook it.

Four Important Savings

First—our Price on Lumber and other Building Materials is surprisingly low. For we are actual Forest and Mill owners selling direct to the consumer.

Second—all Lumber comes **measured and cut-to-fit.** That means a tremendous saving in labor cost, which, as you know, often amounts to more than the total cost of materials.

Third—there is no waste in cutting. Whereas when lumber is bought in bulk and sawed by hand, the waste approximates 18%.

Fourth—you can be living in your Sterling Home by the time you would ordinarily have the frame work sawed and erected.

Our Credit Offer

We have done away with the customary **cash-in-full requirement.** Our customers make a reasonable cash payment and pay balance in small monthly installments. This Plan enables many a man to buy and enjoy his new Home **now** instead of waiting several years.

$414 Brings It—THE "MIRACLE"—

Fine porch – all complete – days $414
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STERLING *System Built* HOMES

Our Price includes all Lumber, Paint, all Hardware, all Paint Stain, everything from the ground up (Cellar, Porches and Plans included.) Money promptly refunded if goods are not exactly as represented.

Send For This Book

$628.80 BRINGS IT THE SENATOR

In a single day we received thousands requests for this Book, "The Famous Fifty."

and on methods of saving money.

Send now before this weekly gets misplaced. Send postal today and your book will come by return mail.

International Mill & Timber Co.
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An Idea That Grows

We have great confidence in paying our hard-earned money to the makers of Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes for men.

Their patient, thorough, scientific study of medium-priced clothes-making for nearly three-quarters of a century is a real guaranty that our customers will be satisfied.

It has made a wonderful reputation for the Clothcraft Shops and the clothes produced there.

Every year they put more real value into men's ready-to-wear clothes at $10 to $20.

Stop at the store today and let us show you the new spring models, especially No. 5130 Blue Serge at $15.00.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

[illegible]

Many of these are now being supplied to the British troops. Even this scheme has its objections; so another one is now being tried. The medicines are mixed with some harmless vehicle, such as glycerin, and a flavoring extract is added to hide any bad taste and give the mixture a good odor—and, cleverest of all, a harmless drug that will make the saliva flow freely and aid in swallowing. This preparation is put into collapsible tubes, such as are used for tooth paste and artist's colors.

No matter what the medicine is, a dose consists of a one-inch ribbon of the mixture squeezed out of the tube. Thus the officer can squeeze a dose of any medicine on the tongue of the soldier, and the soldier can swallow it readily.

The sterilization of wounds by means of electricity has been tried before, but never followed up until its great advantages were noticed recently. Antiseptics are used freely in treating wounds in this dirty war, but often it is difficult to get the antiseptics down to the roots of a wound. In such cases the wounded arm or leg, for instance, is placed in a one per cent solution of zinc chloride, which is sufficient to take the enthusiasm out of any germs it encounters.

A wire is then placed in the solution, another wire attached to a wet sponge on the patient's chest, and a current of electricity sent through the wires. The zinc chloride travels along with the electricity and follows the course of the wound, as that is the path of least resistance. In this way the antiseptic penetrates to the depths of the injury.

Many schemes are being developed for ridding clothing of vermin, as substitutes for the remedy used in peace times—simple cleanliness. Gasoline or kerosene rubbed into the seams is the favorite idea. A member of the French Academy of Medicine, however, has reported a simpler scheme, which is good during warm weather.

The soldier is directed to take off his clothing and lay it on an ant hill. The ants will soon discover the hiding places of the lice and capture them with enthusiasm.

Dollars From Dust

SAVE the useless waste! That is the new policy of progressive metal and coal mining managers in the United States; and it is based on the theory that what is useless to-day may become worth much money to-morrow. Coal screenings, for instance, must be carefully saved in piles, which will be handy for future use when inventors perfect a practical way of getting valuable heat out of them.

A Pennsylvania coal-mining company is applying the idea to the extreme. From its anthracite coal mines vast quantities of coal have been shipped to market, but millions of tons of screenings have accumulated for many years. These culm piles were considered to be worthless, and coal ashes and other refuse were dumped on them. At the present time, however, the very small sizes of anthracite, down to a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, can all be sold profitably; so the company is digging out the culm piles and sifting the old waste for salable coal.

The managers know it will not be long before even the fine dust may do good work under boilers and sell at a fair figure; therefore the new culm piles resulting from the present sifting operations have been carefully planned to be handy and in good shape for selling whenever the inventors succeed in making it profitable.

Dust from the chimneys of a copper smelter is not now of much value, as a general rule, because there is no economical way of recovering the copper, zinc, silver and gold in the dust; but great quantities of this flue-dust are collected in modern smelters, in an attempt to prevent the smelter fumes from bothering neighboring farmers. The dust is useless and gathers so fast that much money is expended in disposing of it.

A California smelter company has discovered just how much copper, gold and other metals are carried away in flue-dust. There is enough to make every ton valuable if somebody could invent an easy way to extract the metals. This company feels confident that some day an inventor will work out a satisfactory process to recover the lost values from its dust, and consequently the managers are having the useless dust saved in convenient piles, awaiting the day when they will become valuable.

[illegible] Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh. Desk lamps in this [illegible] moved after installing Alba

Good Light means Good Work

You can't expect a man to work at his best in poor light. The efficiency and health of the whole body are directly related to the eye.

The eye *needs* good light.

Unless you have the kind of light best suited to your particular business, you are wasting money, wasting efficiency and wasting employees' health. Every cent you waste comes out of your profits.

It will pay you to get good light—pay you in more work, better work, and bigger profits.

Alba Lighting Equipment helps you get Good Light

We make all kinds of globes and shades. Alba is the best. Alba softens the light from high-power tungsten lamps into agreeable, efficient illumination. Alba distributes the light to where it is needed. Alba pays for itself in the money it saves (in current) and the money it earns—more and better work.

Free Pamphlets on Good Light

Get the facts about Alba light for your home or your particular business, by sending for one or more of the Lighting Articles listed below and for a Portfolio of Individual Suggestions.

1—HOMES: Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye-strain.

2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation

4—STORES: Well-lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors

9—THEATRES: Good light is subtle, soft, restful, and cheerful. It is beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the minds of the audience

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable. Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided.

The attached coupon is for your convenience →

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Pittsburgh

[illegible] New York
St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati
Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co.
Ltd. Toronto

FOLD, TEAR OFF, FILL IN, MAIL

[illegible]

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Pittsburgh

Their First R

For months they had planned it.

It had been the subject of discussion almost every evening.

They had decided to get an automobile—*all of their own!*

So to town they finally went—prepared to buy.

Car after car was examined. They favored the Overland, but knew of others, and father was determined to get the very best for the very least money.

They saw, and were driven in them all—then—like most sensible people, they ordered—an Overland.

Next came the big initial thrill—that first ride!

It was wonderful. They all fairly beamed with joy.

Father drove—and he drove with the ease and skill of a veteran. The Overland is so simple to drive—anyone can handle it.

It required so
steering column wh
car were so simple

The long unde
such cushioned sm

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 26.

"Made in U. S. A."

The Willys-Overland Company, Toled

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

ide

little attention. The buttons on the hich started, stopped and lighted the and accessible.

rslung rear springs made it ride with oothness. There was so much solid comfort. Everything was so convenient and practical.

o, Ohio

And in that first ride father knew that he had selected *that* which had given him the greatest motor car value for the very least amount of money.

That "first ride" has shown a better life to hundreds of thousands of American families.

Possibly you have your first ride still coming. If so, see our dealer and have it in a brand-new Overland.

See him to-day. Buy an Overland and save money.

"Do it now."

Model 80—$1075
5 Passenger Touring Car

Model 81—$850
5 Passenger Touring Car

UNITED STATES		CANADA
$107	Model 80 5 Pass. Touring Car	$1[illegible]
1050—	Model 80 Roadster	1300
1600	Model [illegible]	2150
850	Model 81 5 Pass. Touring Car	1135
795	Model 81 Roadster	1065
14 5	Model 82 [illegible] Pass. Touring Car	19 5

U. S. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

A Word to
Those Learned in the Law

Right an' wrong's so close together
That those "learn-ed in the law"
Know the line that runs betwixt 'em
Ain't an easy one to draw.
Ef the co'te please, men are human;
So it can't be very far
From the judge's bench, I reckon,
To the pris'ner at the bar.
Heed the counsel of yo' pipe, Judge,
Let the kindness it imparts
Temper Justice found in law books
With mercy found in hearts.

Velvet Joe

PERHAPS you, too, turning the pages of some law book, have chanced upon the gray ashes that fell from some "studious" pipe.

Shall we say that the points of the law were seen less clearly for the smoke that arose from its well-seasoned bowl?

Shall we deny the inspiration of good tobacco its share of the credit in deciding some fine point of law?

And perchance, those ashes once were full of the friendliness that Nature puts into VELVET.

And who knows but what one of those slow-burning, fragrant pipes of VELVET gave Justice an opportunity to lift her bandage, and to brush aside a tear of human sympathy?

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, comes in

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1915

CONSIDER THE CALF

(Continued from Page 27)

"I've got some A1 cows myself," remarked Jim, dry in the throat.

And an hour later he had sold his nine thousand head at an advance of two dollars, Flannigan to take delivery.

With eighteen thousand dollars to pay his debts and operate on, he felt better and went back to New Mexico and bought seven thousand yearlings. For this venture he was able to get backing. He trailed them up into the Panhandle in the depth of cold weather, crossing the river on sanded ice, and disposed of them in small lots. His net profit was forty-three thousand dollars. After that he stopped speculating and bought a ranch of his own. Today he is worth easily half a million and has become a strong conservative.

Opportunities like that seldom offer now, because the cattle industry has been put on a stable basis. It is thoroughly organized, like any other business, and no such wide margins of profit are open to the plunger. Today, by range feeding and watchful care, a cowman can figure accurately what the outlook is from season to season.

The business today simply won't permit of the old slipshod methods. The high-handed, reckless extravagance of the cattle baron is gone, driven out. That cowmen are still grossly careless and prodigal cannot be denied. No other industry—not even excepting agriculture or cotton raising—has produced such wasteful methods. However, they are improving all the time, and the successful cattle raiser today keeps as close an eye on the details of his business as the manager of a store.

Absent-Minded Bill

Speaking of careless methods reminds me of what happened when a prosperous firm of Texas cowmen dissolved partnership in 1908.

"Bill," said one, "I've just been to the bank and we are short sixteen thousand dollars of what we figured."

A shade of anxiety crossed his partner's face.

"Is that so? Gee, that's running into money. Where has it gone to?"

They sifted the mystery for several hours. Although doing a million-dollar business annually, the two kept only brief memoranda, carrying everything "in their heads." Nothing developed to account for the shortage.

Next they went over their deposits with the cashier of the bank.

"Bill," came the query at the end of a harrowing hour, "what did you ever do with that check for those heifers?"

Bill was plainly nonplused. "Why," said he, "didn't I bank that?"

A scrutiny of their account showed that he had not. What, then, had become of it? Neither could remember the check beyond its receipt when the heifers were turned over to the buyer. They hunted for three days. At the end of that time it was discovered in the hip pocket of an old pair of overalls Bill had left in the chuckwagon after the roundup. Sixteen thousand dollars had been wandering round for two months in the bedding of one of the cowboys, who used the overalls for a pillow. Yet there is no better cowman in America than Bill, and he has made a comfortable fortune. What he might have done if gifted with a capacity for close management cannot be computed, for the law of compensation might then have operated to rob him of the courage and resourcefulness that made his success.

About a week ago an inquiry reached me as to what the difference is between the price the butcher pays for a carcass and his total receipts from it. That is like guessing how old is Ann. Every time a roar goes up about meat people ask that, and it is impossible of computation, because the percentage will vary with rent, delivery to customers, and purely local conditions.

Yet a second query suggests itself: Did you ever see a butcher accumulate great wealth? When he does he is the sort of individual who would succeed at picking cotton. The butcher's margin of profit is small. An inquiry into what the packer's profit is does not fall within the scope of this article. But just here it seems opportune to observe that no organization on earth seems capable of doing its work more efficiently than that of the packers. Individuals and companies and municipalities have tried to compete and failed. The process of turning out beef for the public cannot be done better or by more economical methods. The packers have reduced it to an exact science.

Take municipal ventures. The first municipal abattoir and reduction plant to be established in the United States is located at Paris, Texas. It was designed primarily for city service, and no effort is made to pickle or cure meat. The city simply undertakes the performance of inspection service, the actual slaughtering, cold storage and delivery to the meat cutter. The title of the product remains in the butcher all the way, from the time the livestock stand in the pen until they are delivered in the shop, ready for sale.

"There is no saving to the people in prices," said Mayor McCuistion. "Our plant was built in the interest of wholesome meat, and we get it. The question of revenue is not an issue. Our schools produce no revenue; but we cannot do without them.

"Later I expect to see the abattoir do more than serve the butcher shops, for we will soon have completed improvements that will equip the plant to render every service now performed by the packing houses. We will notify the farmers to bring their livestock to us and we will kill and cure, instead of their continuing the primitive methods of slaughtering animals on the farm in the winter season only. Throughout the country generally livestock can be killed and cured on the farm only during the winter months, and even then the uncertainty of temperature in the South entails big loss. You can readily see what an economy could be effected—hogs ready for slaughter in June or July would not have to be kept and fed until the weather was right.

"Finally, our plant will encourage the raising of stock sufficient to produce the meat for home use on every farm in this section. Farmers have been raising cotton and grain to the exclusion of everything else, buying the necessities for their tables. The municipal abattoir will enable them to raise their meat at home and save money."

The Day of Cheaper Cuts

As for municipal abattoirs reducing the price to the consumer, he thinks the only way that could be brought about would be for the various municipalities to buy the stock on foot, slaughter and sell to the butchers, or go into the market business themselves.

It is obvious that such an undertaking would be too complex to warrant hope of success. And there is no denying that a municipally operated plant could not perform all the service of a packing house as cheaply as the packers. Nor is it conceivable that any reduction they might bring about in beef prices would offset the expense of their upkeep to the public.

All our milling round in search of a key to cheaper beef must end with the calf and cheaper cuts. Cheaper cuts! Let that sink in. Time was when practically all Americans demanded only the best cuts. The housewife and her Old Man seemed unaware of the existence of any but sirloin and porterhouse, and no matter what their circumstances they had to have meat of the best quality on their table. Two dollars in the treasury and forty of debts, but when it came to steak their order was invariably "A good sirloin."

And eat less meat? Perish the thought! That might do very well for benighted foreigners, but the American stomach demanded flesh. Such was our attitude until a few hard setbacks sobered us somewhat.

Of course that form of extravagance was reprehensible, against common sense and the first principles of thrift. Yet somehow one finds it hard to condemn it, for the spirit of "Nothing's too good for me" is so typical of America. As a national failing it gets us into trouble at times, but to precisely that spirit we owe the motive power for our unparalleled achievements. They are more prudent in Europe, and the people eat and dress according to their purses and their station in life; but on the other hand they believe over there that the Lord created certain families to be superior to and apart from the rest of humanity.

The trend recently has been toward a lower consumption of meat and cheaper cuts.

"So you got your fire-insurance policy?"

"Yes, in the Hartford, as you advised."

"That's good. Now I suppose you'll never think about fire again."

"Why should I?"

"You don't *want* to have a fire, do you?"

"I should say not!"

"Well, don't you know that the Hartford not only insures you against fire, but also helps you prevent it?"

"The agent started to say something about that, but I was in a hurry and—"

"You'd better go back and hear what he has to say. It's worth listening to. The Hartford is making a campaign for fire prevention. Their experts will investigate any proposition a Hartford policy-holder puts up to them and advise the best means of fire prevention."

"You don't say! Well, I want to know more about that."

"Then talk to the agent or write to Hartford for their booklet, 'Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention.' It's mighty interesting."

"Thanks. I will."

Perhaps *you* would like to read this booklet. The coupon will bring it.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Conn.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
P-4 Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

They are just as nutritious; well cooked, they are as palatable; and they mean a forty per cent lop off the meat bill. Where butchers used to have shanks left hanging on the hook they now have loins. Uncle Sam is learning.

However, population grows swiftly. There is bound to be a heavy influx from Europe when the captains and the kings have finished their work, and our herds must be increased to keep pace with swelling demands. So our best bet after all is the calf.

In 1910 the Arizona border country was blighted by drought. Thousands of cattle lay down to die. One day I found a tiny calf in the Ajos, bawling above its dead mother, and took him up on my horse and carried him across the saddle to the ranch. Arrived there, he began to paw with his front feet against the horse's neck and I was thrown about five yards, the calf alighting on top. We put him on a milch cow and he grew lustily.

"Shucks," said the disgusted cook, who was assigned to look after him, "all that work for a ornery calf! He ain't worth it."

But every time I eat a steak nowadays I am moved to think he was.

Heating With Fans

ELECTRIC fans—the same little electric fans that are such a comfort on a muggy day in summer—are now having a cold-weather use as emergency heaters on excessively cold days in winter. The idea is to put a sort of forced draft on the heating system and make it do extra work. In a house heated by steam or hot-water radiators, for instance, the electric fan is placed on the floor and its blow is directed on the radiator.

The effect is the same as increasing the size of the radiator, for the heated air is rapidly displaced with colder air and the heat snaked out of the radiator at top speed. It means keeping the furnace fire hotter than usual, for it is a forced-draft proposition all round; but it has a real value for emergencies.

To some extent the same effect can be obtained with a hot-air heating system by putting the fan where it will blow air faster into the cold-air intake of the furnace.

Secrets of Health

WHENEVER any group of people living in one locality, or engaged in one occupation, show unusually good health or unusually bad health, doctors are keenly interested; because if the cause can be discovered there may be secrets disclosed that will aid in the world effort to increase the span of life.

Professor Metchnikoff's studies of the longevity of certain groups of Bulgarian peasants have been of great practical value to physicians everywhere; and the study of beriberi among Orientals has disclosed the dangers of too-limited diet, deficient in some essentials of food, which had never before been definitely understood. The excessive meat diet of the Eskimos has come in for study; while a recent Scotch investigation, which has attracted wide attention, was based on the apparent greater prevalence of cancer among Scotch people who lived in districts where coal is burned.

The officers of the American Navy have been pointed out as a remarkably healthful class by Dr. L. L. Von Wedekind, commanding the Hospital Ship Solace; and he has advanced as the explanation, the fact that these officers drink distilled water when on sea duty. The health records of the navy show that the officers are remarkably free from old-age or premature old-age troubles.

Blood-pressure tests show such fine figures among the officers that Doctor Von Wedekind declares navy officers to be youths at sixty-five years. Blood pressure increases with advancing age, and high blood pressure for one's years indicates abnormal conditions, though not necessarily serious conditions.

The navy officers give figures rather under the normal. Hardening of the arteries, the old-age disease, is markedly absent in the navy; and in 1913 there was only one death from apoplexy among all the officers.

On board navy vessels distilled water is used almost exclusively, and Doctor Von Wedekind's studies have convinced him that this is the explanation.

Wouldn't You Like To Be With Them?

ANYWHERE along the byways and highways, far out into the open country which invites the red-blooded, freedom-seeking man, you will find the invigorating, joy-giving 1915

Indian Motocycle

Once you own an Indian, the spirit of life tingles in your veins—the exhilaration of power thrills you—the world lies before you to explore. The joys of touring are yours.

Beyond the hills lie the long, sloping valley, the broad plains, the mountain retreats, the winding ribbon of the challenging road. The rhythmic purr of the Indian engine bespeaks unlimited power, speed, endurance. The gentle resiliency of the famous *Cradle Spring Frame* imparts a comfort, ease, luxury and buoyancy that knows no parallel.

Responding to your every touch, the Indian goes where you will with that mechanical ease and precision that have given it, for over 14 years, *popular international preference.*

Indian Holds World's Economy Record

H. Cameron, riding a 7 H.P. stock Indian Twin, covered 91.2 miles on half a gallon of gasoline on Feb. 17 at Sacramento, under F. A. M. sanction.

2,800 Indian dealers—everywhere assure overnight service—anywhere.

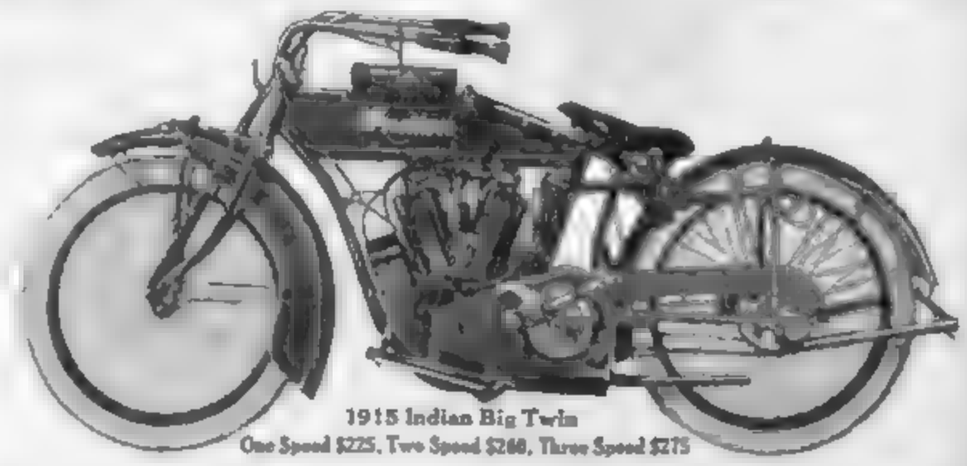
Beautiful 1915 Catalog on request.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

701 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

Branches and Service Stations: San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, Chicago, Toronto, Minneapolis, London, Kansas City, Melbourne



1915 Indian Big Twin
One Speed $225. Two Speed $260. Three Speed $275

The fullest measure of motorcycle advancement is summed up in these Nine Big 1915 Indian Innovations:

Lightweight Model	*Gear Shifting Lever*	*Dual Clutch Control*
Heavy Duty Clutch	*Three-Speed Gear*	*New Magneto*
Neutral Countershaft	*New Indian Starter*	*Vanadium Steel Construction*

Who Rides in a Five Motor

Who rides in the other four or six seats of a five or seven passenger touring car?

Mother, son, daughter and friends.

Could you guess it from most of the automobile advertising you see?

No, it talks to one person only—the owner.

It talks stroke and bore, gear and transmission, fours and sixes—an intricate maze of automobile technicalities.

To mother and daughter—with few exceptions—it all means nothing except the "bore"—they get that all right!

And confidentially many fathers and sons tell us that it doesn't mean as much to them as the automobile manufacturer seems to think it does.

The idea of *this* appeal is just to talk humanly and in plain English about the Chalmers motor car, and to address the appeal to the entire family—to everyone who is to ride in the car which you buy—why not?

Now, mother, let us start with you. In the first place, you want a car that is *safe*, one that you know puts your children and friends beyond the possibility of danger—in so far as construction and strength can do it. Is this not so?

Next, you want a car in which you can ride comfortably; then one whose beauty and reputation give it standing with your friends and make you happy and proud.

Now, daughter, how about you?

You not only want a car that is beautiful, but one that is smart and modern, and that appeals strongly to your young girl and young men friends.

You want it to be able to go a bit faster than mother might demand (if necessary)—and you would be glad to know that it was simple enough to run yourself if you should want to.

And son, what for you? Speed possibilities, though that doesn't mean that you are going to use it as a racer.

But you would like to know that it *can* go 60 or 70 miles an hour if it has to.

Then you want one simple enough that you can "fool with it" yourself.

Chalmers

Detroit,

or Seven Passenger Car?

You like to work on the inside of a car, and it is a mighty profitable thing for you to do.

The smaller children just want a car to "go riding in" in comfort, and one that isn't waiting by the roadside for repairs.

And, father, lord of the household, holder of the purse string, what for you?

We know that you want mother satisfied and daughter too, and you are glad to have son pleased if he doesn't indulge in scorching foolishness.

And if he learns to repair and run the car properly it will help keep down the upkeep cost.

Whether you know much about a car or little, you know that the matter of upkeep is the serious thing about a motor car, and not the "first cost."

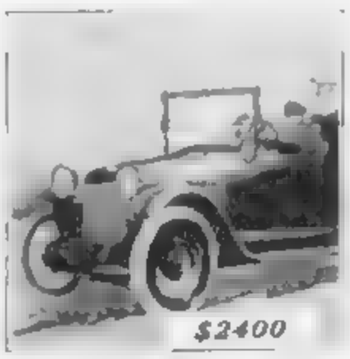
Too light cars that save a few dollars in a season on gasoline and oil, might cost several hundred in repairs.

Too heavy cars that cost nothing for repairs might "eat up" tires, gasoline and oil.

Mr. Chalmers personally recommends our "Light Six" car at $1650 as the most economical car on the market today in its class.

We also make a "New Six" at $1400 and a "Master Six" at $2400, which give you all the range you *need* to buy the very best motor car that you can get, from the standpoint of beauty, construction, safety and power.

And, we believe, much more economical to run than *any of them*.



It is not the purpose of this advertisement to give technical specifications and descriptions of these cars.

The only way to decide which car you prefer is to see them all.

We wish we could show you through the Chalmers factory, for we have never failed to sell anyone who has seen the Chalmers made.

But if this is not possible the only way we can show you the Chalmers is at your nearest Chalmers dealer's.

He will be glad to show you the Chalmers and tell you all you may want to know about it, or we will be glad to send you complete descriptive literature on request.

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO. DETROIT · MICH. U.S.A.

Quality First

Motor Company Mich. U.S.A.

No Dirt-No Muss

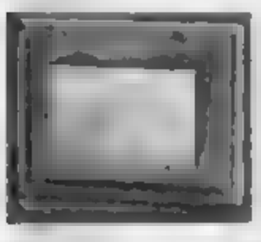
Don't let the careless coal man disfigure your house and walk and ruin your lawn every time he delivers coal.

Avoid the dirt and muss of the coal man's visit. Do like thousands of particular home lovers have done. In the space your cellar coal window occupies put a

Majestic Coal Chute

Easily Installed in any house

Then you will be secure from the unsightly coal window, with the sill and lawn littered up with coal dust and stray lumps. The Majestic is built stronger than necessary. It will outlast the building.



It has a heavy steel body—cast-iron door frame and boiler plate hopper. When open the hopper comes out automatically, catching all the coal. None is scattered over the grounds and wasted. When [illegible] to the basement. It looks from the inside and is absolutely burglar proof

Architects and Contractors recommend them. Do not get any more coal until you put one in your home. If you are about to build, arrange for a Majestic when [illegible] is constructed. Send coupon for catalog

The Majestic Co.

511 Erie St. Huntington, Ind.

The Galt Stove and Furnace Co., Galt, Ont., Can.

Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver

[illegible]

Write for Free Book

Send This Coupon

THE MAJESTIC CO., 511 Erie St., HUNTINGTON, IND.

Send me catalogs of Majestic Coal Chute and Garbage Receiver.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

RUSSIA'S STAKE IN THE WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

The court was largely German, as an incident happening early in the war showed. The Czar went to the front three months after war was declared, taking his retinue with him. Somebody in the city of Vilna inquired of a neighbor in an assemblage:

"Who is the third gentleman on the left of His Majesty?"

"Baron Osten-Sacken, Master of the Horse."

"And who is the gentleman at his side?"

"Count Manteufel, Master of the Hunt. And the others are Count Fredericks, Marshal of the Court; Baron Korff, Master of Ceremonies, and Baron von Korning, Chief Aide-de-Camp."

"Why," exclaimed the astonished onlooker, "the Czar has all the German prisoners with him!"

They were the people who had constituted the court and spread their Teutonic influence over it through many years. Through the country their predominance was no less obvious. They were put in frequently as overseers of large estates; and they compelled the peasant to do that which went against his grain more than anything else—which was to work.

Under the iron discipline of the German the peasant was made to observe something like regular hours for toil, and he got little for the sacrifice. With his very great native keenness he observed in an objective way the German exerting his authority over him; and, with his native absence of initiative, he allowed the German to collect the fruits of that exertion. The Russian landlord engaged them as overseers because they could get more work out of the peasants than he himself could command.

Russia's Dream Coming True

When the Germans themselves owned ground they secured peasant service at an extremely low wage. While traveling through the country, even I could observe mute evidence of the difference in the racial capabilities. In the same town, property owned by Germans was terraced, curbed, hedged, and decorated with formal flower gardens. Across the street the land of the Russian straggled with bright-colored flowers growing among weeds. The ground sagged, curbless, toward the road, and the houses were not distinguished by a marked aspect of cleanness.

"We say to those peasants sometimes," said an Englishman in my railroad compartment: "'Why don't you fix your places up too?' But they shrug their shoulders and walk away with the childlike, ingratiating smile they have."

Still, the peasant, in his shrewdness, watched the German get the better of him; and though his Slavic nature did not take action against the situation, it registered a hurt and smoldering resentment against the Teutonic efficiency. The Russian is as slow as the forces of Nature; and yet occasionally he strikes a red-hot blow. I knew before the Frenchman told me how the country would feel about that proposition of the English.

"Russia can deal single-handed with Germany," the narrator continued.

That is what the minister said to the English guest and that is what he may have thought, though the Frenchman and I both doubted it. Skill and efficiency can hold out against a great many hordes of determined but haphazard fighters from the Caucasus and the coal regions and the Black Sea and Siberia. At any rate, the member of the government of Russia did not spurn an offer from England; so he exercised his native diplomatic faculty of appearing as though it were a matter of no very great consequence to him.

"What would Russia regard as a sufficient—a just—token of friendship?" the English statesman inquired tentatively.

"Russia," answered the Russian, "would be pleased to have an open port." He said this as though it were a brand-new sentiment never expressed in history before. "Russia would like to be left undisturbed by the West to secure her just reward of conquest; to command that which she has a right to command; to take that which she has twice won—Constantinople and the Dardanelles."

The Englishman bowed slightly, as though he were receiving a compliment. They involuntarily began to move away from the picture of old Peter the Great beforewhich they had unconsciously paused. The movement he had started centuries before seemed about to be consummated then. That, however, was seven years ago. All of the intervening time Russia had been waiting, with her stately patience, and England had been able to maintain her prestige without a struggle. The Frenchman said that the compact was further solemnized by some additional verbal pledges at a subsequent meeting with the English diplomatist.

My informant belongs, of course, to a nation noted for its dramatic sense. I offer the conversation for what it is worth—a contribution of something that will perhaps never go into the recorded history of the world, a bit of narrative which may not be authentic in all details, and yet something that I, who have the silent and intangible confirmation of background, believe, in the main. So many other things told to me by this friend of diplomatists are now leaking out in one-line dispatches that I am coming to take his observations as the true word.

The last person to interview for the truth is a diplomat. You get his name and no information. Talk to his best friend and you get the truth if he can trust you to withhold his name. It is a wonderful thing to see history in the making and to observe how different it is from what it is recorded to be.

I have cited sufficient evidence of England's success in keeping Russia from the sea. To get into the country I had been obliged to go almost to the north pole. The purser on that trip told me of a time when my very boat had once stuck in the river on its way into the port of Petrograd. Libau was at the moment of our conversation as tight shut as the vodka shops, with the German fleet sitting in the outer vestibule. The little war vessels and tugs of Denmark were bustling about the blue bay, as busy and as quarrelsome-looking as housewives on a Monday morning.

"All this," I said reflectively, "makes pleasant traveling for a reporter. I thought the passion of England was to keep Russia from acquiring a seaport that one can get into without passing through something under the absolute control of somebody else."

"She hasn't been so particular for a number of years. She has known she would have to fight for her life against Germany."

"Then England really egged on Russia to fight?"

"That's what my friend, Count Witte, says. He has narrow eyes. One day we were talking about something, and he said suddenly in a confidential voice: 'What do you think of this war?' I said: 'Why, I don't know. What do you think?' 'Do you believe there is anything in it for Russia?' said Witte. 'I don't. I believe this is England's war. They incited Russia to it. In ten years Russia will be fighting England.'"

I felt, at the time, that the remark sounded far-fetched and doubted it, just as I doubted that the Czar had asked the Kaiser to refer their differences to The Hague. Just the other day, however, word reached here that the British Ambassador, at a public banquet in Petrograd, had taken occasion to defend his country against a campaign, openly carried on in Odessa, Moscow and the capital, to break the alliance of the Czar and King George. The man named as chief conspirator was Count Witte. It made me wonder whether, some day, the facts of our long conversation would begin to be rumored also.

Through War to Liberty

The point of it all, however, was the implication that Russia was instigated to fight, as opposed to my deep-seated feeling that she wished to do so. The feeling did not come from any contagion of impression caught from the peasant walking heroically out to die.

In Russia, moreover, a human motive seems to be at the heart of the disaster. From the mouths of diplomats you would never get a statement of anything except their affection for their little sister, Servia. The Prime Minister had a few remarks to make about this.

I began interviewing workmen in the shops and asked scores of them, through an interpreter: "Why do you men go to fight?" They returned but one answer.

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It had to do with the Russo-Japanese War and the fact that a revolution followed it, in which they got greater constitutional rights. The Duma was the basic word in every answer. Their legislative body was, to them, the final result of the war preceding, and they felt that the present strife would bring greater power to them.

There had been popular uprisings preceding the mobilization in August, and labor unions had been forming with revolutionary intent. Report has it that never in the history of Russia had the autocracy been so close to tottering. German leaders, according to some, instigated the democratic movement. At any rate, the workingmen of Russia think they are fighting to further it, and the government is frantically seizing the opportunity to reinstate itself.

Russia's subtle intrigue of centuries came to a dénouement in July, when the Archduke was murdered. Shops in Petrograd were idle, while the workmen were on strike, tearing up the stones in the streets. Russia has a strong feeling for her Slavic kinspeople; but, while protecting those in Servia with one hand, she wrote frantically to her ambassador in Paris. Word came that France would fight; Russia remembered her seven-year-old agreement with England, and she knew that, at worst, England did not dare oppose the Czar.

Here was another chance at the sea, and Russia, for the first time in the effort, was backed by the nations that had always opposed her. Most of all, however, there was the opportunity to force popular attention on an outside foe. Nothing would so quickly quell the internal unrest as a foreign menace. The war party hired rooters to march through the streets of Moscow, clamoring to fight. The long patience of Russia was flaming into enthusiasm. She was about to strike one of her red-hot blows.

The Czar's Efforts for Peace

The Czar and his throne were to be the chief beneficiaries; but the emperor has always been a man for peace. Whether he did not see his advantage or hesitated to take it, he is known to have written the Kaiser suggesting The Hague Tribunal as a referee, even after his ministers had written warlike messages and troops had been mobilized. His wish did not prevail. A bridge was blown up. The troops of the empire crossed the frontier. The war began and the Czar went to the front. Sickened by the scenes there and feverish from the stress of living always in the shadow of his German wife's misery, this man—whom his Prime Minister calls "the most obstinate person in Russia"—said he was going to stop the war.

Some peace measures were drawn up thereafter, and of these the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch heard. He was at the front in Poland, but he thought it worth while to leave the command and hurry to Petrograd. He is the second cousin of the Czar and he belongs to a collateral branch of the Romanoff house. The little Czarevitch is all that stands between him and the succession to the throne. He burst into the Winter Palace and, without the assistance of the wild-eyed attendants, made for the Czar.

"There can be no such thing as peace," he said categorically. "Attempt to establish it and the army goes with me. I control it, and in three weeks I shall be Czar."

The Emperor enjoys his position and is reactionary at heart. His great ambition is the succession of his little son. If he did not see it before, he realized then that his decreasing power could be resuscitated by concentration of the people on an outside foe. Before the war broke out it was not safe for the Czar to go into the streets. Now he may walk abroad and receive nothing but adulation from his subjects. A drowning man grasps at any straw, and so with a sinking autocracy.

With all the years of finessing in the Balkans, and in Persia, India and Turkey, the immediate motive, as ever in a great crisis, was simple. Let Russia win, and she thought her autocracy would be stronger than in the days of its strength. But the workingman thinks not. He says, let Russia win, and it will mean more rights for him. He will then be in a position to command. One of the large questions is: Which of them knows what he is talking about—the autocracy or the workingman? The answer will be heard round the world.

After making a tour of more than a score of workshops I have a perfectly secure feeling as to what the answer will be.

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Dr. Wiley says:

"Neglected Teeth are more dangerous than smallpox."

See Good Housekeeping—March, 1915—p. 324.

Dr. Osler says:

"Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth—there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene."

See Dental Hygiene—p. 3.

Dr. Richard Grady (Dental Surgeon at U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis) says:

"The tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise."

See Dental Hygiene—p. 5.

The N. Y. Sun says:

"Teeth bad—boy bad."

Interview with Mr. C. D. HILLES, formerly Sec'y to President Taft and now President N. Y. Juvenile Association. July 8, 1914.

The N. Y. Times says:

"Bad teeth are playing havoc with the troops. No soldier is any better than his teeth." December 20, 1914.

Care for your teeth with Colgate's—the delicious, efficient dentifrice.

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The democratic spirit is spreading over that one-seventh of the earth's surface which happens to be governed by an autocracy. One day, after this cruel war is over, the fur is going to fly in Russia. That is the time when the real, the world significance of the war will manifest itself. Little groups of diplomats make their little intrigues by which one group of people, slightly yellower and fairer in type than another, is prohibited from the control of the sea bordering on its own land. Statesmen pledge their Western men and women, according to the habits of diplomats, to do something or other in Persia, and to let a government have something else in the Balkans if that government will promise, on demand, to send its men thousands of miles to die in defense of the other nation's coaling station. Meantime the men who are to be sacrificed do not know that such a compact exists.

Governments can rear their toy edifices for a brief period in the flow of time. They can push back what they call a group of barbarians into a given area, and give, as a perfectly good reason for killing millions of men, the fact that a certain Teutonic race cannot be surrounded by Slavs.

The Hope of the Peasant

An editor once said to me that it was profitable at times to send women on interviews because they thought of such fool questions. When interviewing a German official in Berlin recently I had the pleasure of springing one of these. He gave as a reason for the war the fact that Germany could not be surrounded by Slavic states; and I said: "Why?" He answered with a patronizing gesture that deprecated my absence of intelligence; but I still do not know why this is impossible. What is a Slav, and why must not one of another race marry him?

I can think of some very charming attributes that might result from the union of Slavic and Teutonic blood. In a racial amalgamation of Slav and Anglo-Saxon I can conceive that to the Anglo-Saxon might go some of the advantages. In my long and difficult tour I found no reason why the races are restricted by imaginary boundaries, and only their gold is international. It is a diplomatist-made world over there in Europe. Still, in the long run, the significance of this war is not going to be dictated by the Archduke, but by Ivan Ivanovitch and by his neighbor, Michael Narodny.

What does it mean to them? That is the question which will shake the world. What are they in it for and what underlying principle got them there? They are not fighting for an open port—they do not need one. They do not give their lives because Belgium has been invaded—they do not know a word about it. They are not fighting for a constitution—they could not use one.

The way their attention was enlisted was through the priest. When the autocracy decided to go to war it got in touch with its churches. From every pulpit in the empire issued the word that Russia had been invaded and the Little Father threatened. Michael Narodny and his friends were, at that time, pretty consistently drunk, with sober intervals only during service on Sundays. They caught the statement, with its further message that they were to come round the next day to enlist in a Holy War for which they would receive the blessing of the priest.

In a passion of religious enthusiasm Michael went to the market place, where he mobilized with his neighbors and received the blessing. A few hours later they were all on board a train for a concentration camp. Those of Michael's neighbors who escaped the message in church heard of it in the market place, where the priest stood ringing the bell of summons. Those beyond its reach heard of it through the afternoon tour of the priest, which he made on a furry pony, with his long hair hanging below his round hat.

Day after day little groups congregated round the priest and his bell on the public square. Evening after evening these little groups departed from their villages, never to return. They went in brand-new, clay-colored, long-skirted uniforms and with the blessing of the priest. They went to defend their emperor, who was the head of the church; and on such an errand, with such a sanction, it was a benefaction to die.

Secure of a just, heavenly reward, they marched into those trenches and stretched themselves in their clay-colored uniforms on the clay-colored ground. Once in those trenches no German soldier-craft can get them out. Many of them will lie there until the Judgment Day. They fought and died for their highest spiritual conviction and, therefore, in a more exalted attitude of mind than the diplomatists who made the situation that sent them to the front.

Only one temporal consideration influenced the peasant's point of view: he heard that he would be richer after this war. Riches, to him, are computable only in terms of land. He is so very inefficient and gets so little out of his farm that he can see himself wealthy only in the possession of a great deal of property. His reward for fighting, in his own interpretation, would, therefore, be more land.

Ivan and Michael know so little about the conduct of national movements that they think they are actually to receive the plot of ground on which they fight. Sometimes, in displeasure, they pick up a piece of the soil and examine it, with the exclamation: "Why do we fight here? We don't want a farm on this ground."

That is the point of view in which Ivan is fighting, which you will readily see is mistaken, but not quite so badly mistaken as the diplomatists'. Count Witte, one of the greatest spokesmen of Ivan's nation, says that Ivan and his people have nothing to get out of this war. Count Witte, in this remark, places himself in the set of statesmen who think in terms of coaling stations, and India, and the Dardanelles; for, as a matter of fact, anyone passing hastily through Russia sees that Ivan gains a great deal. First of all, he will get a certain enlightenment and command over his own mental processes.

When the War Is Over

For the autocratic government to maintain its authority, it had to make the greatest concession of its long rule. It is fighting to preserve its power, which was nearly in the death throes. Still, in order to control its subjects through long centuries, it has been accused of keeping them drunk, because, as has been said, that is the only way an autocratic power can preserve its autocracy. To make it possible for the country to win against an outside foe, however, it has been obliged to make its subjects sober. In the stress of this great emergency it has closed its vodka shops and, with that action, has conceded its most basic power over its subjects.

Ivan and Michael, in sobriety and in the self-respect that comes with new, clean costumes, are traveling. They are in full possession of their faculties, and they are seeing their own country for the first time. They are going to the capital to drill in front of the church; and they are coming back, wounded, to visit the opera and the art galleries.

They are, as a matter of fact, having the time of their lives in this war, with higher wages, greater sobriety and education than their fathers have enjoyed for nine hundred years past. That is what this war means to them. They have lived in a harsh p that makes dying in the trenches seem easy. Those of Ivan's and Michael's kinsmen who are not slain are going to assert the authority of this education and experience later on. They are never again going to be so drunken and so ignorant as they were.

The strides of the Russian people after the Japanese War were as marking time beside the pace they will assume at the close of this one. They will take the first steps in that upward climb which will place them on the mountain tops of understanding when the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon are dozing in the comfortable dreams of age.

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BLUE MOTORS

(Continued from Page 12)

The door closed quiveringly. Henry Trindel tottered to his chair again and, whining soundlessly, buried his face in his arms for a moment. What damnable impulse had prompted him to do this thing he would never know to his dying day; but it had happened! Bland & Brackett, Inc., had been looted by him and—to what extent? He slid from his chair and thrust weak, insensate fingers into B-3. He leaned against the vault and counted as he had never counted before; and when the notes dropped back, at least a little color was in his cheeks again.

After all, it was only five hundred dollars he had stolen in that insane half-minute. He could make it up by selling his lonely share if that could be accomplished quickly enough and naturally enough. He closed B-3 and stumbled to the wash basin behind the screen; and when he had plunged his face into cold water and rubbed it violently and combed his hair, he bore some resemblance to his normal self. He studied his reflection in the mirror and drew on his last grain of self-control; so that it was with almost his usual smile he walked into Brackett's office and found that gentleman about to leave for luncheon.

"Mr. Brackett," said Henry Trindel, "I'm a little pressed for extra cash just now, and I should appreciate it very much if I might sell back my share of the firm's stock at to-day's quotation on the Curb—and buy it again a little later."

Brackett paused and frowned faintly.

"I'd rather have you hang on to that, Henry, and make yourself an advance on your salary."

"I have never yet drawn a penny in advance, sir, and I'd prefer not to begin now," said Henry Trindel, reverting, with an involuntary shudder, to habitual virtue.

"Well, Henry ——" began Brackett; and then, glancing at the clock, he shrugged his shoulders impatiently and reached for his cane. "Go ahead then. Draw a check to yourself and let Narkum enter the sale. I suppose we'll have to comply with the law by assigning you another; but ——"

He had moved from Henry's sight and hearing. Henry Trindel went into his own office; and as he regained his desk he turned sick for a moment—in the street below sounded the familiar notes of the fancy horn on Brackett's new blue car.

But, at least, it was all right! He made his plans quickly and executed them even in the making. For weeks that share had been worth a little over nine hundred and eighty dollars; he drew the check for the even sum and was slapping on his hat before the ink was dry. He would rush to the bank now, waiting for nothing, taking no chances. He did; and the bank gave Henry Trindel his money. He raced back to the office like a man pursued by demons, jarring larger citizens with his small bulk, elbowing helpless women aside, lunging wildly into his private realm once more, with streams of perspiration on his ruby countenance—a being distraught, almost penniless now, but saved!

He had even taken the precaution to draw plenty of fifty-dollar notes. He stripped off ten of them and thrust them with the others into B-3. Then, weak, giddy, unaware that he had missed his midday meal for the first time in fifteen years, Henry Trindel flopped dizzily into his chair and registered a vow in a croaking undertone: Never again, while the world endured, should Gilda's desires influence his own sound judgment! His foot had slipped—for thirty seconds he had dabbled in crime; but that was done—forever!

Toward half past two a queer notion came to Henry Trindel and stopped his pen. What if the young man were honest? What if he did win? What if he should come back here and say —— Henry Trindel's bitter, savage laugh startled the outer office at that point. A poor whisky-soaked lout had rushed in, conveyed the suggestion of getting money dishonestly and vanished again. To the end of time Henry Trindel would never see him again; and, if it came to that, the last person Henry Trindel desired to see was this same young man—for he might tell. Far from the remote chance of winning money he faced the splendid chance of losing his reason if a thing like this could happen to him! Henry Trindel picked up his pen and sighed heavily—and the door opened and the nameless cause of all the trouble stood before him once more!

Now it is odd, indeed—but, before he had quite recognized the person, Henry Trindel's eye had lighted on the huge bulge in the man's inner coat pocket. He rose with a jerk; insane hope whizzed through him; hot anger followed it and chased it out of existence; and in about the third second, when shame had followed anger, the stranger's hand was on Henry Trindel's sleeve again and he was saying:

"Mr.—Mr. Trindel, we cleaned 'em up! You 'n' me—we cleaned 'em up!"

"You—you ——" Henry Trindel said brightly.

The stranger fished into his pocket and brought forth bank notes as one might fish discarded paper from a wastebasket. New bills and old bills dropped on Henry Trindel's desk—crumpled, worn bills, and little bundles of fresh, new bills, neatly folded.

"I couldn't get fifty t' one," the unknown explained. "McKinkle got scared when he see the five hundred in a lump, and the best I could do was forty. But, at that, we clean up twenty thousand dollars, boss! Here—wait!"

"You mean—this horse—you bet on ——" Henry Trindel stuttered thinly.

The stranger parted his amazing cargo and shoved the half toward Henry Trindel.

"Say, Mr. Trindel," he said solemnly, "Millibel come home in a walk; and, as near as I could find out, my brother couldn't find the dog behind him with a spyglass! There's ten thousand five hundred dollars, Mr. Trindel; and I dunno what to say about your kindness in staking me the way you did!"

Curiously his lips shook a little; he held out his hand.

"I'm going to beat it now," he said simply. "I been waiting two years for this to happen. I got a brother that went to Montana and bought a ranch when his lungs went bad; and it's me for that now, and the bundle goes right into cows. This is where I kiss the booze good-by, and all the rest of it, Mr. Trindel; and if it hadn't 'a' been for you ——" He gulped and then drew himself up. "Say, I want t' thank you, Mr. Trindel! You're a sport from the ground up, and it makes me proud and humble t' shake your hand!"

He wrung on and on; chilly, limp fingers permitted themselves to be jerked about in his grasp as Henry Trindel stared uncomprehendingly.

"There's a three-o'clock rattler that pulls me out o' this dump of a town and keeps me out till hell freezes over!" the stranger stated fervently. "Good-by, Mr. Trindel, and thank you—I dunno how many million times!"

The fingers were dropped. Through the doorway went the agent of destiny, with an instant's pause for a backward wave, and the door closed again; and, sitting and staring at the collection of money, Henry Trindel heard the click of the latch on the outer door after a little.

He was stunned—incapable of coherent thought for the time; yet his first remark was characteristic.

"God bless me!" said Henry Trindel breathlessly. "I have saved a human soul!"

It is very rarely that joy kills or does serious damage. In a matter of ten short minutes the cashier of Bland & Brackett, Inc., was quite erect again. In that ill-fated inner pocket five hundred good dollars had been replaced. If he chose he could walk out and tell Narkum to cancel that transaction before it appeared on the books. He did not choose; there were other things awaiting performance just then.

Under his thinning thatch Henry Trindel's brain worked swiftly now; the obvious path lay revealed, wide, glorious, inspiring! He, too, it seemed, had made a little something on the side. With nearly eleven thousand dollars buttoned under his coat Henry drifted from his office once more, a winged dream figure on a rose-colored cloud.

It was the acumen of the Cabarel Car people, in establishing a far downtown salesroom, coupled with their adoption of blue for the 1915 model, that led Henry Trindel through their doors. Without actually seeing it he had walked past that shining Cabarel machine in the window for three months; but the sapphire tone had recorded

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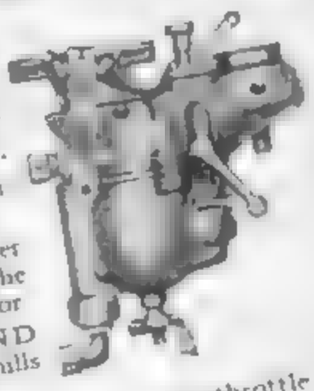

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Model 12
Weight, 22 lbs.

Capacity
9,999,999,999.99

Price $250,
less 2% in 10 days
($300 in Canada).

Any number of clerks can use the same machine—it is easily moved from desk to desk. Bookkeepers can place the Barrett right alongside their work, page through the ledger with one hand and operate the machine with the other. The economy of floor-space alone often justifies an investment in a Barrett. The

Barrett Portable

ADDING—LISTING
COMPUTING

Machine

sells *on demonstration* to those who have used other kinds. It eliminates every objectionable adding-machine feature and incorporates every known adding-machine advantage. It is the adding machine *different*. Write for descriptive folder that tells how you can profitably employ the new Barrett in *your* business. No obligation.

BARRETT ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
General Offices
Bulletin Building
Philadelphia

its existence on his subconscious self, for his steps pointed to the place as the needle to the pole.

One thing about the Cabarel, though, had impressed itself, and that was the price card leaning against the fore wheel in the window: "$900—Fully Equipped." Yesterday it would have been a fortune; to-day, as Henry Trindel chucklingly assured himself, he could spend that much and still feel that ten thousand good dollars stood between himself and poverty.

Such a bright, well-dressed young man came to meet him, too, focusing his micrometer eye on Henry Trindel as he advanced and finding him most satisfactory. Apart from the fact that his was the type which could never enter to make idle inquiry, fixed purpose rang in Henry's step, glowed from his eye, radiated from his very aura. These cases are few and far between in the automobile business, and a wave of pure happiness went through the bright young man as he beamed on Henry Trindel and broke into his siren song.

The 1915 Cabarel, it appeared, had attained perfection in automobile building and then added a full score of improvements on perfection. Superior in every way to any high-priced car, it possessed more power for its weight, more room for its power, more luxury packed into the room, and greater ease of riding jammed into the luxury than any other car in the world.

The cost of upkeep was so trifling that the bright young man brushed it aside as negligible; the reliability of the machine was so amazing that, in seven years of business, not a single breakdown had been reported; the disposition of the Cabarel was so gentle that any lady, single-handed, could lead it from its stall and drive from New York to San Francisco without pause, sailing over blazing deserts because the Cabarel cooling system never failed, rolling merrily over the Rocky Mountains because the Cabarel had won every hill-climbing contest since it came on the market, crawling finally through San Francisco's traffic with the utmost ease because the Cabarel was capable of every speed from one to seventy miles an hour!

Having paused for breath and deduced that Henry Trindel could draw no definite mechanical line between a coffee pot and a steam turbine, the bright young man lifted the bonnet and pointed dramatically.

"You know engines, sir," he said. "I can see that. We don't have to talk about the Cabarel engine; our customers do that for us. There she is, sir. I'll let her talk for herself."

Henry Trindel bent close and looked hard. The large chunk of stove iron, with four spikes on top and a wastepipe at the side, was doubtless the engine. An expert, he fancied, would look it over about three minutes before deciding that it was quite all right. After about three minutes Henry straightened up and nodded intelligent approval.

"As to running it, a child can do that," the bright young man purred on. "If you decide on a Cabarel and your wife, as you say, wishes to drive herself, I'll have a mechanician call daily and instruct her—instruct both of you." He lowered the bonnet and smiled happily. "You will agree, sir, that we are giving value for nine hundred dollars—nine-eighty with electric lights and starter. The starter ——"

"I'd have to have the starter, of course," Henry Trindel said nervously. "As to the rest I think it is all right. Can you send it up to-day, C. O. D.?"

The bright young man steadied himself on a shining mud guard, blinked and nodded.

"We can!" he stated. "This is one of three new cars we have right here in stock, and this one has the starter installed. If I might call and drive you home about ——"

"Not before five-thirty."

"About five-thirty, then, we could go uptown and make sure of your good lady's approval, after a little run. It isn't dark until well after seven these days."

"That will do nicely," Henry said airily. "And be quite sure that the—er—starter is working properly, won't you? I'll give you both addresses now."

Out in the busy world again he tingled strangely. It was more than odd, but he did feel better able to look the general public in the eye; he might be rather small and insignificant in some ways, but when it came to making a little something on the side, and disposing of it *à la mode*, he was there with the best of them. This profitable

(Continued on Page 65)

Dependable

that's the word that applies to the

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES

7 Blades for 35c
(50c. in Canada)

A blade of such finely tempered steel as to insure evenness and perfection in the cutting edge, which has proven a delight to millions of self-shavers.

Men who shave with the GEM have no desire to try any other razor—it makes shaving easy, enjoyable and economical.

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

$1.00

Complete outfit with 7 blades in handsome case

Our service is for Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

The highest Scientific development of Credit Insurance is provided in the American Actual Loss" Bond and the American 'Normal Average Bond.

Protect Yourself Against Bankrupts

YOU are passing through the worst period of business depression this country has ever experienced. The year 1914 showed bankruptcy losses exceeding the panic figures of 1893. And 1915 so far shows an even greater loss. Many firms are failing simply because they are unable to collect money due them.

Are you living in fear of what might happen if several of your customers should be unable to pay their bills? Wouldn't you feel better if you knew your losses couldn't exceed a certain amount?

If you would—*simply* take out a bond in the American Credit-Indemnity Company of New York, covering abnormal losses. *Then* all the covered excess losses you sustain we meet, up to the par value of the bond you buy.

Folder Sent Free

Write us for full particulars. Don't take chances any longer. Send for folder entitled "Credit Insurance and Your Need of It"—NOW. Address

THE AMERICAN CREDIT-INDEMNITY CO.
OF NEW YORK
415 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
I. H. Lionberger, Chairman of the Board. E. M. Treat, President

Agencies in all leading cities

MR. VICTOR RANDOLPH of California earned over $1,000.00 during two recent months. He is utilizing his profits from Curtis work to pay for his post-graduate course in medicine at Milton College, Wisconsin. He has completed his college course at the University of California, which he also paid for by taking subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Educational Division, Box 811
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SINCE earning this highest credential of tire service in existence we have added 50% to the wear resistance of Vacuum Cup Tires—the result of a year's indefatigable and highly successful experimenting to still further toughen our remarkably strong and extra heavy tread.

AT the same time, aided by the savings of cost in our new three-quarter million dollar tire plant, we have been able to more than proportionately meet all price reductions, so that you now buy these highest grade tires at less than you formerly paid for ordinary tires.

TECHNICAL COMMITTEE
— OF —
The Automobile Club of America

CERTIFIED TEST No 15

This is to certify that the Technical Committee of The Automobile Club of America has tested Pennsylvania "Vacuum-Cup" Tires insured by the Pennsylvania Rubber Company results

THIS is the Certificate of the highest Official Testing Authority in America. It covers the record of the only make of pneumatic tires that has been submitted to this ordeal of open and public testing of average service—

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Manufacturers themselves naturally quote only their exceptional mileage records. These, therefore, are of doubtful value.

Our purpose in undergoing this open test was to furnish the tire buyer conclusive evidence, uninfluenced by the makers, of the *average* service he could expect from Vacuum Cup Tires. The same test is open to all makes of tires.

The Vacuum Cup Tires tested were bought from dealers' stocks at various points by the A. C. A. officials—assuring strictly stock tires.

We were allowed no participation in the conduct of the test, beyond observing its daily progress.

At the end of the 144-day testing period, during which normal to severe touring conditions and all variations of weather were met, nine tires tested had rolled up an

Average Mileage of 6,760 Miles

The official and competent basis of service expectation thus established for the guidance of the tire user is now materially raised by the great service improvement in these same tires for 1915, as announced above. And yet more, the reduced differential now prevailing between the prices of these and other tires greatly lessens the inducement to consider only first cost, rather than ultimate expense.

Complete literature covering Official A. C. A. Test of Vacuum Cup Tires mailed on your request

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Cleveland Dallas Detroit Kansas City, Mo. Minneapolis
New York Omaha Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Paul San Francisco Seattle

An Independent Company With An Independent Selling Policy

D-I-S-C-O-V-E-R-Y! When a smoker suddenly realizes that he liked his first package of **FATIMAS** so well that he automatically buys more —— and that he's found at last, in FATIMAS the delightful mildness, the full-bodied richness, the delicate aroma that he was looking for —— that's a real discovery! The news has passed along until, in preference to any other 15¢ cigarette

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

the demand is

3 to 1

in favor of FATIMA

Maybe youve overlooked something!

FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND

Distinctively Individual Cigarette

20 FOR 15¢

(Continued from Page 62)

plunge into seething sin seemed to have made a broader man of him; he walked into a cigar store with a devil-may-care stride, as he noted the Booth-Inside sign, to inform Gilda that the period of her motorless shame was at an end.

"Well?" Gilda asked briskly.

"Henry, my dear!" Henry Trindel breathed into the telephone.

"Well, Henry?" Gilda asked listlessly.

"Gilda," said Henry Trindel, and his voice wabbled slightly, "I have—er—made a little something on the side!"

"What, dear?" Gilda asked quickly.

"And I have bought you an automobile—a blue automobile—an automobile with a—what was it? Ah, yes!—with a starter, Gilda; and ——"

"Henry, is that true?" Gilda came near—as near as so well-bred a person could come—to screaming.

"It is not only true, but I shall be up with it before six, my dear. If you like it, it is yours. I haven't paid for it yet, but I suppose the man who brings it will have a bill. It's a Cabarel, and rather nice, I think," Henry Trindel said with staggering unconcern.

At the other end of the wire queer, delighted, breathless little sounds were jumbled incoherently, until his doting ear caught:

"You old sweetheart! I'd like to squeeze you!"

"You can in two hours or so," Henry babbled fondly. "I'm glad you're pleased, Gilda, because ——"

"Pleased!" cried Gilda. "I'm just wild with joy, you old angel! I've been so blue all day thinking about —— Henry, dear, do hurry home with it, for I can't wait to feel it and see it and know that it's really ours; but good-by now, sweetheart. I want to call up Myra Merriweather!"

Back in the office, with the rays of the lowering sun striking across his desk, Henry Trindel half expected that an unpleasant reaction would come; that the habits of a lifetime would rise and chide him with mad, wicked extravagance. They failed to rise. One single excursion into the realms of sin seemed to have demoralized him completely and left him blissfully numb.

Here he had gone out and left his desk wide open—and he did not care particularly! And he had left the safe unlocked; and instead of fainting at the sight, it merely occurred to him that, with clerks or watchmen about every hour of the day and night, he had been taking that safe too seriously for a good many years! He found himself whistling merrily and grinning at the vault; he whistled on, tapping out a little accompaniment on the astonishing bulge in his pocket.

And then, a measure of discretion coming gently and painlessly, he strolled across and tucked his tainted ten thousand into compartment T-2, returned to his chair, and strove successfully for normal cerebration—not that the elation was dying out, rather was it increasing; but Henry Trindel forced himself to think as he had always thought and the result was most gratifying. He would leave that ten thousand untouched and unmentioned until he found just the right investment; and—his telephone rang.

"Henry, dear," said Gilda, "do you mind very much if we beg off that Sunday dinner with the Welches?"

"Why, no," said Henry Trindel.

"Because I'm just writing Helene Denton and asking her to come for a run with us Sunday—somewhere in Jersey, I think. Thanks, dear!" explained Gilda, and left the telephone.

Henry Trindel sat back with a startled smile. She had not even viewed the car as yet, but its running schedule was being planned and invitations mailed to passengers. That was quite as it should be, though. When Gilda enjoyed anything she enjoyed it with a childlike thoroughness that was a joy to witness—bless her! Henry Trindel did not disapprove; he was very glad and tilted back with a broad, satisfied smile.

Slowly the ethics of the original transaction rose before him. He set them aside with a quick, firm push; he had already made up his mind about those ethics and they could not trouble him. He had gambled and won—which was blood-curdling; but he had saved a human soul—which more than compensated. Through him a whisky-bloated, reckless young man had been snatched, as the familiar brand, from the burning; somewhere in a fast train that nameless being was roaring westward to open air and health and prosperity, and freedom from the blight of drink—just through Henry Trindel! Through Henry a new man had been given to the world, replacing one curse and a prospective public charge; and the more he thought about it the more Henry expanded.

The telephone rang again.

"Dearest," said Gilda, "I've had Epstein Frères send up some things on approval and I thought I'd better call you up before deciding."

"Eh?" said Henry Trindel.

"Oh, just a simple little motor coat and a bonnet to match, and the sweetest little gown to go with them. Epstein says their Paris designer sent it over for a model and there isn't another one in the country—and won't be if I buy this." Her voice dropped suddenly and grew caressing. "Oh, Henry, dear," she said softly, "I'm so glad you've decided to make a little money outside the wretched old firm! I feel as if I'd come to life all over again!"

And, having satisfied the urge of duty by calling him up, she was gone again. Henry Trindel coughed slightly and ran a finger about his collar, underneath. For a moment he frowned too. Did the dear child fancy he had amassed a fortune in one day or—oh, nonsense! Most decidedly, nonsense! In all their married life Gilda had never spent a penny he did not possess; she would understand that he could not possibly have made—well, she would understand anyway. He felt sure of that, and if his smile faded out altogether it was doubtless because he had smiled enough for the time.

For a moment, though, he was minded to call up Alturia Court and suggest to Gilda—subtly, almost playfully, of course—that it might be better to wait a little and see just what sort of toilet harmonized with Cabarel blue. He reached for the telephone—and permitted his hand to drop away again. At the moment ten thousand dollars' worth of illicit happiness was surging through Henry Trindel; he had no real desire to risk reducing the amount just yet.

For another little space he permitted the happiness to surge freely, his back to the telephone. Dreamily he heard Brackett's voice talking to somebody outside, and for the first time he failed to jump! The new freedom was working through Henry Trindel. He had been far too humble with Brackett all his days. He had winced and smiled apologetically whenever Brackett spoke, whereas the rest of them assumed an attentive, businesslike expression. Henry cleared his throat and tried assuming an attentive, businesslike expression that contained no hint of apology—and once more his telephone bell tinkled.

"Henry, dear!" cooed Gilda.

"Why—what, darling?" asked Henry Trindel.

"I know you don't care much for either of the Vanes, but—you'd be nice to them for one afternoon, wouldn't you?"

"Er—I suppose so," said Henry.

"Because they're really enormously wealthy, even though they don't parade it, and Hilda has the entrée to so many things, dear; and I thought it would be so nice if I could ask them to come with us Saturday afternoon—a week from this Saturday, that is—and we could drive out to that new teahouse, away up in Westchester, and have dinner and come home by moonlight. There's a full moon; I looked at the calendar."

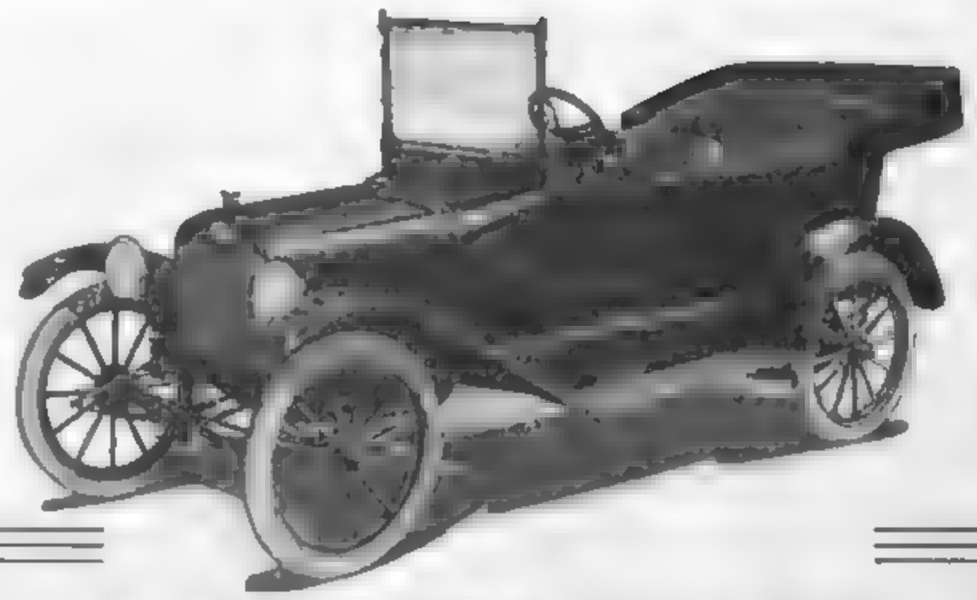
"Well, all right," Henry said rather faintly.

"Goody!" cried his wife. "It can't cost us more than twenty-five or thirty dollars extra, dear, and I can—why, scrimp somewhere else—if I have to!" concluded Gilda merrily. "Good-by, old dear!"

Henry Trindel breathed heavily.

The way in which Gilda was welding that still unseen car into her sweet being actually frightened him! They had never met, to be sure; but they could never be separated now. Should an armed bandit enter the cashier's office and remove the ten thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars, nothing but suicide would lie ahead of Henry Trindel.

With quite his old, nervous jerk he pattered to the vault and stared at the notes in T-2. They were quite safe. He drew the price of the lone share from his pocket and counted it. That, too, was intact. He laughed sheepishly and returned to his desk; but as he caught Brackett's voice again he did not try to assume the stern expression.



METZ "25"

The Quality Car

$600 Touring Model, Equipped Complete, Including Electric Starter and Electric Lights

THIS new Metz Touring Model offers you everything obtainable in the way of luxurious motoring, and at a cost that you can easily afford. It embodies all the leading features found in other high grade cars, and, in addition, certain exclusive advantages which they do not possess.

Regular equipment includes Gray & Davis electric starter and electric [illegible] glass rain-vision [illegible] lamps, speedometer, built in gasoline gauge, signal horn, etc. Wheel base 108 inches, standard tread. Body is of the pure stream line type, neatly finished with heavy tufted upholstery, and [illegible] any owner may justly feel proud of.

Fibre Grip Gearless Transmission

All METZ cars are equipped with fibre grip gearless transmission, which entirely eliminates gear and clutch trouble. Compared with ordinary gear types, METZ transmission is lighter and stronger, [illegible] more economical, develops greater efficiency, does not start the car with a jerk, and provides [illegible] different speeds. It makes the running of the car so very simple that a woman can safely drive.

THE METZ "22" (ROADSTER MODEL), WINNER OF THE LAST GLIDDEN TOUR, SELLS FOR $495

Write for new illustrated catalog "E"

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

What Has Just Been Said?

For the best answer in 20 words or less *Life* will pay **$500**

Second Prize **$200**
Third **$100**
Fourth to Tenth (inclusive) **$10** *each*
Total, $870

The word "best" will be interpreted to mean the title which the judges decide best fits the picture. In case of a tie, a prize identical with that tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

[illegible]

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 70 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, $5.00. (Canadian, $5.52; Foreign, $6.04.)

"Mother, is this floor Valsparred, too?"
"Yes, my dear, and the water won't hurt it."

The Waterproof Varnish—

Little household accidents never harm a Valsparred surface. The overflow from a refrigerator pan, rain coming in through the open window, an upset coffee pot, the splash and suds in a bathroom—*nothing* of this kind injures Valspar.

Valspar is the absolutely waterproof varnish.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

As a matter of fact, the way to clean a Valsparred surface is to wash it. Use, if you wish, boiling hot water and soap!

This means real cleanliness and sanitation.

Use Valspar in the pantry, laundry, lavatory, bathroom, vestibule, halls, and on the front door and porch.

Use Valspar on linoleum to improve its appearance and prevent its wearing out.

Use Valspar wherever varnish is needed, indoors and out.

Some of your neighbors have used Valspar. Ask them what they think of it. Ask your dealer about our "money-back" guarantee.

Special Offer

In order that you may test it yourself, we will send, upon receipt of 10c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing and package, sufficient Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

VALENTINE & COMPANY 458 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY
Largest Manufacturers of High grade Varnishes in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON TORONTO PARIS AMSTERDAM
TRADE VALENTINES MARK
Established 1832
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A Necessity In Every Home! In Easy Reach Of All!

KROEHLER BED DAVENPORTS 4 TYPES Unifold – Duofold Daven-o & Koday ASK YOUR FURNITURE DEALER

One of the most useful and beautiful pieces of furniture you can possibly own is a **Kroehler Bed Davenport.** It is a handsome, durably upholstered davenport, that can be instantly converted into a full-size double bed by merely unfolding the concealed bed section.

This bed is luxuriously comfortable and will give two guests every possible comfort—or will serve as a regular nightly bed for your family.

Because of its double utility it is a positive economy. It

Saves Space—Saves Rent
Makes 1 Room Seem Like 2

Sanitary, all-steel bed frame and springs. Removable felted mattress—you don't sleep on the upholstering. Plenty of room for pillows and bedding within folded bed. Opens and closes easily. Simple, indestructible, incomparable, GUARANTEED in every way.

For Sale by All Reliable Furniture Stores

[illegible] facilities and huge output you can buy a **Kroehler Bed Davenport** at a *low price, on easy terms, from dealers anywhere.* Many styles to select from—one of them is sure to please you. As an assurance of high quality insist on seeing the word KROEHLER stamped on the metal bed frame. If your dealer will not [illegible]

P. E. KROEHLER MFG. CO.
[illegible] Bldg. [illegible] N. Y.
Kankakee, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

To the Day of Judgment, Brackett must never suspect one detail of this day's work! If Brackett ever discovered that Henry had gone forth and left the vault unlocked the roof would rise an inch! If Brackett ever learned that the firm's cash had been removed by a drunken derelict from Henry's hands there would be a new cashier in office. And if Brackett ever discovered that Henry had borrowed that cash for gambling purposes he might never locate another job after losing this one—because Brackett was a stern, harsh man, and that was his way of doing things.

Terrors could not rest long on Henry Trindel this afternoon though. He found himself smiling whimsically at the irony of things in general. It was a queer kink of fate that had caused the Cabarel to cost just nine hundred and eighty dollars—the sum he could not spend this morning, but which was in his pocket now, ready for the spending! Here his lone share was going, and he could grin about it, even though he knew that it must go now, and—Brackett entered.

"Grapley come back?" he asked briefly.

"Not yet," said Henry Trindel.

"Then he's not coming!" said Brackett. "I think that fellow's a crook, Henry. From what I hear he got drunk this afternoon and tried to collect several accounts that Narkum never gave him—and it's only a mercy he didn't succeed. What did he say when he came back at three?"

Henry Trindel started.

"He must have been here while I was out if he came," he confessed. "I stepped out for a few minutes and ——"

"Narkum says he stayed here only five minutes and rushed out again. Has he touched anything that didn't concern him?" The big figure of the firm stalked to the cash drawer, jerked it open and slammed it shut again. "That's all right," he stated. "Where'd you put my ten thousand, Henry?"

"In B-3," said Henry Trindel.

"B-3's empty!" Brackett snapped from the vault.

Henry Trindel's hair rose straight on end. A steel cable, looping round his throat, tightened until his neck was no bigger than a broomstick. A thousand tons of invisible ice water poured over him from nowhere. He stopped breathing and ——

"Ah, here it is—in T-2!" Brackett barked, relieved. "You put it in your own box, Henry; and—yes, that's right; ten thousand. But what on earth made you get all this mixed stuff, Henry? Didn't I say I wanted fifties and —— Henry! What's the matter with you?" cried Mr. Brackett. "Henry! What in blazes—why, Henry!" shouted the head of the firm as he leaped toward his cashier.

The bright, well-dressed young man in the Cabarel place flicked the ash from his cigarette and grinned at the bookkeeper.

"Him?" he said complacently. "Why, he'd bought that car before he came in here, Pete! It stuck out all over him. He had the money in his pocket—I saw it. He'll hand it to me before dark and never even think of trying to get a cash discount. And, at that, I'd like to start up half an hour earlier and see whether I can't sting his wife for one of the new tops and a set of slip covers. I wonder whether he'd start at five o'clock?"

"Ask him," the bookkeeper suggested.

So the bright, well-dressed young man called up Henry Trindel; but when the switchboard operator of Bland & Brackett, Inc., gave him the cashier's office, a hard, barking voice answered in jerks:

"Huh? What? Trindel? No! He just dropped dead! . . . Huh? . . . Wait a second! Is that you, doctor? Well, there he is."

And as the bright young man listened through several startled minutes he caught another voice faintly:

"No; he's half conscious now, Mr. Brackett. He's muttering something about having 'saved a human soul, but at what a price!' And ——" Brackett presently barked again:

"Say! I can't bother with you. Mr. Trindel's had a complete nervous collapse, the doctor says, and he'll have to lay off for a week or ten days at least. 'By!"

The bright, well-dressed young man rang off, with eyebrows elevated.

"Sale busted?" queried the bookkeeper.

"Oh, he'll get well and buy it, Pete," the bright young man said serenely. "He has to own that car; it was in his eye."

He was right.

Canoeing—The National Fad

If you like short vacation trips and camping, buy an "Old Town Canoe"! It's as portable as a heavy suit-case, as swift as a rumor, and can nose its way into almost any shallow spot or difficult corner.

If you're athletic, buy an "Old Town Canoe, for canoeing gives you all the exercise of boating, besides the pleasure of seeing the scenery you're coming to rather than what you've missed. Canoeing is becoming a national fad because the

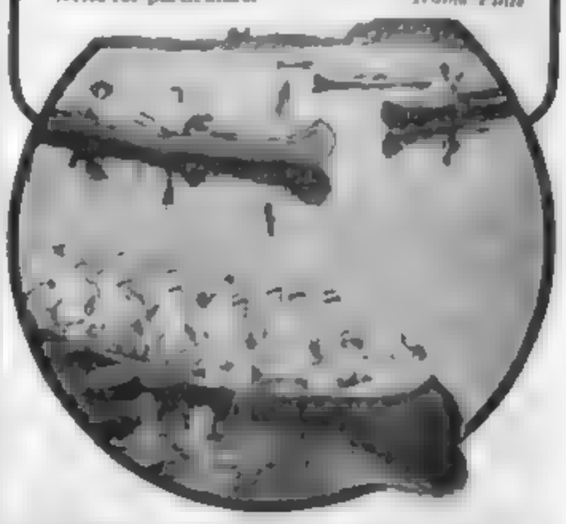
"Old Town Canoe"

each year opens new worlds of delight to red-blooded men and women. Beautiful, sturdy and graceful in outline. 4000 ready—all low-priced. Send for catalog and name of dealer in your town.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
455 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

Men can rent canoes at lake or river resorts at a good profit. Plenty of rich locations—little capital required. Write for particulars.

Name Plate



When He Wants Money

the live man does not content himself with wondering where it's coming from

HE looks around for that spare-time occupation which will yield him the largest return.

Thousands of young men—and young women—are securing the extra money they need by acting as representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their off hours. Just why their earnings are liberal we will explain when we hear from you.

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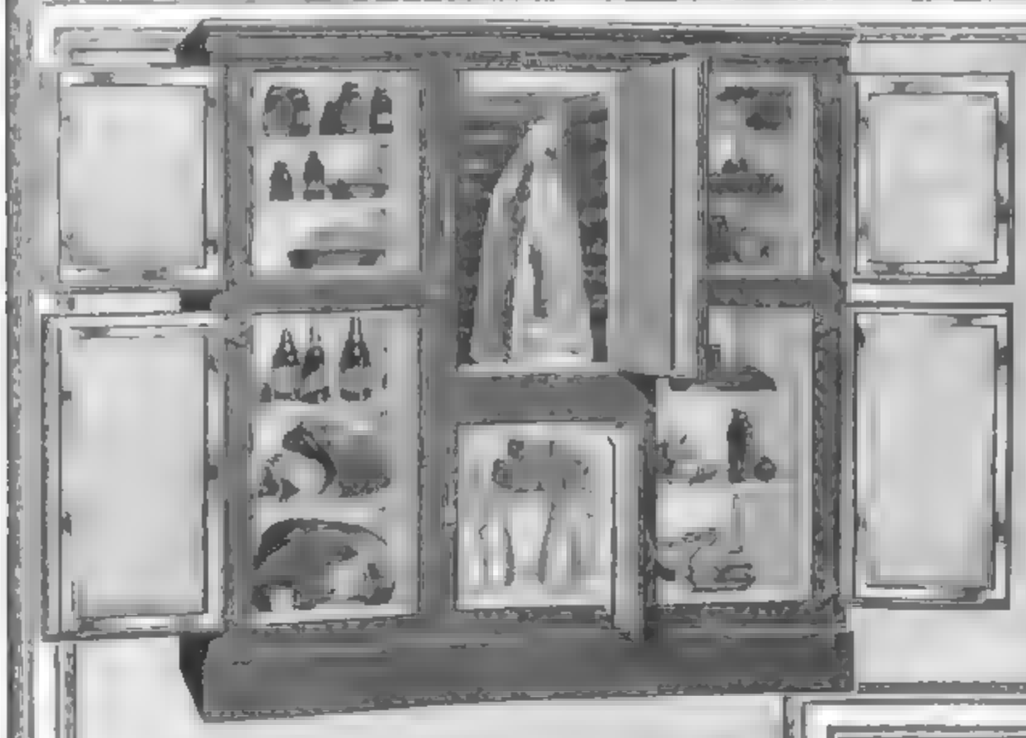
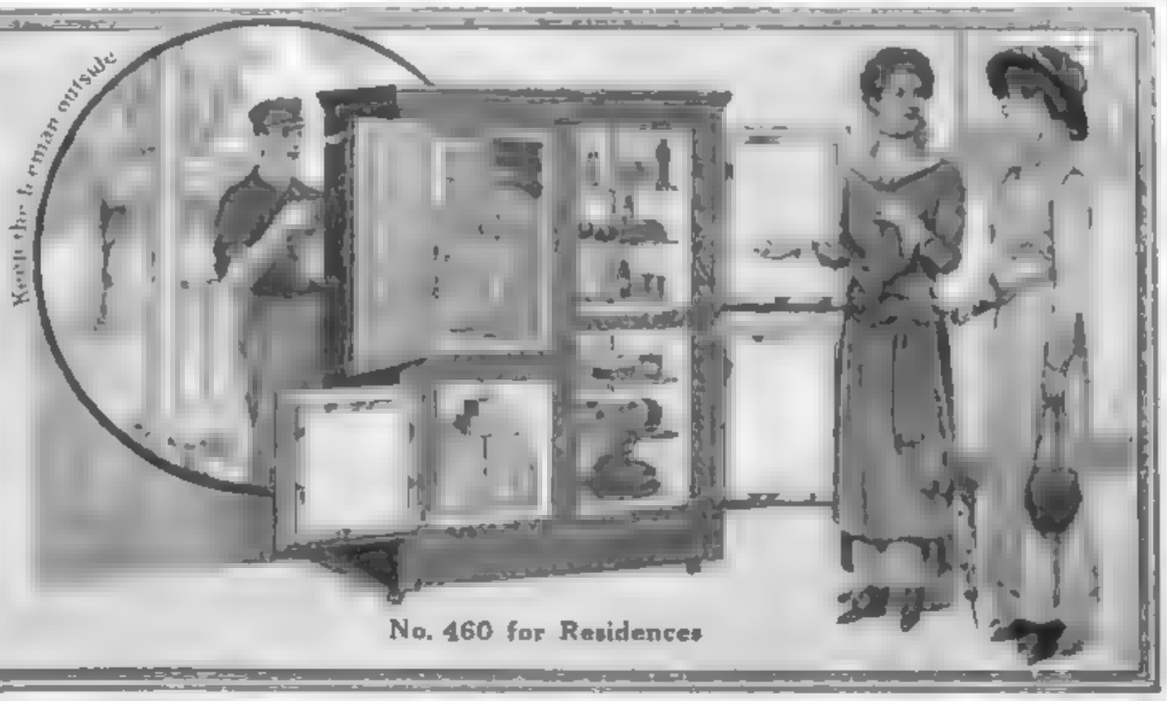
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



No. 420 for Residences



No. 460 for Residences

Scientific Refrigeration For Every Requirement

McCray Sanitary Refrigerators are built in a great variety of regular stock sizes—ready for immediate shipment—and built to order to fit any space or for any special requirement. They can be equipped for either ice or mechanical refrigeration.

There is a McCray Refrigerator for the modest home or most pretentious residence—for the small restaurant or delicatessen store, the most exclusive hotel or club—for hospitals, public institutions, grocers, meat markets, florists, etc.

McCray Sanitary Refrigerators

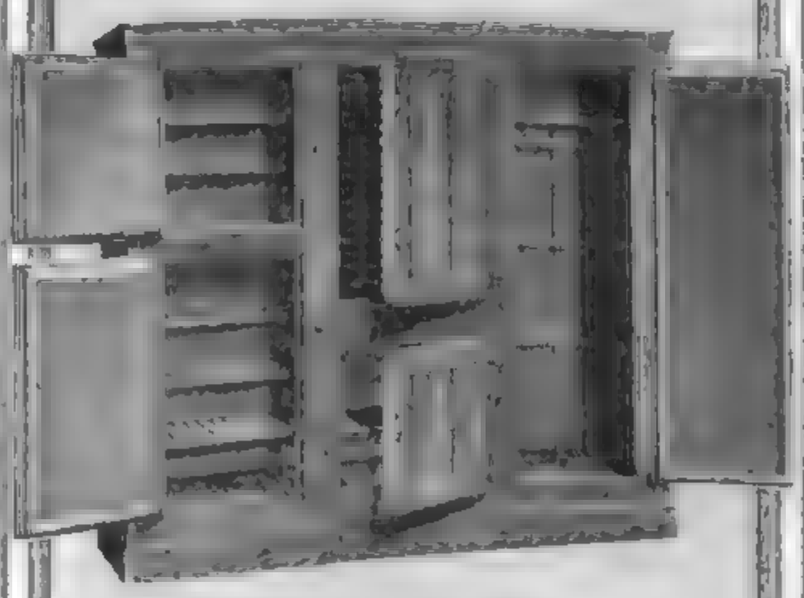
For Residences, Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Grocers, Florists, Institutions, Etc.

The McCray Patented System has proved its superiority. The cold air is always in motion and is maintained at a low, even temperature by well constructed walls, scientifically insulated with heat repelling materials that keep the cold air in—the warm air out.

This cold, dry pure air that is *constantly circulating* through every compartment carries all impurities and odors to the ice chamber, where they are condensed by contact with the ice and are automatically discharged through the water-sealed drain pipe.

After the most rigid tests and experiments McCray Refrigerators were adopted by the U. S. Pure Food Laboratories—as best complying with their exacting requirements. They are used in the U. S. Senate Restaurants, U. S. Hospitals, and many other Government Institutions. For over thirty years McCray Refrigerators have been used in the finest residences, hotels, clubs and public institutions.

No. 610 Florists' Display Refrigerator



No. 1135 for Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants

Keep the Ice Man Outside

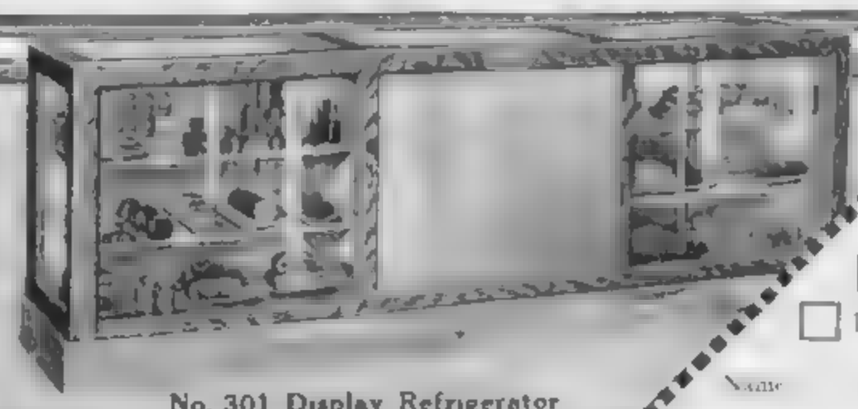
The McCray Residence Refrigerators may be arranged for outside icing from the side or rear of the ice compartment according to your rear porch or entry. This feature keeps the iceman, with his muddy tracks and dripping ice, outside the house. The McCray may be built as an integral part of the house and can be equipped with ice water cooler. The linings are of clean, sanitary opal glass, porcelain or white enamel—as you desire.

Mail Coupon for Catalog

No. 92—For Residences
No. 50—For Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs and Public Institutions
No. 69—For Grocers
No. 61—For Meat Markets
No. 73—For Florists

McCray Refrigerator Company, 736 Lake St., Kendallville, Ind.
Chicago, 1000 S. Michigan Ave. **New York, McCray Building, 7-9 West 30th Street**
For Salesrooms in Your City See Your Local Telephone Book

No. 410 for Grocers



No. 301 Display Refrigerator

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
736 Lake St.
Kendallville, Ind.

Please send me catalogs I have checked below

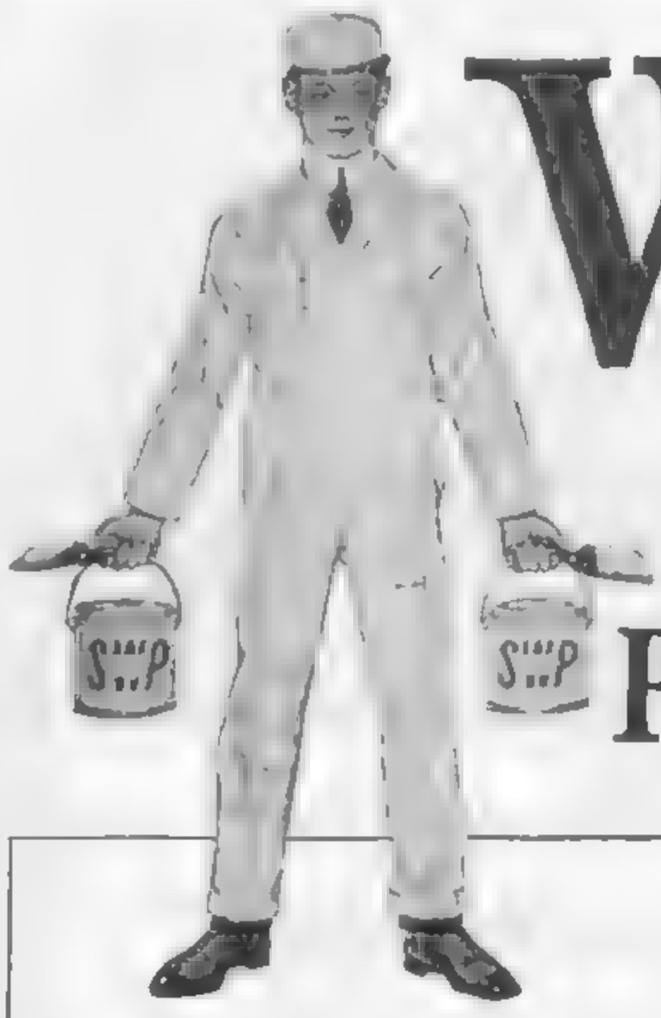
- ☐ No. 92—For Residences.
- ☐ No. 50—For Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Institutions.
- ☐ No. 73—For Florists.
- ☐ No. 69—For Grocers.
- ☐ No. 61—For Meat Markets.

Name

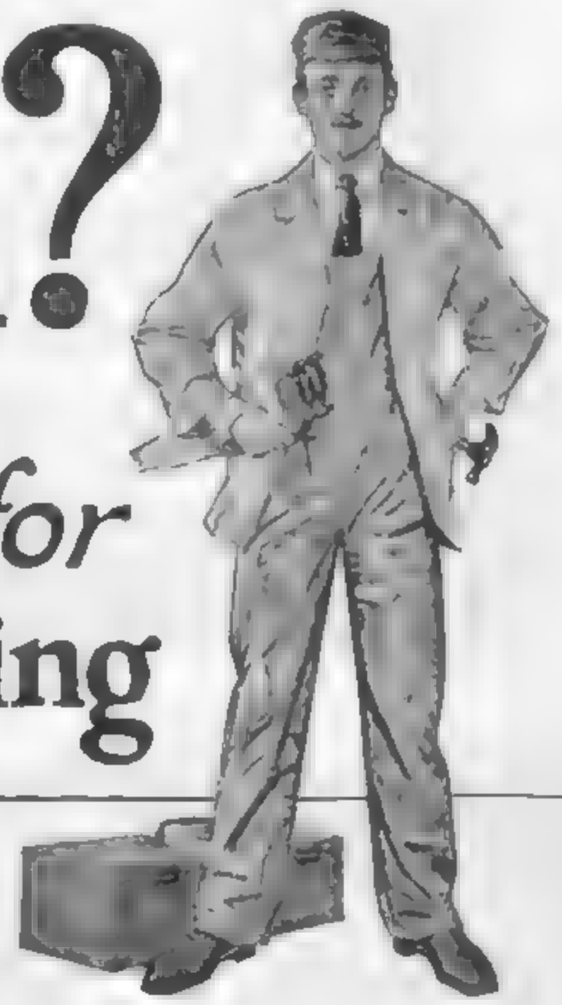
Street

City State

Which?



$50 *for* or $500 *for* Painting Repairing



If the house of one of your friends was destroyed by fire, you and your neighbors would talk about it for days. There would be an account of it in the local newspaper.

If some great conflagration destroyed one out of every four houses in your town the whole county would be in a turmoil of excitement, the news would be telegraphed all over the state, the star reporter of your local newspaper would turn the dictionary inside out to find words to express the magnitude of the disaster.

Do you realize that one out of every four houses in town is being destroyed today just as surely as though flames were raging from cellar to attic?

The weather has destroyed more buildings than fire ever will—destroyed them through lack of protection from sun, wind, rain, frost, snow and ice. In a word through lack of paint.

Heath Sherwin-Williams
President

A 1,000 per cent Investment

That's the way to look at painting—as an investment, not an expense. Look around you at the houses going to rack and ruin. What is doing it? The weather. Weather is the great destroyer—as sure as fire; as effective as an earthquake. There is only one defense against weather, and that is *paint*. It costs so little—it saves so much.

But paint, like weather, is of many kinds. Beware of the fair-weather paint. It does not protect, it only deceives. Buy a paint that has proved its staying power.

SWP

(Sherwin-Williams House Paint Prepared)

is a known product. It has a fifty-year record. Its ingredients are not matters of preference. They are what experience has proved to be most efficient in protecting property. S W P is economical. It spreads easily and has great covering power. It puts an armor between your buildings and the elements and at the same time adds beauty and cleanliness. *The Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town has* **S W P** *ready to apply. 48 colors.*

Write for Portfolio of Painting and Decorating Suggestions. It is free.

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PAINTS & VARNISHES

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32nd St.; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices & Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.
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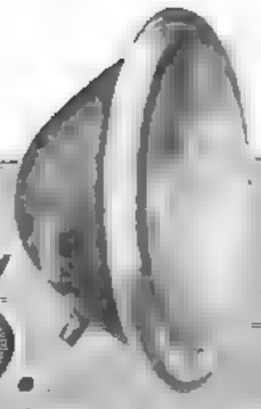

$5. per pair

GRAY & DAVIS
Electric Lamps
for Ford cars

YOU can now obtain a complete Gray & Davis electric lamp equipment for your Ford car.

Attractive in design and sturdy in workmanship, these lamps come also with double bulbs (with dimming feature) to conform with city ordinances. Reflectors are silver plated. Prices:

Ford "Special" Lamps

Headlights (single bulb) per pair,	$5.00
Headlights (double bulb) per pair,	6.00
Tail Light, separate, . . .	1.00
All 3 lamps (with single bulb)	6.00
All 3 lamps (with double bulb)	7.00

How to Order

If your dealer hasn't these lamps in stock, he can order them for you. Or—you may order direct from us, sending postal note, money-order, express check or certified personal check. Add $1. for carriage charges to any point west of the Mississippi or in Canada. No delivery charges elsewhere.

DEALERS:
Write for our Proposition and Terms

Gray & Davis, Inc.
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THE LYON & HEALY PIANO IS WONDERFUL VALUE

The new Style "K" Lyon & Healy Piano has broken all records in point of triumph and progress. A chain of dealers, 373 in number, extends from coast to coast. All enthusiastically recommend the Lyon & Healy Piano as among the greatest values the market has ever presented.

Our own judgment is that you cannot buy a piano presenting so much piano quality at anywhere near the price.

Will you not take time to give this piano a critical examination?

We should be glad to send you the name of the nearest dealer and also to mail you a beautiful catalog. Furthermore, if you do not care to pay all cash, we will arrange easy monthly payments to suit your reasonable convenience.

Lyon & Healy

31–49 East Adams Street Chicago

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write at once
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Talk With the King of the Belgians

(Continued from Page 4)

A general from the Ministry of War came to the Hôtel des Arcades, in Dunkirk, and I was taken in a motor car to the Belgian Army headquarters some miles away. As the general had influenza, and I was trying to keep my nerves in good order, it was rather a silent drive. The car, as are all military cars—and there are no others—was driven by a soldier-chauffeur by whose side sat the general's orderly. Through the narrow gate, with its drawbridge guarded by many sentries, we went out into the open country.

The road, considering the constant traffic of heavy transports and guns, was very fair. It is under constant repair. At first, during this severe winter, on account of rain and snow, accidents were frequent. The road, on both sides, was deep in mud and prolific of catastrophe; and even now, with conditions much better, there are numerous accidents. Cars all travel at frightful speed. There are no restrictions, and it is nothing to see machines upset and abandoned in the low-lying fields that border the road.

Conditions, however, are better than they were. Part of the conservation system has been the building of narrow ditches at right angles to the line of the road, to lead off the water. Every ten feet or so there is a gutter filled with fagots.

I had been in the general's car before. The red-haired Fleming with the fierce mustache who drove it was a speed maniac, and passing the frequent sentries was only a matter of the password. A signal to slow down, given by the watchful sentry, a hoarse whisper of the password as the car went by, and on again at full speed! There was no bothering with papers.

On each side of the road were trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, earthen barriers, canals filled with barges. And on the road were lines of transports and a file of Spahis on horseback, picturesque in their flowing burnouses, bearded and dark-skinned, riding their unclipped horses through the roads under single rows of trees that bent forward like marching men. We rode on through a village where a pig had escaped from a slaughterhouse and was being pursued by soldiers—and then, at last, army headquarters and the King of the Belgians.

Received by Royalty

There was little formality. I was taken in charge by the King's equerry, who tapped at a closed door. I drew a long breath.

"Madame Runehart!" said the equerry, and stood aside.

There was a small screen in front of the door. I went round it. Standing alone before the fire was Albert I, King of the Belgians.

We talked, almost informally, of Belgium and America. The King spoke unconstrainedly. His statement was not to me but to the American people. I have recorded exactly what he said.

The audience with the King of the Belgians had been carefully arranged. The growing belief that an authoritative statement should be made to America as to Belgium's situation was directly responsible.

There can be no justification for the frightful destruction and loss of life in Belgium; but a frank statement will lead to a true and balanced realization of where the responsibility lies. One side of the question—the German—has been placed before America. On the other hand, the English and French authorities have preserved a dignified silence, confident of the virtue of their own cause.

And official Belgium has made no complaint. She has bowed to the judgment of her allies, knowing that a time would come, at the end of the war, to speak of her situation and to demand justifiable redress.

But a million homeless Belgians in England and Holland proclaim their wretchedness and the present state of this heroic little country broadcast. The future may bring redress, but the present story of Belgium belongs to the world. America, the greatest of the neutral countries, has a right to know now the suffering and misery of this patient, hard-working people.

This war may last a long time; the western armies are at a deadlock. For months

Going Fishing or Hunting?

Practically every fire arm manufacturer in this country uses and recommends the use of 3-in-One Oil exclusively.

These manufacturers know how quickly poor oil will ruin good guns, rods, reels, tackle and other sporting goods and that's the reason they so strongly insist upon 3-in-One.

Before you go on a trip—buy a Handy Oil Can filled with 3-in-One Oil. Take it with you and keep the barrel of your gun clean and free, magazine, trigger, breech action, extractor and ejector working. Keep your reel running smoothly, wipe your rod and line with dampened cloth dipped in a few drops of 3-in-One and save it from rotting and becoming waterlogged.

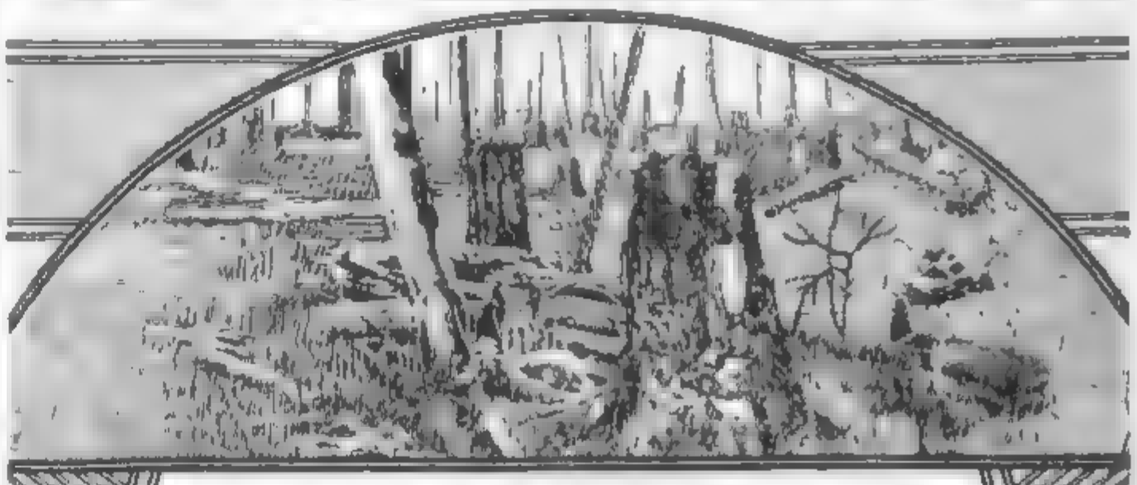
With each bottle of 3-in-One Oil there is a Dictionary of Uses. Look up in this dictionary such words as Guns, Fishing Rods, Reels, Golf Clubs, Tennis, Shuffle Boards, etc. The information given regarding these will prove invaluable.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (¼ pint), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE—A generous sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 E U H. Broadway, New York

3-IN-ONE OIL



Get Stumps Out With Less Work

"An explosive reduces the labor of clearing land to a minimum," says Minnesota Farmers' Bulletin 134. "It may be used by any intelligent man." You can quickly get out stumps of any size, roots and all, and break them into pieces easily handled, at little cost, by using

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for farm use. It is easy to use—no experience needed. Just bore a hole, light a fuse, and work that would take hours or days is done instantly! There is an Atlas dealer near to book your order.

You can make more money from your land by using Atlas Farm Powder to blast out stumps and boulders, break up hardpan in unproductive fields, do ditching and dig holes for trees or posts. It is the cheapest farm hand.

Send Coupon for "Better Farming" Book—FREE

Our 66-page book, "Better Farming," tells how to improve the fertility of the soil, how to grow bigger crops, redeem waste land, improve orchards, etc., with Atlas Farm Powder. Valuable to every land owner. Sent free for the coupon—mail it before you forget it.

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Send me your book, "Better Farming." Name
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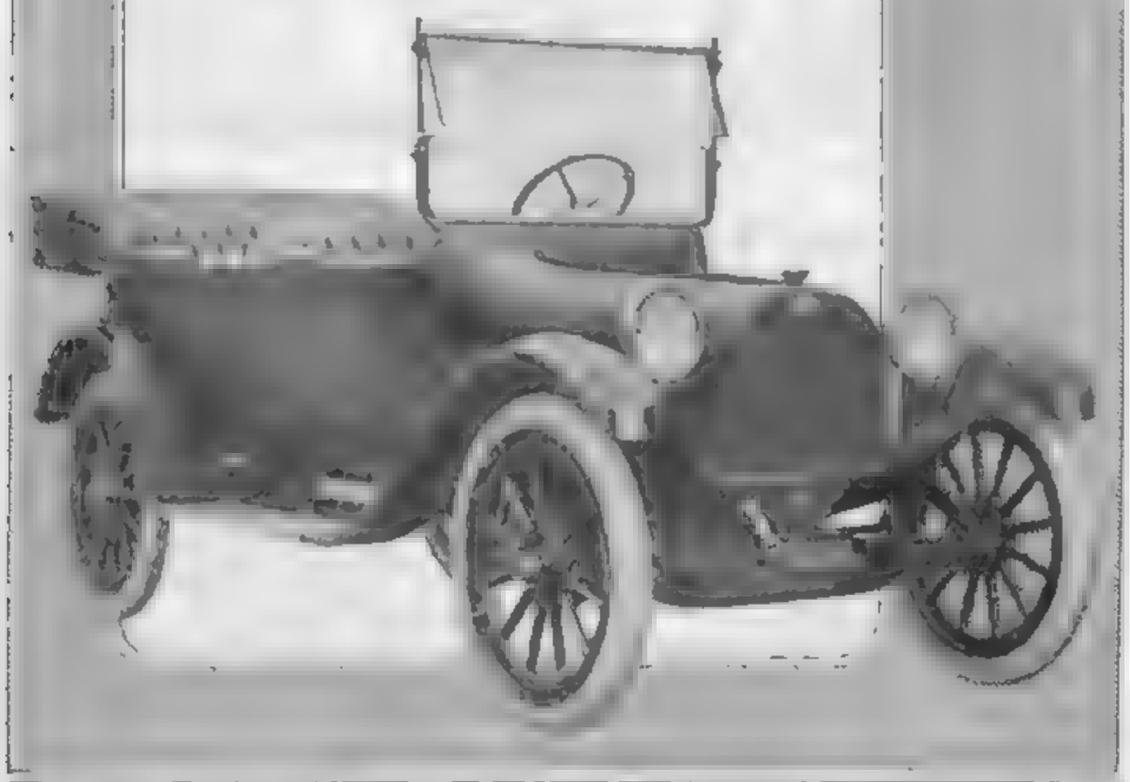
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Every standard of accuracy or excellence which enters into the construction of the car is established by the two owners of this business.

The manufacture of every part must conform to gauges and measurements determined by them. They fix the formulas followed in melting, shaping and forging the steel, iron and brass. From the handling of the raw metals to the final assembly, every department in the organization is directly responsible to Dodge Brothers themselves.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



The Easy Way To An Education

GUY F. NEVINS, of Massachusetts, writes: "I commenced to work my way through college by waiting on table and working at nights in a drug store. Several months ago I began taking subscriptions for the Curtis periodicals at odd times. During the first two months I averaged over $16 a week. This work is the easiest way to earn an education."

If you, like Mr. Nevins, want to go through college without expense to yourself, or if you have some spare time that you want to convert into money for some other purpose, you can do it. Whatever time you have can be changed into cash.

A LETTER of inquiry will bring full details including a very interesting booklet telling what others have done.

Box 808
Educational Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania

the line has varied only slightly here and there; has been pushed out or back only to straighten again.

Advances may be counted by feet. From Nieuport to Ypres attacks are waged round solitary farms which, by reason of the floods, have become tiny islands protected by a few men, mitrailleuses, and entanglements of barbed wire. Small attacking bodies capture such an outpost, wading breast-deep—drowning when wounded—in the stagnant water. There are no glorious charges here, no contagion of courage; simply a dogged and desperate struggle—a gain which the next day may see forfeited. The only thing that goes on steadily is the devastating work of the heavy guns on each side.

Meantime, both in England and in France, there is a growing sentiment that the governments' policy of silence is a mistake. The cudgel of public opinion is a heavy one. The German propaganda in America goes on steadily. There is no argument where one side only is presented. That splendid and solid part of the American people, the German population, essentially and naturally patriotic, keeping their faith in the Fatherland, is constantly presenting its case; and against that nothing official has been offered.

England is fighting heroically, stoically; but her stoicism is a vital mistake. This silence has nothing whatever to do with military movements, their success or their failure. It is more fundamental, an inherent characteristic of the English character, founded on reserve—perhaps tinged with that often misunderstood conviction of the Britisher that other persons cannot be really interested in what is strictly another's affair.

The Allies are beginning to realize, however, that this war is not their own affair alone. It affects the world too profoundly. Mentally, morally, spiritually and commercially, it is an upheaval in which all must suffer.

And the English people, who have sent and are sending the very flower of their country's manhood to the front, are beginning to regret the error in judgment that has left the rest of the English-speaking world in comparative ignorance of the true situation.

They are sending the best they have—men of high ideals, who, as volunteers, go out to fight for what they consider a just cause. The old families, in which love of country and self-sacrifice are traditions, have suffered heavily.

The crux of the situation is Belgium—the violation of her neutrality; the conduct of the invading army; her unnecessary and unjustifiable suffering—and England rose to the care of that nation. She has given money, care and asylum to the Belgians; she houses them in vast numbers.

In her anxiety and financial stress she has unselfishly taken up this additional burden, and bears it with calm confidence in the ultimate triumph of right. And Belgium has felt that the time to speak has come.

Light Extinguishers

AN INGENIOUS device has now appeared on the market to extinguish the lights in a hotel room when the guest leaves his room and forgets to turn them out. When the guest returns to his room, however, the lights detect his coming and flash up again before he gets into the room; so that he does not know they have been out during the time he has been absent.

The trick is done by a switch in the jamb of the doorway from the room to the corridor. This switch is operated by a bolt running from the lock of the door. Thus, when the guest goes out of his room and locks the door from the outside, as he is pretty sure to do, the bolt switches off the lights in the room. When he returns to his room, the unlocking of the door switches the lights on; so when he opens the door he finds them burning.

If he extinguishes the lights when he goes out they will not light up on his return. If he leaves somebody in the room, and goes out and locks the door, the person in the room is able to keep the lights burning.

When Unexpected Guests Arrive

don't worry. Phone your Dealer (Grocery or Delicatessen) for your favorite variety of FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS.

Just think what it means to be able to buy one or dozens of varieties of deliciously prepared meats and sausages ready to serve, some hot, others cold. In

FRANK'S
QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
The National Delicatessen
Made in Milwaukee

you'll find just what you want for breakfast, dinner, supper or late luncheon (98 kinds)—all pure and wholesome—made from the choicest of meats, seasoned with the purest of vegetable condiments.

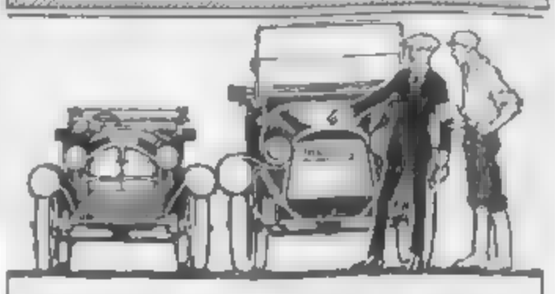
If you have never served Frank's Quality Meat-Treats phone your dealer today for a few slices each of Mortadella Goose Liver Sausage, English Luncheon, or French Meat-Cheese or any of the other tempting varieties.

The better Grocers and Delicatessen Dealers sell them. If yours does not, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

FREE—Send for our booklet "Suggestions" containing new recipes for [illegible] sandwiches and hot dishes, etc.

L. FRANK & SON CO.
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank News," the magazine on profitable delicatessen.
BROKERS: Write



Motorist: "Why is HAVOLINE OIL a 'money-saving' proposition?"

Garageman: "Because in the end it costs less than inferior oils, as it saves you much money in repair charges. Ask any Auto manufacturer, which oil gives most mileage, least carbon and longest service for the money. We believe he'll say HAVOLINE."

Motorist: "Will it suit my make of car?"

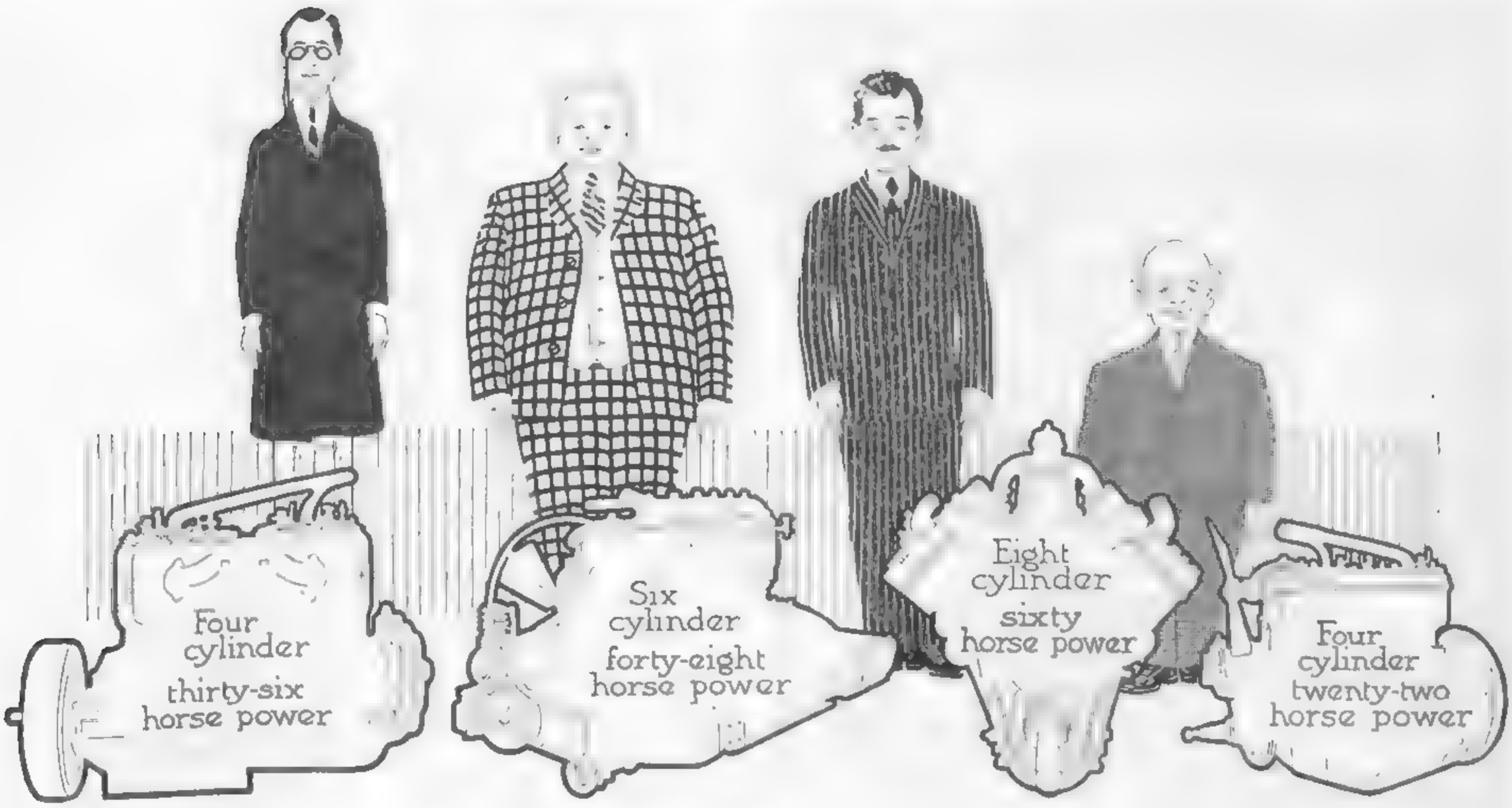
Garageman: "Yes. There are various grades that meet the needs of every make of car. HAVOLINE OIL is *made from the cream of the crude.*"

Go to the nearest garage or store selling auto supplies and insist on the blue-and-white can *with the inner seal.*

The Havoline lubrication booklet *free* on request. Write to

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, Dept. A, New York

HAVOLINE OIL
It Makes a Difference



Every man is different—so is every motor

Men and motors are much alike. They vary in size, shape, speed and character. You'll find large men who are light on their feet, and small men who walk with the weight of the world upon them. Some men are up and off with half a turn—others hard to get started in the morning, but when once started, are easy goers without exerting much energy.

You'll find all of these characteristics in motors, just as you do in men.

There's the motor that's easy to get started and fairly easy to keep spinning, and there's the motor that is like the sluggard—hard to get started, but easy to keep moving with just a little prodding. Then there's the big, husky motor and the dapper little one. There are motors with tight bearings, just as there are men with tight clothes.

Manifestly no one suit of clothes would fit all men—not even men of the same size. If a suit fits one man it's sure to be too tight in the shoulders or too long in the sleeves for the other man.

Likewise no starter will fit all engines—not even those of the same horse power, stroke and bore.

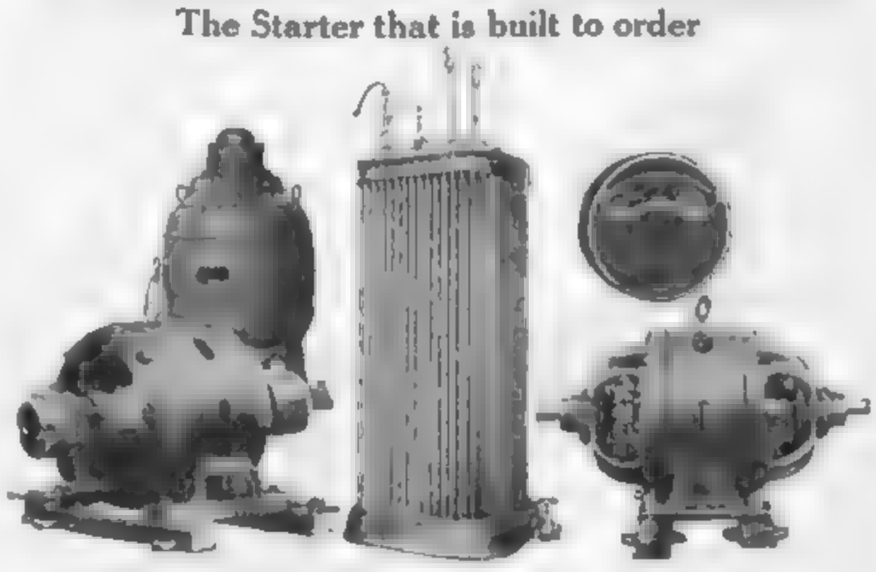
The Wagner Company takes the position of the custom tailor and builds a starter to order, to exactly suit the characteristics of the engine for which it is built. The result is a perfect fit, that, like the tailored suit, not only fits the figure but suits the character as well.

The Wagner Engineers go about their work very much as a tailor does. First, they scientifically take the measure of the engine and know exactly what is needed to start it under all conditions—the worst as well as the best. From these measurements the starter is designed and built. Then comes the preliminary try-on, when the starter is put on the car and taken through the most gruelling test—treatment it would never get under the worst conditions of private use. If it stands right up to its work, the starter is approved and built into the car as the car is built.

If you buy a car on which a Wagner Starter is installed, you may know that it was built to order for the car, and is the best starter that can be made for that particular car.

Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order



The Wagner Starter is made by the third largest of the great electrical machinery manufacturers of America, whose engineers have been specializing for 24 years on the development of motors, generators, transformers, converters, rectifiers, and electrical instruments of precision. They ought to know how to build starters, if anybody does.

The Wagner Company has branches and service stations all over the country. Service men everywhere and nothing for them to do is eloquent testimony to the quality of the Wagner Starter.

More about the Wagner Starter is told in our booklet "The Starter that is Built to Order." A copy is yours for the asking

Satisfactory service and low final cost rather than low first cost is the basis upon which the Wagner business has been built. If you want the [illegible] either single-phase or poly-phase, [illegible] formers, rectifiers or electrical instruments of precision communicate with the nearest Wagner branch or the

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, New Orleans, New York, Toronto, Chicago, Kansas City, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Denver, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Syracuse, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Seattle

Selling Agencies: Atlanta, St. Paul, Sioux City, El Paso, Salt Lake City

"Wagner Quality" the Sterling Mark of the Electrical Industry

'Ever-Ready'

with 12 'Radio' Blades

$1.00 complete

Count the 12 Blades

'Radio' Blades

To try the EVER-READY is to know self shaving in all its glory. Several million men think the EVER-READY the best at any price. If you don't say it's the best shave of your life—get your dollar back. Frame guaranteed 10 years—12 (twelve) blades of marvelous shaving ability—handsomely cased and all for one dollar. Results are great.

Drug, hardware and general stores feature EVER-READY and sell Extra Blades. Guaranteed unconditionally.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Each blade a marvel

6 for 30c

10 for 50c

Is your town a small one?

DO you feel that its size limits your own growth? Do you want to earn more money, to make business acquaintances of men outside of your own little circle? If you do, Mr. John Hopkins Chamberlain is one of a thousand men who can show you the way.

He helps to edit a newspaper in a small Wisconsin town. His pay is not large. He needed more money, and secured [illegible] ment as local subscription representative for the Curtis periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

He specializes on these three, giving as his reason that the national demand for the Curtis periodicals makes it possible for him to secure five orders for them where he could secure one for any other publication.

His interests have spread beyond his home town. He has formed a connection with the world's greatest publishing house. The sales literature and correspondence that we send to all our representatives give him new ideas, and the bonus and commission that he makes from the few moments a day that he can give to the Curtis work have totaled $60.00 or more at the end of a month.

We have a proposal concerning THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN that is of particular and timely interest to the man or woman who lives in a small town, and who wants to make more money. For full particulars address Agency Division, Box 809—

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE PROFESSIONAL GAME

(Continued from Page 22)

He drove from the first tee on the second round with unabated care, but it was a longer shot than Duncan's by thirty yards. Then followed a mashie to the green, two putts; the Scotchman now took five. Duncan was silent; he played with infinite pains, in unimpeachable form, but without avail. At the end of a long hole where he had tallied seven he watched the boy's bold, vigorous putt hit the back of the cup and drop in.

"You're going out strong," he observed as they walked to the tee following, "and I'm coming in, and that's all there is of it." And later: "Couldn't you put a little more on the ball now? You've a decent score, but it'll take you nowhere especial."

Tommy Healey, for the first time that day, drove with all his power; the ball sped out in a long, low carry and left, out of four, only a scant hundred yards to the green.

Duncan nodded.

"I'd almost put a guinea on you," he remarked, "for a place."

Yet Tommy finished the first half with the growing conviction that for those thirty-six holes he had accomplished little or nothing.

"Duncan eighty-four," the scorer called to a man recording the figures on a long sheet of paper pinned to a board: "Healey, seventy-nine."

Tommy saw Galbraith finishing in the pair immediately behind. When the latter's card was handed in there were low whistles, exclamations. Galbraith had scored seventy-one and seventy-three; he stood for the day's play by himself; he was nine strokes lower than his nearest competitor. Louis Dupays, the Frenchman, was third; Con Connard fourth; and in a field of thirty-nine he, Tommy Healey, was twenty-first.

VIII

A FEELING of depression settled over him as he noted the number of men who stood between him and the money.

"It's Galbraith's match or anybody's," Duncan told him; "you're hardly worse than fourth or fifth. Where are you spending the night?"

"At—at my hotel," Tommy lied.

The Scotchman with a shrewd penetrating humor studied him.

"I mind," he returned indirectly, "the first moneyed match I played in. I walked ninety miles to the sea with my shoes slung over a shoulder. I had but the three and six for the entry and an odd ha'penny or two. I won nothing, forbye, and broke Uncle Steeny's spoon I had borrowed in a quiet way. . . . I slept in a bunker."

Tommy Healey grinned.

"It's all right if the sand's warm," he admitted.

"Some of us are stopping at the clubhouse; the steward's an old reprobate who knows all the boys. You can come with me and glad."

They had comfortable chops and baked potatoes on a bare table in a club grill room. At a table adjoining Con Connard was lounging sulkily over a stone bottle of ale; with him were a small, sharp-faced professional in the checked suit of a horse tout and a lanky young American with a heavy nose and pale eyes set close together. They were morosely silent; but, beyond, a round table held ten or twelve men loyally celebrating Galbraith's success.

Outside, upon a bricked terrace overlooking the course now lost in darkness, Tommy smoked a formidable cigar, the gift of the steward; while Duncan, chin upon breast, dozed beside him. Broken thoughts, images, flooded the boy's mind—he wondered if his sister had been badly hurt in that last affair when he had left home. He saw the bare prospect of the Caledonian Golf Club, the raw rows of brick walls, the shining tracks; he recalled the long, arduous collection of the sum that finally had brought him to the side of the slumbering Scotchman.

Eighty-one and seventy-nine—a hundred and sixty . . . twenty-first in line . . . perhaps anybody's match. The cigar went out, became an offense to the nose, and he flung it away. He heard men talking in the obscurity below the clipped hedge that bound the terrace.

"He's drinking now, ain't he?" a nasal voice complained.

"A brace of beers," another answered contemptuously.

The voices sank to an unintelligible mutter, then rose.

"He might be got into a little game."

"That's it, Con," a third pronounced.

They were, Tommy Healey recognized, Con Connard and his companions at supper. He wondered idly whom they were discussing. "Eighty-one and seventy-nine," he repeated to himself.

The group below him paused, talking intently, low.

"Bray won't stay at second, and the Frenchman's hitting the slide . . . six hundred on myself. If we could get his nerve I'd split up ——" They moved on, their voices, disembodied in the night, were speedily lost.

Duncan sat up with a start.

"We'll to bed," he pronounced harshly.

The legs of their chairs scraped upon the bricks.

IX

THE sleeping quarters occupied a floor above the lockers and grill—a long, bare corridor on which opened adequately furnished bedrooms. As Duncan mounted the stairs Tommy noted that he breathed with difficulty and was forced to pause, rest, at the middle of the flight. They had a room in common; and, as the boy lay abed with the light extinguished, he was appalled by the other's labored respiration, the frequent painful fits of choking.

He was awakened later by a gurgling call and found the light switched on, and Duncan sitting on the edge of his bed, literally fighting for a meager breath upon which to sustain life. Twin flames burned in the ashes of the old man's cheeks, his eyes were glassy, his fingers twisted in the sheet.

"Whisky!" he gasped faintly; "close night . . . quick!"

The boy pulled on his trousers and without further formality dropped down the stairs to the grill. A steward in a white coat was bowed slumbering over a table. But, beyond, Con Connard and his two familiars and Galbraith were circled about a table that bore scattered playing cards, gleaming tumblers, siphons and dark, squat bottles. Galbraith's face was flushed, his gestures large, unsteady; Connard, loudly convivial, was lamenting his ill luck with the pasteboards and drinking pale infusions of whisky to Galbraith's prowess and success, to which the others gave instant, appreciative chorus.

Tommy secured the whisky and hurriedly returned to Duncan. The latter had almost recovered from his attack; his chest heaved with greater regularity; a more human color streaked his countenance. The drink further restored him.

"You're going out," he repeated, "and I—I'm in. Seventy-three," he proceeded—"a good score but a dam' bad age. I was a good lad once . . . tramped ninety miles on my bare soles and broke Uncle Steeny's spoon ——" His voice droned off sleepily.

In a minute more he was unconscious, his jaw fell open—already he seemed dead. Tommy hastily switched off the light.

X

IN THE morning Duncan was unable to resume play, his lips shook as though palsied, his hands had all but lost sense of touch. There was a hasty rearrangement of the pairing; and Andrew Graham, helpless from the effects of a night's debauch, was also unable to proceed, and Tommy Healey was bracketed with Connard.

"Put something more on the ball," Duncan reiterated from the door to the locker room as Tommy made his way to the first tee; "put everything on it you've got. It's now or never for you. And keep your face toward Con; he's a dark man to play and would break your heart with his tongue." He stopped Tommy Healey further. "I've got the guinea on you," he added, "for a place."

The customary fringe of humanity surrounded the first stand; the clerk's derby rested deftly on the back of his neck.

"Ten forty-five," he called; "Galbraith and Dupays."

Galbraith bent forward, teeing his ball. His fingers shook so that it rolled twice from the tee; his face was leaden colored, with pasty shadows in the temples and under the eyes. Nevertheless, he drove an incredibly long ball, curving with a marked pull, far out over the fairway.

"Eleven o'clock," the starter announced; "Connard and Healey."

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"Do you mind?" Connard addressed the onlookers. "I've drawn the mudlark." He teed his ball and, with a flourish, drove.

As Tommy stood above his ball he concentrated his every atom of force. His form and control held, the ball went out, out, and rested but a few yards short of where Galbraith had driven. Tommy's caddy grinned with delight—they were twenty-five yards beyond Connard. The boy played his mashie boldly, running well up to the pin, but was unable to take less than four, halving his opponent.

They had four each again at the next hole, but Connard got a three on the following and Tommy was one more. On the fourth hole the boy drove the longest ball he had yet hit, but it fell within the wedge of field, out of bounds, and he was forced to drive another and tallied six. At the sixth hole a species of panic swept over him and he sent a wild ball from the stand.

It was the drive across the stream, over the high bank and through the opening in the wood. His ball had barely rolled to the edge of the water, where it lay below the abrupt raw wall of earth. A perfectly played niblick would take the ball out of danger, but that would leave an impossibly long shot to the green. A six already and the possibility of another. He brushed aside the niblick, held out by his caddy, and took in its place the mid-iron. He addressed the ball with a clenched jaw, a nauseating sensation at the pit of his stomach; he was placing every chance on that one stroke.

The iron head cut viciously into the turf and followed through; the ball rose with a jerk and literally disappeared.

He saw his caddy hurriedly cross the bridge and mount the steps fixed against the bank. And, when Tommy had followed him to the ground above, he found that youth standing in the fairway but a medium mashie shot from the green. Tommy sent down a long putt for a four. That iron shot put a confidence in him that disposed of the remaining out holes in five, three, three.

A constant sneering skepticism, giving place at times to surly surprise, marked Connard's attitude toward him. Connard was playing faultless golf and finished the first half of the morning's round three under par. In the extreme care with which he addressed himself to the second nine he appeared to overlook Tommy's presence entirely.

Tommy Healey was playing as he had never dreamed possible; his shots followed each other with mechanical exactitude; the clubs seemed to appear miraculously in his grasp, almost to execute the strokes of themselves. No cuppy lie, nor ridge nor sand, disconcerted him—he got into trouble, but he got out again instantly with an aplomb akin to insolence. He came in with seventy-three as his total for the morning's play. Duncan met him with ill-suppressed excitement.

"You are down to seventh place," the older man told him as the scores were posted; "and Galbraith's on the black edge of ruin. He took eighty-one, and him going worse every hole."

XI

TOMMY HEALEY recalled the broken conversation he had overheard on the terrace the night before, that noisy party gathered late about the cards and bottles—they fitted one into the other like the parts of a single design, the result of which, the boy now clearly saw, had been Galbraith's eighty-one, his breaking form.

He repeated his discovery to Duncan over lunch and the other nodded, unmoved.

"There's a lot in professional golf," he pronounced, "not down on the cards. I'm no saying yon's not a fishy lot; but Galbraith was fair dunderheaded to be taken at that price. Say nothing more and get profit from what you find!

"There's narrow space for sentimentality in our game. I'm not counseling you to be crooked, mind, but be poleetical . . . that's it—poleetical. It's well enough for my lord and Sir Percy to bow and scrape; for us it is different." He leaned forward, speaking with grave finality: "We've got to win. No handsome excuse will bring a loaf from the gentry or bury us on the last green. We are not paid to amuse them, we are only paid to win."

XII

TOMMY was conscious of a subtle change in the temper of the onlookers as he drove off on his final round. Some one repeated aloud his score, his place in the

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*32 x 3½"	12.32	13.86	2.43	*36 x 4½"	23.25	26.04	4.50
*34 x 3½"	13.91	15.48	2.56	*37 x 4½"	24.10	26.98	4.59
36 x 3½"	14.59	16.24	2.70	*35 x 5"	27.42	30.70	5.17
30 x 4"	14.76	15.96	3.15	36 x 5"	27.74	31.06	5.26
31 x 4"	14.91	16.69	3.24	*37 x 5"	28.80	32.24	5.35
*32 x 4"	15.35	16.97	3.33	39 x 5"	30.46	34.11	5.44
*33 x 4"	15.84	17.74	3.42	37 x 5½"	36.55	40.84	5.85
*34 x 4"	16.32	18.07	3.51	38 x 5½"	37.26	41.72	6.07
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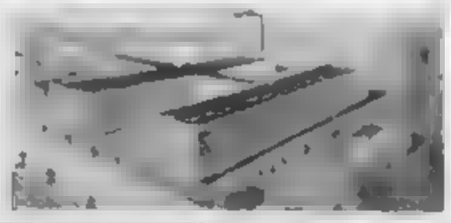

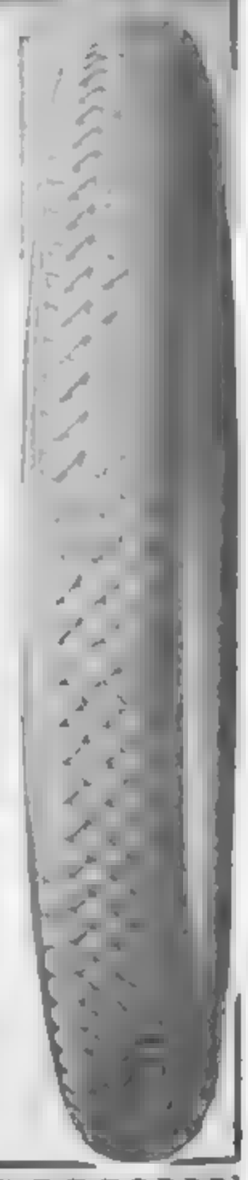

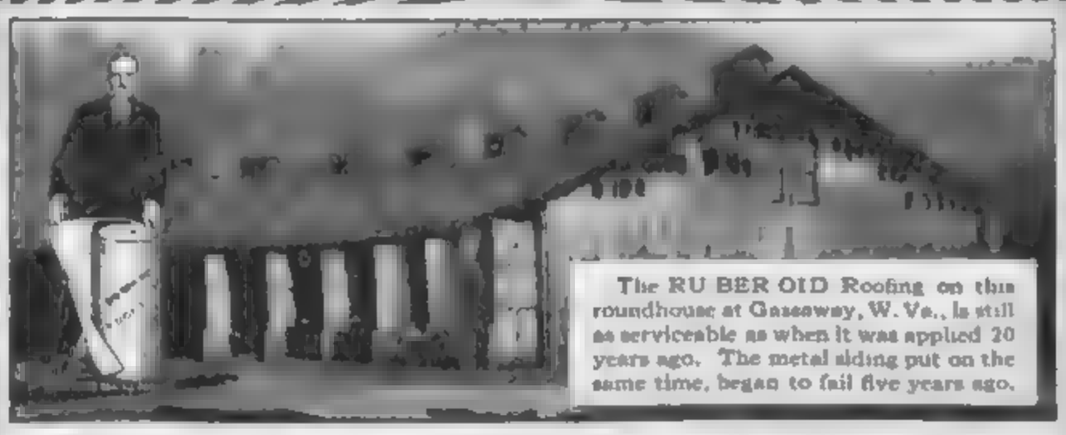

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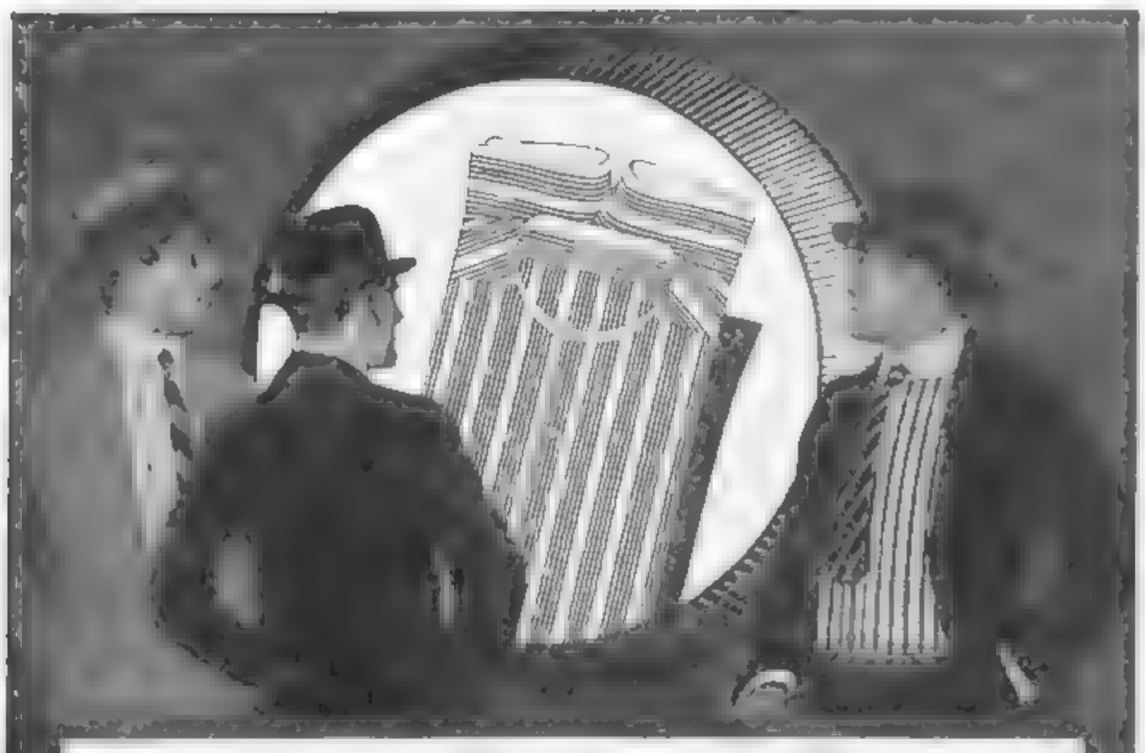

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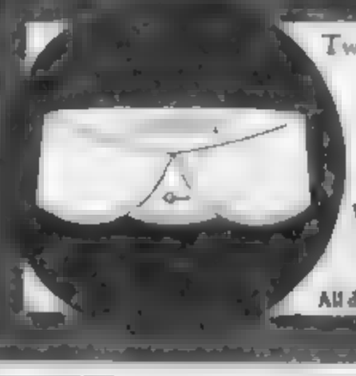

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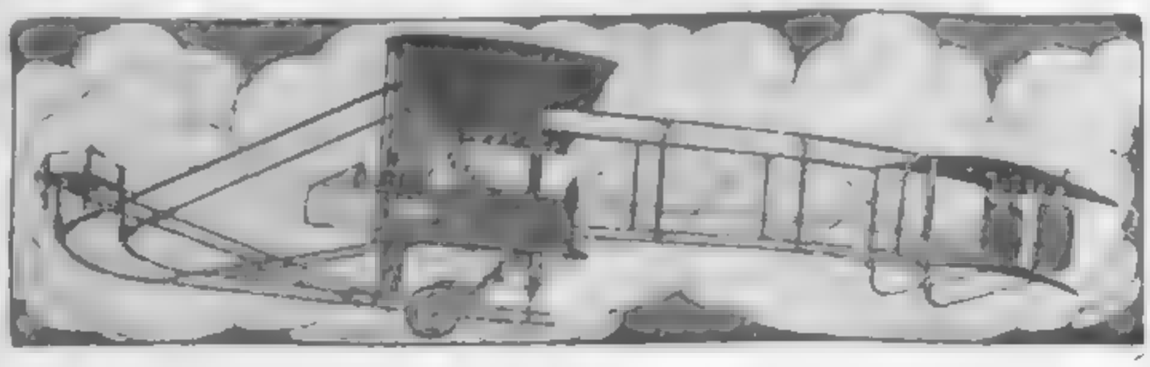

tournament. He played boldly, confidently, and with success; but, play as he might, Connard was better—not by the wide margins that characterize the play of amateurs, but by that small, all-important number which distinguishes a round better than par from one merely good.

Tommy Healey took thirty-seven for the first nine holes; Connard, thirty-five. Tommy had scored eighty-one, seventy-nine and seventy-three, a total of two hundred and thirty-three, for the first three rounds. This, he felt, would avail him little. Galbraith had been eliminated, but Connard, in his present form, would total three hundred, while Bray, Louis Dupays and Hop Crane were playing splendidly.

A cloud of black, dispiriting thoughts took possession of the boy. His money, with the exception of some loose silver, had gone. He possessed nothing but his clubs, a few golf balls. With no salable experience he was without prospects in the game. He had heard the professionals lightly arranging a meeting at the next Open tournament—at a place half across the continent.

He drove down the incline of the tenth hole and brassied over the long, narrow strip of sward. He played two long shots, but Connard's ball in the same number was farther than his; and Tommy was forced to play the third to the green, falling short.

He leaned moodily upon his club and watched Connard take his stand. Connard's ball, too long studied, fell short. And, in an uncontrollable exasperation, Tommy shot out:

"Aw, hit it, hit it!"

The other turned with a swiftly kindling anger. "You little street sweeping!" he ejaculated.

"Sure," said Tommy Healey, covering his confusion at his unstudied comment, "you want to hit it—like this here." He played his ball with a short, stiff swing of the wrists, and it rose, dropping upon the green, where it rolled, following a turn of the ground, surprisingly into the hole.

"That's it," Tommy Healey said nonchalantly.

In an ill-suppressed passion Connard putted over the hole, failed to drop the next, and required six.

A secret elation radiated through Tommy Healey. The result of his exclamation, of his fortunate approach shot, had been extraordinary, beyond calculation. The other strode off fuming to the tee. Tommy realized suddenly the meaning in Duncan's remark that not all professional golf was recorded on the card, the possibilities in the old man's admonition to be "poleetical." He defined shrewdly to himself what that might mean in the present situation. There was a possibility, a bare chance, dangerous in the extreme; but Tommy had been inured to dangerous chances; his older brother, the local prizefighter, had seen to that.

The following was a short hole, but required the utmost delicacy in play—the small, uneven green was banked on the side of a steep hill, while the upper face was bounded by a low stone wall and road. A ball but a few feet short, or to the left, would bound down a bare incline to matted brush. Tommy played a vigorous undercut shot that held the ball, after a perilous moment, on the green. Then he turned, addressing Connard before the latter had placed his tee.

"What," Tommy demanded, gripping his mashie hard, "were you going to split up with them friends of yours if you got down in first money?"

A deep flush overspread Connard's countenance, his knuckles were white in his clenched hand as he crossed the stand toward the boy. The latter moved not an inch, but swung his club up shoulder high.

"And," he added huskily, "if Galbraith was put out of the running?"

Connard stopped short.

"What's this damned nonsense about Galbraith?" he asked. He turned and stooped, teeing his ball, evidently striving to regain his composure. "And that stuff about splitting up? . . . I'll take it out of your hide after the match," he fired across his shoulder. He played his stroke, and the ball, hitting full upon the green with a strong spin, sped over the edge, far down the slope.

Connard's mashie whirled with an evil whine past the boy's head. Tommy turned upon him a slow, infuriating, indescribably homely grin. Connard, his face now crimson with passion, tramped savagely down the slope. He played his ball short, required a third to reach the green and took two putts. Tommy Healey narrowly missed a two and sent his ball a scant four inches for a three.

IT WAS now evident that Connard realized the cost of his outburst of temper. He played slowly, carefully, from the following stand, and successfully. Tommy recognized the need for extreme care; he knew that he had gone well—he remembered three threes, fours, a single five. He drove with an iron up over a bluff and on to a tricky green. . . . Another three. He noted for the first time that a small gallery was following him, he heard discreet patters of applause, enthusiastic comments . . . he ran down a nine-foot putt.

Finally he was addressing his ball on the eighteenth and last tee. He drove; a mid-iron shot followed to the green. It was, he saw, surrounded on three sides by spectators. His opponent putted listlessly, and Tommy laid his ball close by the hole. With the next shot it dropped in.

Somebody demanded: "What did he take?"

"Seventy-one," the scorer replied.

Tommy saw Duncan hurrying toward him. The old Scotchman's face, worn by the illness of the night before, was wreathed in delighted smiles.

"By gad!" he caught the exclamation. "The boy's got it—he's got it with three hundred and four . . . no one still out——"

Two reporters were training black box cameras upon him.

"Thomas," he answered their query as from a dream; "Thomas Healey, Unattached."

Winding Backward

AN AMERICAN inventor has achieved the seemingly impossible by making a reel that unwinds from the center instead of from the outside, as thread is unwound from a spool, for instance. His purpose, of course, is to do away with the great labor and waste of time involved in the rewinding of moving-picture films each time after they are used and before they can be used again.

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The new reel has a slot cut down one side, out of which the film is pulled, beginning at the core. The problem was to have the film come out without tearing or kinking; but pulling the film out through the slot will work only for a few turns. To avoid this trouble, the reel is made so that the slotted side will remain stationary while the other side will be revolved by a little electric motor.

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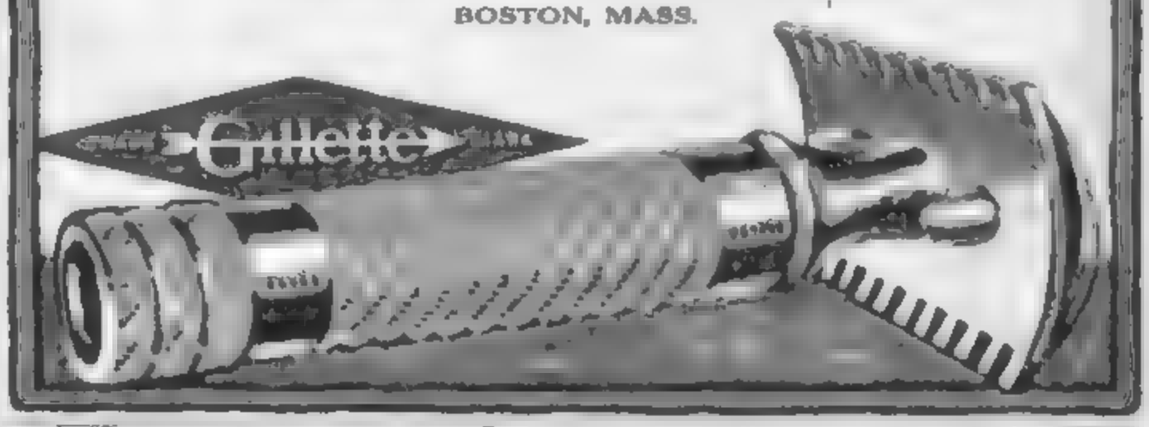

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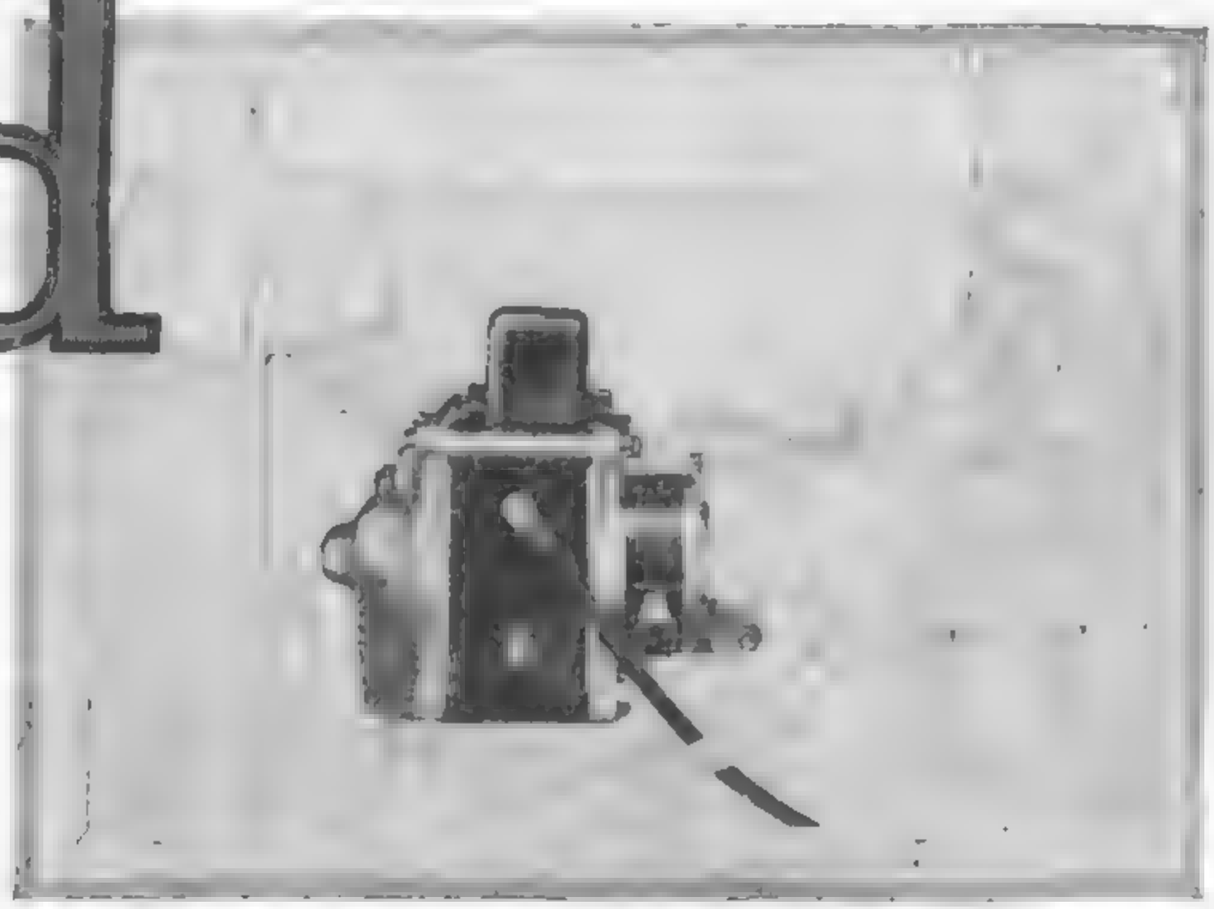

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GRAY & DAVIS

STARTING - LIGHTING SYSTEM

MADE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 16)

is Bob, and he is half bull pup and half Airedale. Not long ago a black bear came nosing round one of the hotels and Bob chased him up a tree. Just as the bear began his ascent Bob fastened his teeth on the bear's hind leg and hung on. The bear climbed about a hundred and fifty feet before Bob concluded he was no aviator. Accordingly he let go, striking the ground with a mighty grunt.

Undaunted by his knowledge of the height of the tree he thereupon set to work to gnaw it down, and at last accounts had been engaged a couple of months or so without quite completing his task, but perhaps with the result of gaining respect for the latitudinal dimensions of the sequoia. I do not know a better way to get a comprehensive notion of the actual size of one of these trees, and must classify Bob as the leading scientist in his district. However, no amateur camera-snapping seems to come seriously into the thought of the average visitor here. You do not hear typical tourist exclamations of delight. Silence you find here, just as you did at the Grand Cañon.

"Every time I look at that tree," said one woman, referring to the Sherman Tree, "I feel just like shedding tears—it is so awfully old."

"They always make me feel as though it were time to go to church," said another woman after a long silence passed in regarding a group of sequoias.

"And to think," said a man standing near, "that they say these trees are only young to-day!"

Young they may be relatively to themselves, but not to anything else within our comprehension. In 1907 ten sequoias were cut for one mill, and they ran from nineteen hundred to three thousand years old. The growth rings seem to be deeper in wet years and smaller in dry, as was discovered by comparing the record growth with rain charts covering the number of years in our own times. Before 1907, as both trees and meteorological records attest, there had been thirty wet years. Before that period, and since, the seasons had been normal. The sequoias are, therefore, the oldest meteorological records in the world.

These trees were old when Christ was born. All of them of any size saw the fall of the Roman Empire. The birth of Mohammed happened late in their lives. China was young when they were old. When the Hebrews went out of Egypt; when Helen of Troy was captured—these trees stood here. They were two hundred feet high and their bark was six inches thick when the first Marathon race was run. They have stood here in the Sierras, unknown, silent, motionless, while many a civilization of the earth has come and gone.

The Rain Records of the Ages

If one has been guilty of any slighting reference to the governmental bureaus at Washington as a source of literature or information, let apology be made at once. The Interior Department furnishes a bulletin called The Secret of the Big Trees, written by Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale. This gentleman has perhaps given the most exhaustive study to the stumps of the great trees of the Sierras. There lies the record of wet and dry seasons; and this record is made the basis of some interesting, almost romantic, inferences as to the history of the earth's nations.

For instance, take the era of 1200 B. C. There lies the record on the stump, to be examined microscopically. Do your subtraction from the known age of the tree, arrived at by counting these rings carefully, and you could discover, almost independently, the dry seasons which forced the westbound movement of the hordes overrunning Western Asia and Eastern Europe.

Again, your moisture curve drops low round 300 A. D. History shows that many towns in Asia were abandoned at about that time; but about 1000 A. D. the moisture profile rises; and you will find that the old trade routes of Asia began to be revived and that prosperity ruled—at least the Republican Party would have claimed that had it been in power there at that time. Had there been any political party at all in California at that date it might have claimed prosperity there also, with good crops and good rainfall; for there is the history of fat and lean years written in the sequoia rings.

The story of the Hittites' coming out of the desert, of the Arabs' swarming into Egypt, of the invasion of the Libyans, of the Exodus of Joseph and his people from Egypt—all that chaotic day of war and famine and vast migrations—you may see written here on the stump of an ancient tree. The same long, slow causes wrote both profiles—of history and of moisture—for our view.

You may see, also, here, if you like, according to this observer and his conclusions, the glory of the Greek Empire and the days of flowering prosperity in other lands. At the time of the birth of Christ there was, according to the record of our trees, a favorable epoch of the world. There were good crops in the Mediterranean country, says history; and there would have been good crops in California had there been farmers there, say the sequoias. And you may see here written the story of how Rome, thousands of miles away, was harassed by the barbarians, crowding west out of the dried-up desert.

When the story of the big trees shall be known to the public there will be for them nothing but popular reverence and popular pride. We may leave out, if we please, all reference to the operations through which title passed from the American people to many individuals via desert-land laws, tree claims, swamp and overflowed land acts, homestead acts, and all that sort of thing; but when it comes to destroying forever, and to the last, without limit, living creatures so old and venerable as these, the human conscience revolts.

The American people will not stand for that. They would not stand to-day for the acquiring by one or two men of title to over fourteen million acres of California ranch, fruit and farm lands. That was done in the past. Most of the destruction of the sequoias was done in the past. Let that past bury its own dead, but let us have no more such history to go into any other past.

A Stable in a Sequoia Trunk

The present public interest in the big trees has not yet wholly passed from the stage of doctrinairism into that of cheerful and general public enjoyment. The attendance at Sequoia Park in 1913, counting all visitors, was only 3823—from seventy to eighty per cent of these being Californians. Grant Park had 2756 visitors. During the summer of 1914 the attendance at both parks was largely increased.

Grant Park is small, only 2560 acres in extent, and it has in its limits only a hundred and ninety trees, running from ten to thirty-five feet in diameter. This group includes the famous General Grant Tree, which rivals the Sherman Tree in Sequoia Park. The Grant Tree is very large about the roots, but, measured fairly above the spreading buttress roots, its diameter is thirty-five feet and its height two hundred and sixty-four feet. The Sherman, which is a beautifully symmetrical tree, is two hundred and eighty-six feet high and thirty-six feet in fair diameter.

The famous Grizzly Giant of the Mariposa Grove, commonly seen by all Yosemite tourists, is a splendid example of the stocky, sturdy character of the true sequoia, which keeps a vast columnar size far up toward the ragged top. The Grizzly Giant measures only two hundred and four feet in height and twenty-nine feet in diameter, but it is at present the best-known of all the trees. Wawona Tree, two hundred and twenty-seven feet high and twenty-six feet in the clear opening through the roots—through which opening your coach customarily drives—measures only a trifle over nineteen feet in diameter when you get above the spreading roots.

All through this high Sierra country you may come, once in a while, on scattered clumps of these red-gold columns, reaching high up into the air, flocking by themselves, aloof, clannish, exclusive. They are the survivors. You will be astonished at the general extent of the action of fire. Almost every tree is blackened. Perhaps larger trees were burned than ever were measured. One end of the Dead Monarch, in Grant Park, is used as a stable for horses. At the other end, a hundred and forty feet from the root, my guide casually rode in with a couple of horses to be photographed.

Time and again you will see how small a horse and rider seem at the foot of even

fresh and dainty the country over

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a small sequoia. There are abundant pictures of cavalry troops on fallen logs, or of a coach and six standing on top of a log; but these things mean little in the telling or in the pictorial record. They do not give you the feel of the sequoia. It is not possible to paint the portrait of the sequoia or to write a description of its character. You must go there and get acquainted with the splendid creatures for yourself.

The so-called Giant Forest lies close to Camp Sierra in Sequoia Park; and on about thirty-two hundred acres here there are five hundred thousand sequoias, of which five thousand exceed ten feet in diameter. They grow in other groups here and there in the park, on tracts of from ten acres to two thousand acres in extent—in all more than twelve thousand trees exceeding ten feet in diameter. The Giant Forest is the greatest group of big trees now in the world. The Tuolumne Grove has only twenty trees; this is seventeen miles northwest of the Valley of the Yosemite. The Merced Group, nine miles northwest of the valley, is perhaps less known. It has only forty trees.

These two big-tree parks hold good examples and a considerable remnant of the original redwood forests that were such a glory to California. Here are two of the crown jewels of this Republic, much worth the name, and worth much better care. They have been lying cast aside, up in the attic, unknown and unregarded.

No doubt in the future we shall have more paintings of the big trees in America and, let us hope, fewer of Italian gondolas and German villages. This is the country to see—our own country; the most beautiful and the most marvelous in the world. It is time for American art. We have more and grander landscapes than Europe ever saw—and we are ignorant of them. Where are our artists? And where are our Americans?

The Charm of Yosemite

Yosemite, elder sister of the California parks, can afford to step aside in her assuredness and allow fuller introduction for her more callow débutant relatives. Not all the world knows Sequoia Park or Grant Park; but all the world knows Yosemite—or thinks it does. As a matter of fact, it is rather a large order thoroughly to learn everything about this difficult mountain region on the crest of the Sierras, which measures eleven hundred and twenty-four square miles in area and has five hundred and seventy-five miles of roads and trails, which latter open only a fraction of its extent to public travel; a region that holds the greatest assemblage of beautiful landscapes in all the world. Each of these, taken alone, would be of itself incomparable. Taken together, they leave Yosemite unapproachable in charm.

Yosemite is lovable. The Grand Cañon is terrible, tragic, aloof—and dead. Quiet, silence and unalterable repose mark it. The Great Trees are tremendous, but they are aloof, silent—impressive, yet hardly inviting affection. It is quite otherwise with Yosemite. It has sheer beauty; and with that beauty there is a strange quality of attractiveness, of winsomeness, of sweetness.

It is more human than almost any other of our national parks. Its charm is like that of a very beautiful woman, so far above rivalry and above art that she is instinctively gracious.

If it is a gracious and winning beauty you find all about you in Yosemite, none the less is it a vital and sprightly beauty. In the Grand Canon you have a kaleidoscope of color, but little action. In the Great Trees you have one strange color, but little action. Their pictures are still like canvases and like set photographs: but in Yosemite action is all round you. The trees wave in the breeze; the grasses and flowers nod to you; and scores of waterfalls and rapids stir the imagination on every hand. It is perhaps this feeling of life and vitality that gives so strange and compelling a charm to this assemblage of great pictures, done with so vast and kindly a brush.

Not all geologists agree as to the making of the Grand Canon, but certainly you may trace both volcanic and erosive action there. Authorities disagree, also, as to the origin of the Yosemite Valley, seven miles long, three-quarters of a mile in width. The perpendicular rock faces are so vast as to stagger the geologist who believes they

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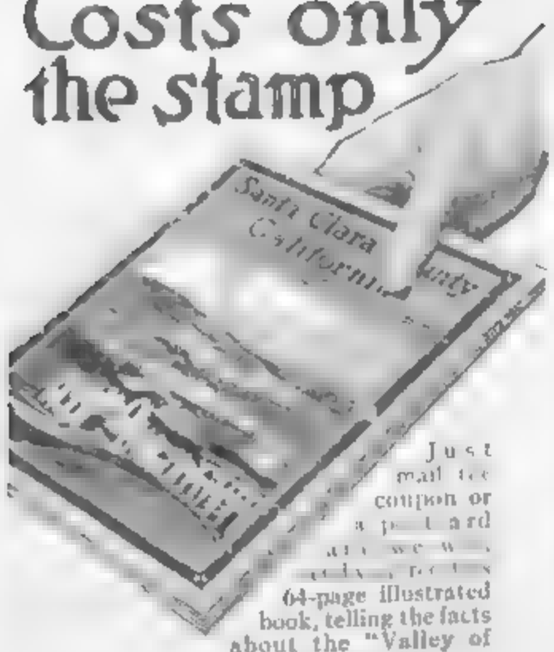

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are due to glacial action; indeed, one authority says they cannot be of glacial origin.

Very many others, however, including Professor Joseph Le Conte and Mr. John Muir, declare that all this Yosemite country originally was covered by an enormous glacier, which ground its way across the rounded domes and upright walls which now tower so impressively. Certainly you may see for yourself proof enough that there were glaciers here. In the Grand Cañon you found many stratifications and many colors; whereas in the Yosemite you find most of the rock surfaces monolithic, and of monotone—a distinctive color that no artist, as yet, has put on canvas—gray and silver and slate and mauve, mixed. I do not know of any artist who has ever painted it truly, but have met many who admitted their despair.

This valley has been known from the first days of gold. Doctor Bunnell, whose interesting volume undertakes to tell the story of Yosemite, says that in the winter of 1849, while mining on the Merced River, he saw in the distance an immense cliff, reaching the summit of the mountains. This was El Capitan. The next winter Doctor Bunnell was attached to the Mariposa Battalion, which pursued certain hostile Indians into the mountains thereabouts. On the twenty-first of March, 1851, they entered this narrow valley and suddenly came into full view of that picture which has delighted the eyes of thousands since.

"It has been said that it is not easy to describe in words the precise impressions which great objects make on us," Doctor Bunnell says. "I cannot describe how completely I realized this truth. . . . As I looked, a peculiarly exalted sensation seemed to fill my whole being. I found my eyes in tears with emotion." A like confession, mayhap, need give you no shame, for the compelling picture is now as then.

Some Mixed Metaphors

Any family claiming social rank in our town, as in yours, generally had in the parlor an art chromo, done in red and yellow, which was called El Capitan. The town preacher said that very likely this rock was as high as the church steeple—maybe not, as he did not wish to be untruthful about anything. I remember El Capitan and the "Yosemight," as our preacher always called it, because once there came to lecture in our town Dr. Joseph Cook, a famous Eastern divine. He closed his speech with a splendid mixed metaphor, having reference to a wave of religious thought then passing over the country. "It is sufficient," said he, "to rock the El Capitan of doubt, and to cleanse Lady Macbeth's red right hand!" It really is too bad the way Boston uses metaphors—or was this Brooklyn?

It was some years before I knew the metaphor was mixed; but ever and anon I would gaze at the chromo of El Capitan in our parlor, and forget all about Lady Macbeth and her red right hand in a longing to see the up-and-down rock, as high as the church steeple in our prairie town. Many times, as I advanced in years, I pictured myself standing somewhere near El Capitan, and gazing up at it through a field glass, the while clad in a white flannel suit and looking as much like Richard Harding Davis or James Montgomery Flagg as possible.

Indeed, this dream came true—all but the resemblance and the field glass and the flannels. In good sooth, I had even these latter; but, in equal sooth, the dust of Yosemite much persuades a wise man to leave his ducks and flannels in his trunk and betake himself to serviceable khaki. Also, you do not need a field glass.

It had been hot in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys. I did not like to pay ten cents a mile over any California railroad, as you do over the short side line from Merced. Not even the pleasant hotel at El Portal, near the gateway of the park, wholly mitigated my grouch. It had been intensified by a singsong train butcher who, all the way up the valley, had persecuted American citizens with his nasal history of the scenery through which we passed—and his distribution of photographs, albums, postcards and other similar junk, such as is customarily inflicted on the American public when traveling for the purpose of enjoyment.

Moreover, the stage, none too fast, passed over a road quite too dusty. Women in thin shirt waists put newspapers over their

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shoulders to ward off sunburn. There were grouches—five to a seat and several seats deep; but our way wound along the wonderful Merced, here white and foaming, once in a while green and glassy—far more bold and more beautiful than the Kicking Horse, up in Canada. And presently, just as did that early miner more than half a century ago, we struck in at the open door of the greatest valley in the world.

On the right came down the wondrous Bridal Veil Falls, six hundred and twenty feet in height, a rainbow at its foot, a crown of smoke-colored mist rising up and blowing back over its brink—a veil not of water but of mist, which waved here and there, wonderfully and softly beautiful—a waterfall which seems to travel upward, not down. And mile after mile the valley opened up until the river forgot its troubles, and ran smooth and green between banks covered with a score of soft and pleasant greens, grasses dotted with many flowers.

And on the left rose El Capitan! . . . Yes, it was indeed taller than any church steeple in all the world—3588 feet above the valley floor. Its crest is 7630 feet above the sea; its color is something I cannot name. Nor can I name the impression made by all this charming valley. No English word covers it; the nearest is the French word *intime*.

At dinner that evening we sat in a room directly above the glass-clear Merced River, and looked down at the trout swimming to and fro. There were tender greens of the willows, darker greens of the pines on beyond; and across the valley lay the picture of the highest waterfall in the world, the Falls of the Yosemite, pouring out of the sky, its subdued roar audible only soothingly.

Now and again, as was the case, also, with the Bridal Veil Falls, the wind would take this thin curtain of water and fling it far to one side, showing the gleam of wet rock behind. Then, little by little, the curtain would edge back again, growing whiter and firmer, and on its edges would be outlined a thousand dropping smoke-colored points, precisely like the rain of sparks from a rocket bursting high in the air, such as you and I saw on the Fourth of July when we were boys.

Yosemite Falls by Moonlight

Surely, we thought then, nothing in the world could ever be so beautiful as those rocket streams; but there was—there is. The perpetual fireworks of Yosemite surpass even those young dreams. Because here you can look down ten hundred feet of sheer waterfall and still not compass the face of all the lower fall, the soft murmurs of which come to you as you dine in leisure and comfort. Top to bottom, this cascade is 1750 feet.

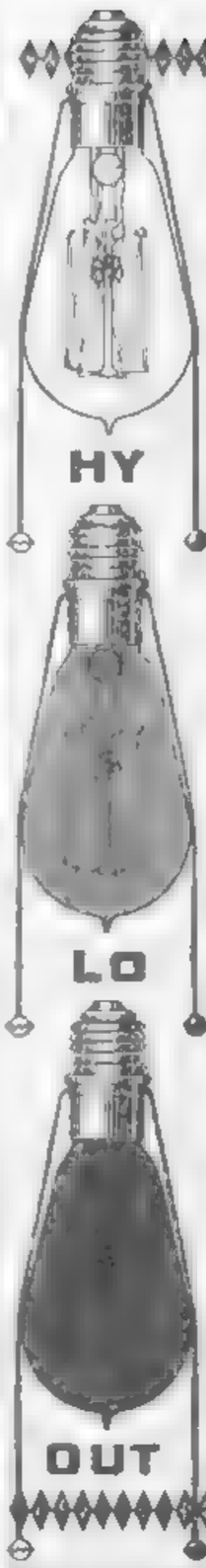
That night, to make all yet more beautiful—though this we fancied could never be—the moon came up, back of the vast domes and spires. It lightened the Yosemite Falls into a peculiar silver, and softened yet more the soft gray of El Capitan below. Here and there it picked out a high light on the face of the Merced River, or showed the bank willows, now dark rather than green.

There was music that night—and music is fitting at Yosemite, as it is not among the Big Trees or at the Grand Cañon—and there was dancing on a platform under the light of the moon and by the bank of the Merced, within sound of yonder amiable cascade. The whole scene, music and moon and dance and distant waters, worked a spell such as one must confess has not been known elsewhere in all this wonderful country of ours.

Far away, the Eastern cities perhaps were roaring; but if so it must have been very, very far away. Yonder rose El Capitan, calm and untroubled, far higher than any church spire, and offering more religion of one sort than any cathedral in the world.

The wisest thing for you to do in regard to this park would be to write to the Secretary of the Interior and ask for a copy of the Bulletin entitled General Information Regarding Yosemite National Park. In this you will discover six pages of points of interest—six pages of fine print—giving you the distances to places you ought to see besides those visible from the floor of the valley.

As you study this interesting booklet you begin to realize the smattering quality of the average tourist's travel. You can do the Yosemite in two or three days. You should



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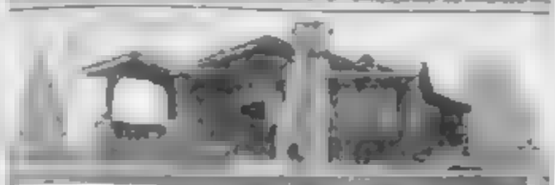

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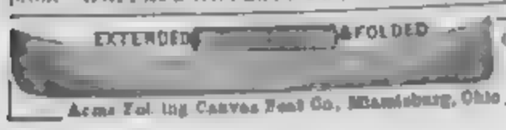

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not spend less than a week. If possible you should spend a month. In that case you would go back next year and spend the summer. Then you would wish you could live there for an entire year. Indeed, there is no time when Yosemite is not beautiful.

The average tourist's experience is to ride up the floor of the valley, among the different tent colonies, to the automobile garage, and to that wonderful bit of white water on the Merced known as the Happy Islands. Perhaps the next day the tourist will take stage for the other entrance to the park and go out Wawona way, seeing the Mariposa Big Trees en route.

The more usual thing, however, is to take at least one day for a trip up to the Rim. The valley of Yosemite proper is a subterranean affair. When you get up on the top of its edges a tremendous new world is developed for you. Then you begin to see that the valley is but one of the incidents of the Yosemite National Park.

From the dizzy altitude of Glacier Point you discover that Yosemite Valley, after all, is not a straight, gouged-out groove, but a vast semicircle. As it bends to the right you see the white falls of the Illouette, three hundred and seventy feet high, and apparently only big enough to run a boy's waterwheel. The white face of the Vernal Falls you also see, and across the valley rises the tremendous face of the split Half Dome.

Yonder way lies Tenaya Cañon, they tell you, with a lake somewhere back in there. And yonder are a lot of other mountains—a flocking host of mountains, far to the east and south. And when you turn back, down the Pohono Trail, along the rim of the gorge, you rediscover Inspiration Point and Artist Point—old, yet always new.

And you find that El Capitan was not so much after all. Sentinel Dome is 8,205 feet high; the North Dome, 7,700 feet; Glacier Point, 7,297 feet, and the Half Dome—one of the dominating features of the valley—is 8,927 feet, with rock enough in it to build any score of cities in the world.

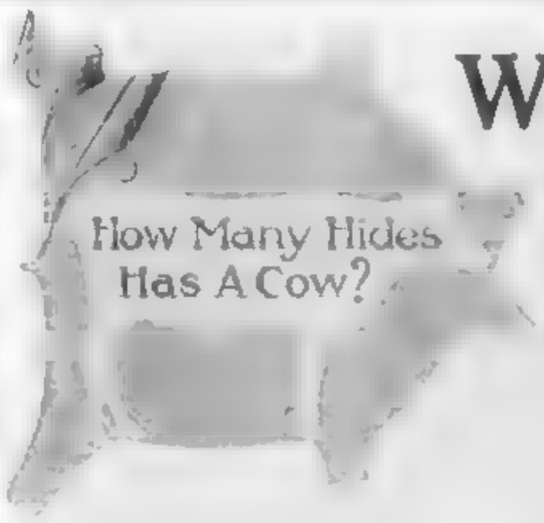
Travel by Pack Train

You have read vaguely of Hetch-Hetchy Valley, and of the fight that was made to keep the water company out of Yosemite Park. Very well, then; ride over to Hetch-Hetchy almost any week—it is only fifty-nine miles yonder across the mountains, and still in the park—and across the valley you may see the line of the old Tioga Road, which runs to the east over a pass of the Sierras. And vaguely you may realize that there are other passes to the east through which, if you have courage, you may adventure on a wonderful journey along the crest of the high Sierras themselves, south and east, as far and as long as you care to go. It is a tremendous country.

It is your country. There is nothing like it anywhere else in all the world. If you have not seen it, so much the worse for you. Yosemite Point, Sentinel Dome, Washington Column, Stanford Point, Liberty Cap, Old Inspiration Point, North Dome, Profile Cliff, Leaning Tower, Artist Point, Pulpit Rock, Panorama Point, Cloud's Rest, Basket Dome, Cathedral Spires, Cathedral Rocks, Eagle Peak, Glacier Point, Columbia Rock, El Capitan, Half Dome—you are dealing now with elevations of from four thousand to nine thousand feet; and from every one of these you can see, not one picture but scores of pictures such as you can find nowhere else in any country. If you have not seen at least some of these things, your education as a traveler is by no means complete.

A Government expedition of inspection was going to break into the country beyond the Nevada Falls, up one of the most difficult and wonderful mountain trails ever constructed by the ingenuity of man. Mr. Daniels, general superintendent of National Parks, with the superintendent of trails of this particular park—Sovalevski, late army sergeant and crack cavalry rider—and Ranger John Taylor, of Texas, of Wyoming, of the Philippines, and elsewhere—was taking in a little pack train. That is the way to see Yosemite—with a pack train and a good saddle horse. I was glad to join the party.

It is almost unbelievable how horse trails are built up those perpendicular rock faces in the narrow gorges. The Yosemite trails in many cases are more terrifying than any of the Grand Cañon for one not used to high-mountain work; but if you do not fall off you are perfectly safe. With much groaning of your wonderful horse,



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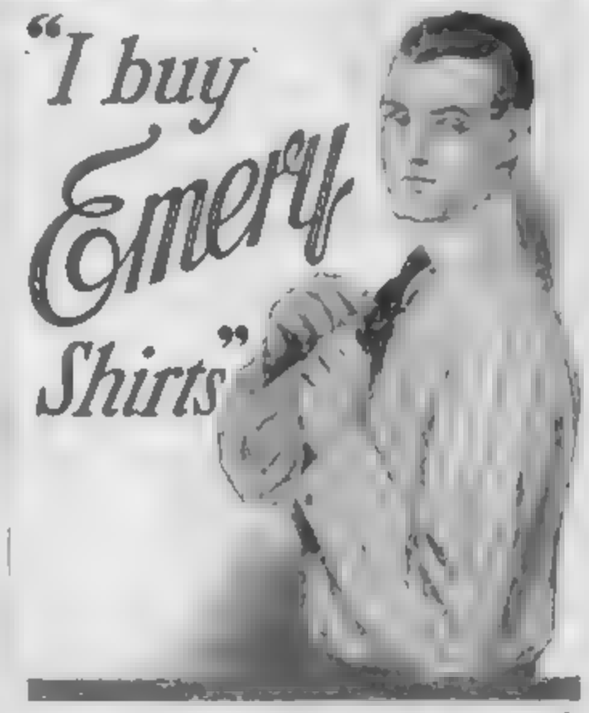

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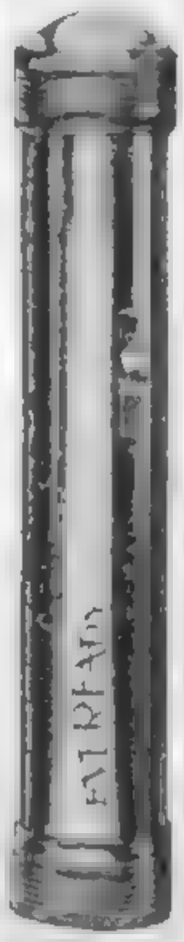

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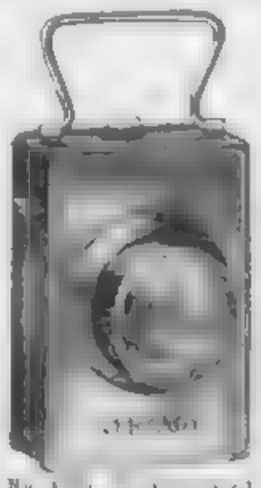

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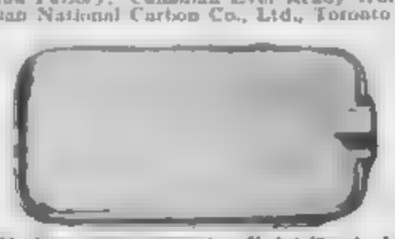

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(Signed) Jessie L. Parcher, Missouri.

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and much swallowing of dust, you come to the foot of the beautiful Vernal Falls; and then you wind upward in miraculous fashion, along a trail yet steeper and more crooked. You meet red and perspiring foot passengers coming down the trail. They have spent the night at Glacier Point and are doing one of the more usual foot routes down to the floor of the valley.

At last you come to the top of the Nevada Falls. If the stream be in full flood, as it is in July, you have one of the most impressive features of all Yosemite. You go to the brink of the fall and look directly down. The thunder of the water comes up like an actual thing of dimensions and form.

Along the edges of the fall itself you see, descending, those curious smoke-colored points—shadows inclosed in water—the old rocket trails of your youthful days. In few places will you feel more keenly the tremendous power of water—yes, and the power of sheer beauty itself, that silken strength, as definite and material and measurable as this uprising roar of the mighty falls. And think now of the history of this Merced River, dropping so madly down its short stairs to the sea.

Surely at the top of the Nevada Falls you are at an *impasse*—at the top of the world? Not quite! There is a rent—a cleft, scarcely wide enough to be called a gorge—which leads off to the left. Advancing along this, you see rising above you the enormous back of the Half Dome, the split face of which was so familiar from the valley.

The top of that certainly is the top of the world? Softly! The trail still winds and still climbs. It ascends the side of a mountain on your left in long, steady, well-laid reaches. At last you stand high up in the air on the top of Cloud's Rest, 9924 feet above sea level—which, it seems to a careless observer, might just as well have been called ten thousand feet for good measure.

Where is El Capitan just now? Far off to your left and below you. And that enormous bulk of the Half Dome, which reminded you of the description of old Polyphemus—"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*"? It has shrunken. It lies a thousand feet below you as you look down on its top!

Little Yosemite Valley lies off on your right as you follow up the high mountain trail to Merced Lake, and beyond that some miles to Washburn Lake. Here, John Gaylor will tell you, brook trout were planted many years ago—the speckled Eastern brook trout. We found them numerous, large and obliging.

Pleasant Side Trips

This is but one of many trips; you will find scores of trails for horse or foot work, all leading through the best outdoor country of the world. Whatever be your purpose, do not content yourself merely with a visit to the floor of the valley proper and the more hackneyed portions of the Rim. Go back into the country; lie out in your blankets for a night or two. Not in a whole summer will you have covered half of Yosemite National Park. Nor can we even scratch its surface here.

There are two entry points to Yosemite—El Portal, the end of railroad transportation, the more northern and more usual entrance; and Madero, from which one makes a sixty-mile automobile journey up a steep mountain trail to what is usually known as the Wawona entrance. It is better to go in at one point and come out at the other. The expense in time or money does not vary a great deal, no matter which entrance is selected. In the valley proper one may find accommodations at the leading hotel, or at two or three well-equipped tent colonies, where the expense is a trifle less and is all regulated by the Government.

At the Wawona entrance the hotel is not under Government supervision. The Washburn family has run the hotel just outside the park at the Wawona entrance for a long time, and also the toll road leading over to the Rim trails. The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, discovered by Galen Clark, in 1857, is visited on the regular stage route from this hotel. The automobile service from here down to Madero, sixty-odd miles, is good—quite fast enough round the curves. There is a fine little rest house and lunch station en route—Miami Lodge—attractive for a longer stay. The Wawona entrance is strictly businesslike and comfortable.

Transportation and administration matters in the Yosemite have afforded many problems. The stagecoach of old still obtains in the Yosemite, and an effort has been made to build up a saga of romance about it to the effect that all travelers want to ride on the stagecoach. No doubt they do if they cannot ride in an automobile; but—though such was not my own impression before looking into the facts the automobile seems to have come to stay in almost all our national parks.

A bitter fight was made against automobile traffic for Yosemite; and it has been only a couple of years since motor cars were first allowed to go into the park. They are now confined to two roads, the Coulterville and Oak Flat trails, which lead to the floor of the valley. All automobiles are obliged to stop outside the park at the Wawona entrance, and you visit the Big Trees by stagecoach; just as you come up out of the valley proper by coach or wagon or saddle horse.

The long-time military administration of the park—which was superseded by the appointment of the General Superintendent of National Parks, Mr. Daniels, as Acting Superintendent, in the summer of 1914 was extremely rigorous with automobilists, who were somewhat restive under the difficult conditions laid down for them.

The violation of written regulations has caused the expulsion of many automobiles from the park. The rule against picking rare flowers, also, has been enforced to the discomfiture of some few—in one case a man was fined fifty dollars for picking two snow plants. Only the superintendent can give permission to pick flowers, even for the dinner table.

Hotel Accommodations

The hand of Uncle Sam rests more or less severely on all the concessions of the park. The rates for coach, carriage or saddle transportation between points of interest are laid down by the Government. Uncle Sam sets the price for each item rented in a camp outfit. Thus, you are required to pay one cent for a pie tin; two cents for a pancake turner; two cents for a teapot; thirty-five cents for a hammock, and so on.

The Department of the Interior likewise regulates the price of a hair cut or a shave, the trimming of a mustache, or other tonsorial features looking toward personal adornment. But, with equal kindness, Secretary Franklin K. Lane will tell you how far it is from any place to any other place, how much it costs to get there, and how high up in the air it is—price and all—by the time you do get there.

Where the Government has been remiss in the Yosemite, as in more than one other park, is not in multiplicity of little things, but in wider and more essential features. No business man is going to make a big investment for a hotel on a short-time concession. At present the owner of a certain hotel, on the floor of the valley, has not even a year-to-year concession, but only a day-to-day tenure on his hotel site.

It must be rather discouraging to try to build up a good business on a basis of that sort. A long-time concession was allowed another hotel man, but he has done nothing so far. The accommodations in this wonderful park are really much better than ought to be expected, but wholly inadequate in extent in comparison with what they ought to be.

A new hotel building eventually will be laid out, its axes covering salient features of interest on both sides of the valley—the domes and spires on one side; the Yosemite Falls on the other. Round this central building the concessionists will be placed, each at his own proper place in the picture. At present the concessionists' settlement, scrambled along the bank of the Merced River, is no credit to this country.

The California parks, like California herself, are admirable, wonderful, incomparable. They are great national possessions. The American people ought to be both encouraged and enabled to use them to the full—to love them, to investigate them, to explore them, to enjoy them.

A new day is dawning for our whole system of national parks. At the noontide of that day neither California nor America will need to make explanation or apology for the splendid Sierra parks—not to the most boastful or the most favored country of the world.

Literally ours is now the one great land of peace and plenty. We need not fear and need not borrow. Our gates are open to the world. Within those gates is far more than we Americans ever have fully known.

The Patriotic Thing for You to Do

Help Save the Birds

Three-fourths of the SONG SPARROW'S diet consists of weed seeds insects form the rest. Government says the good sparrows (not the English sparrow) save $99,000,000 yearly Sign the pledge

When you sign the pledge-coupon at the bottom of this page you prove yourself a practical patriot. You do a service to your country, to your neighbors, and especially to yourself.

Signing the pledge-coupon below makes you a member of The Liberty Bell Bird Club. It doesn't cost you a cent now or later—membership button and Guide **free.** Join over 300,000 other patriotic Americans in the biggest bird-saving, crop-saving campaign this Nation has ever known. Already over 8000 schools are at work. Already thousands and thousands of boys and girls, men and women, are helping to protect our song and insectivorous birds. They need your help too! Sign the pledge.

Every year bugs destroy a billion dollars of crops in this country—$10 apiece for every man, woman and child. Birds eat bugs—save the birds. Sign the pledge.

The QUAIL eats 125 varieties of insects and millions of weed seeds. The value of each saving quail is $25 at least, yet quail are becoming extinct. Sign the pledge

Think of it—the Government says every insectivorous bird is almost worth its weight in gold, yet there aren't ten birds now where there were a hundred twenty years ago. A hundred million dollars of wheat is destroyed by chinch bugs every year—birds would prevent this awful waste. It costs Texas alone fifty million dollars' worth of cotton every year because there aren't enough birds to eat the boll weevil—think what more birds would mean to the South! Sign the pledge.

Every state where fruit is raised spends from one to three million dollars a year for spraying—birds would save the fruit by eating the bugs. The Eastern states alone spend fifteen millions for potato bug poison—birds would do the job better and cheaper. Truck gardeners lose fifty-four million dollars yearly from the bugs—this is one thing that makes fresh vegetables cost so much. More birds would help decrease the present high cost of living. You see, your only hope is to save the birds. Sign the pledge.

Join The Liberty Bell Bird Club—the one bird-saving organization that has no dues, no initiation fees, no fines, no individual expenses. Started two years ago by The Farm Journal with one member, it now has over three hundred thousand. Because the birds are in the country most of the work must be done there; but town and city people are just as much concerned as are country folks. It will take everybody working together to fight the battle for the birds. Sign the pledge.

Put up at least one bird house this spring. Get our pamphlet telling how to build all kinds of bird houses (price 5 cents) and see illustrations in free Guide. We supply complete houses, scientifically made of finest Tom's River cedar, for all kinds of birds. Those here shown, for instance, are $1.25 each—all three $3.50, postage prepaid

This beautiful Parisian Ivory button, in six colors, sent to every member FREE Sign the pledge.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club's expenses are all paid by The Farm Journal, perhaps the only case on record where a publisher started a great national movement without hope or thought of direct return. Even your membership button, your Guide telling how to go to work, and the latest Club report are given free and postpaid. **Send no money**—it is your personal interest the Club needs. Copy the pledge at the top of a long sheet of paper and get others to sign it and help save the birds. Sign the pledge.

You are in distinguished company after you join the Club. Among the noted men and women who endorse the Club are Dr. Hornaday, Ernest Harold Baynes, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, William Dean Howells, Henry Ford, Percy Mackaye, Witmer Stone, Ex-President Roosevelt, Senators Morris Sheppard and George P. McLean, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Gertrude Atherton, Dr. Henshaw, Chief of the Biological Survey; the Governors of Massachusetts, Arizona, Wyoming and Kansas; ministers, editors, state and county superintendents of education, principals and teachers everywhere. Sign the pledge.

The second Friday in April **(this year it is April 9th)** is official "Bird Day." Do your share that day—buy a bird house and put it up, plant or order a tree or shrub, get your friends to join the Club and help us double the membership. Governors, game wardens, state superintendents and other officials, 8000 schools and over 300,000 members are uniting to make this day memorable for the birds. When you send in your coupon-pledge, ask for the official program, including recitations, planting suggestions and everything needed to make a success. The time is short; be prompt. Yes, we are glad to give programs free to all schools, children's clubs and other bird organizations everywhere—everybody is urged and invited to help celebrate. Sign the pledge.

You as a member will get the Bird Club Guide, an illustrated twenty-page booklet containing "How to Study the Birds," the platform, motto and pledge, "How to Attract the Birds," "Plan of Work for Schools," "Suggestions for Club Meetings," much other helpful matter and a complete list of bird supplies.

Sign this Pledge for yourself, now—copy it and get others to sign.

The PURPLE MARTIN is exceptionally valuable. Its young eat more than their own weight of crop destroying bugs every day. Protect them. Sign the pledge

One NIGHT HAWK ate 340 grasshoppers, 72 rivet bugs, 3 beetles, 7 wasps and 1 spider in one day. It is being exterminated by gunners. Sign the pledge

The Guide is FREE to all members. It is illustrated, and contains directions for studying birds and attracting them, outlines school work and club meetings, contains the Club's platform and motto and a complete list of Bird Club supplies.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club's official organ is The Farm Journal, reaching over 900,000 country homes, from Maine to California, from Wisconsin to Texas. This great paper is thus splendidly equipped to direct this nation-wide movement for the birds. It devotes from one to three pages each issue to Club news and tells what to do every month. It directs classes, issues pamphlets, supplies badges and banners, furnishes houses and feeding shelves—see the Guide for full details. You aren't under the slightest obligation to take The Farm Journal, remember—although it is keenly enjoyed by almost every family interested in rural life and birds. Five years for a dollar—money back if you want it.

Remember, there are no dues, no initiation fees, no fines, no charges of any kind

I DESIRE to become a member of The Liberty Bell Bird Club, and promise to study and protect all song and insectivorous birds, and do what I can for the Club.

Name _____

Street _____ **or R. F. D.** _____

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Sign and mail this coupon-pledge at once to The Liberty Bell Bird Club of The Farm Journal, Philadelphia. Return mail will bring you FREE and prepaid the Guide and the Membership Button described above, along with a copy of the April Farm Journal, telling what the Club is doing and suggestions as to how you start saving birds. Do it now.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

This is Charles Blow, of Dundee, Ill., who tips the age scales at 94 years. Mr. Blow is to say and noways has been a man who smoked his pipe liberally and enjoyed it mightily. Mr. Blow qualifies for the Prince Albert old time pipers' club and has just been elected to full fledged membership. We should like to hear from other old time smokers.

Prince Albert is sold in every nook of the woods you run into. Just say, "P. A. for mine." In the toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors; crystal-glass pound humidors.

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hands you this little line of talk:

You get in an awful hurry to smoke some pipe, or roll a makin's cigarette. For, right around the corner, there's a tidy red tin of Prince Albert waiting on *your* howdydo that'll make you wish you could kick back the birthday clock and begin firing up all over again!

For nine men out of ten like the listen of a pipe and some time in their lives have hit one up—and, maybe, been tongue-scorched. *But it's different since P. A. blew in!* Because, no matter how pipe-shy any man is, no matter how tender his tongue, *he can* smoke a pipe, and *he will* smoke a pipe if he smokes Prince Albert tobacco!

Why, firing up some P. A. is like having breakfast handed to you in bed of a Sunday a. m.! You just jam that joy'us jimmy pipe with load after load. And it is a fact that the first few pulls *prove* P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. That's because it is made by a patented process owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert.* So, when the "just as good as P. A.'s" start chorus work, let 'em rave! *You know!*

Allow this to percolate into your system: Smoking Prince Albert is pretty much like drawing down *yours* about 4.15 p. m. on pay day. Yes, sir; gets to be such a right cheerful habit you kind of hate to miss fire!

With this short hunch we'll close:

P. A. in the tidy red tin is mighty happy smokings to cut your pipe teeth on, but listen: *You graduate* to that bully crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge moistener top! Say, you'll hear the sweet music of the honey birds in far-off gardens surest thing you know!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COMPETITION IN OIL

(Continued from Page 9)

and no one denies that production has outrun demand; in fact, over fifty million barrels of California oil are now in store.

The California situation is peculiar among oil fields, in that the oil is of comparatively low grade; and a great part of it is consumed in the crude state as fuel. Until recently, in fact, two-thirds of it was so used; but now, with better refining methods and some higher-grade oil, the proportion tends to swing the other way, about two-thirds of the oil going through a refining process.

Refining, however, after extracting gasoline, kerosene, and like lighter parts, leaves a large residuum to be burned as fuel. Also, virtually, all the product is consumed on the Pacific Coast. There are exports to Australia, Chile and Canada, but very little goes East. By limiting production, therefore, a fairly profitable price might be maintained; and, if effectual coöperation were possible, production might be limited in that way. Effectual coöperation being apparently impossible, some oil men have turned to the state.

At this writing there is a bill before the California Legislature declaring oil a public utility under control of the State Railroad Commission. Charles P. Fox, editor of the California Oil World, at Bakersfield, is the parent of this idea. He has worked at it for two years with the zeal of a typical California radical, and it has now spread to Oklahoma.

The California bill contemplates, in brief, that no new well shall be driven without a certificate from the commission, and that the commission shall issue no certificate when the quantity of California oil aboveground and in store within a shipping radius of Coast markets exceeds fifty million barrels. To cease drilling involves not merely no increase in the supply of oil but a gradual decrease, as the flow of the wells extant at a given time will slowly decline.

It is also implied in the California proposal that the commission shall have the same sort of regulatory power over piping, storing and refining petroleum that it has over the railroad business. It is argued that if the supply can be so controlled as not to outrun demand, and the pipe lines and refineries make only a reasonable profit on handling the oil, the producer will be assured of a fair profit.

This is, of course, a large and complex proposal. Perhaps it comes inopportunely at a time when people are by way of wanting less political intervention in business rather than more; but in any event it is a significant outcropping of the oil situation in California.

Restrictions on Output

A similar situation in Oklahoma has also cropped out. That state, like California, has had a huge increase in petroleum production—from about ten million barrels in 1905 to nearly a hundred million in 1914. The great Cushing field accounts for a big portion of this increase. This, however, is a high-grade oil consumed mostly outside the state and competing in the Eastern markets.

Early in 1914 producers began considering what they could do to maintain prices at a living level. In May they held a convention at Oklahoma City and agreed to stop drilling in the Cushing field, except where contracts required it, and not to sell oil below the price then prevailing. Corporation Commissioner Henshaw, speaking in September, observed:

"It is apparent that this agreement has not been kept in any of its essential features. The drill has not been stopped, prices have not been maintained, and we have a worse condition now than obtained in May." He added: "The independent refineries of Oklahoma, the institutions which we have done so much to preserve and foster, have been cutting prices. They have offered inducements to Cushing producers, with the result that they have been obtaining their supply of Cushing oil at prices below that agreed on in May"—indicating that Standard Oil is by no means the oil producers' only trouble.

The next week the Corporation Commission issued the following:

"It is hereby ordered that producers shall not take more oil from their wells than can be sold at sixty-five cents a barrel, or stored in regulation steel tankage until October 8, 1914. It is further ordered that no purchaser of crude oil in Oklahoma shall buy oil at less than sixty-five cents a barrel until further ordered by the commission."

The commission accompanied this order with a lengthy statement arguing that, under various court decisions, regulation of the production of oil was within its power. Thereupon the Prairie Oil and Gas Company—formerly part of the Standard stopped buying oil entirely, which was even more embarrassing to producers. A few days later, however, it resumed purchasing at fifty-five cents a barrel, strenuously denying that the Corporation Commission had any authority to require it to purchase oil. The commission next ordered that no more wells be drilled without its authorization, suspending the sixty-five-cent price limit.

The commission took the ground that oil was by its nature a public utility, being a natural resource of the state, and that the commission—though not being vested with the express right to fix prices—still had authority to conserve the oil supply and prevent its being produced wastefully. But its assumption of authority to limit production and name a price below which oil should not be sold was challenged in Federal Court proceedings for an injunction against its various orders.

Oilfield Legislation

A few weeks later the Tulsa Oil and Gas Journal reported:

"The Oklahoma Corporation Commission is to be congratulated on its recent change of policy. Some weeks ago, under the pressure of impetuous and somewhat excited advisers, the commission decided to follow a rather severe method of procedure in restricting production of oil and otherwise regulating trade matters. As an outcome of this policy, three different law cases were started to test the commission's authority; but a judicious change of program was effected last week. The litigants were induced by offers of liberal treatment to suspend legal hostilities. Immunities and concessions were granted to producing concerns whose operations had been threatened with drastic restrictions. As a result, a new development of good will was at once manifest in oil circles."

A bill that would empower the Corporation Commission to find the actual value of crude oil, by taking the average price of all its products, less cost and a reasonable profit for transporting, refining and marketing, and prohibiting sales below the actual value, was introduced in the Oklahoma Legislature the last of January, 1915, which still pends at this writing. The Texas Legislature also has a bill extending state regulation of pipe lines.

The California situation is different, however, in that nearly all the oil is used on the Coast, hardly competing at all in Eastern markets. Thus, the United States Geological Survey notes that an advance of fifty cents a barrel in the price of Pennsylvania grade oil in the fore part of 1913 caused a proportionate rise in the price of other grades of oil in all parts of the country "except California, where price relations were not affected by Eastern conditions." California men argue that if their oil does not go up when the Pennsylvania grade advances in Eastern markets, it should not go down when a European war restricts Eastern exports.

Again, a great part of the California product is taken by big users. The Survey estimates that sixty-three million barrels of California oil was burned as fuel in 1913—about half consisting of crude petroleum and the other half of the residuum from refining. It puts the amount of oil burned by railroads in 1913 at thirty-three million barrels—largely California's product. The consumption by street-railroad, gas and other big concerns is large.

Producers say it would be no hardship for a railroad to pay fifteen or twenty cents more a barrel. Frank J. Silsbee, statistician of the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, has figured it this way:

The Southern Pacific burns about one and a quarter million barrels of oil a month. At seventy-five cents a barrel that would cost about nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars. Three and a half barrels of oil equals, as fuel, one ton of coal; so, to

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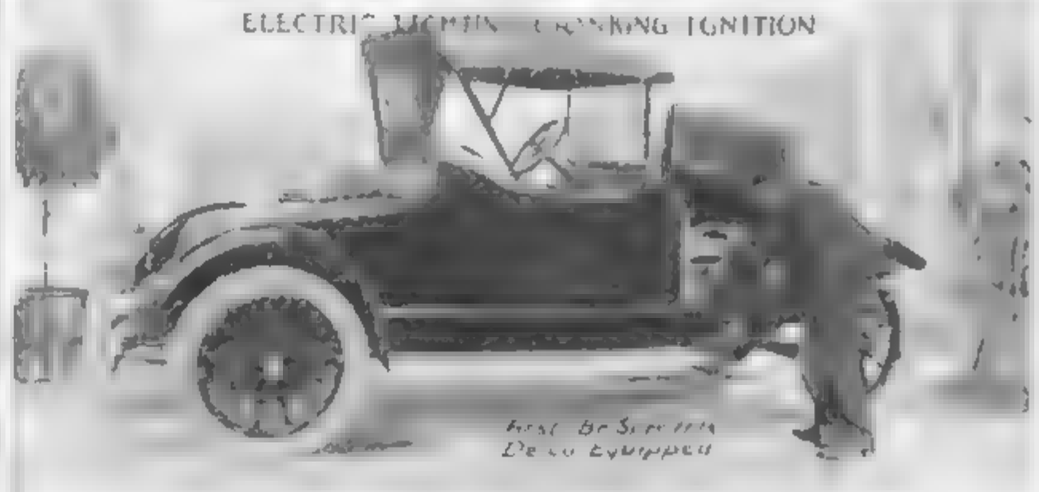

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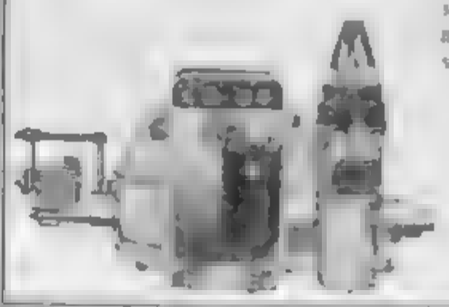

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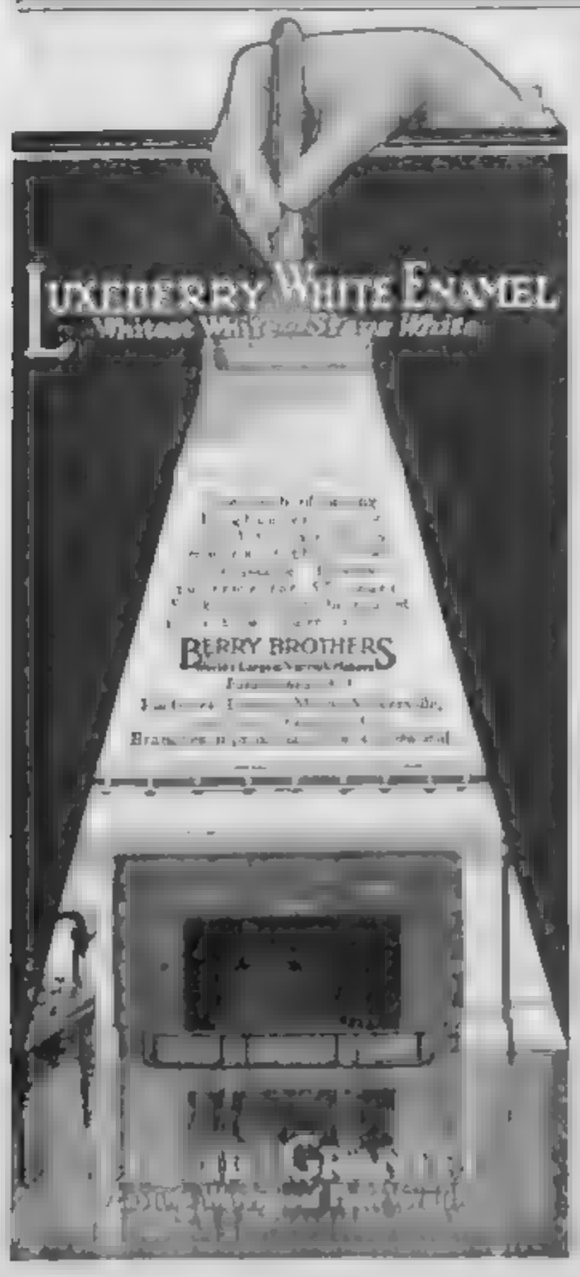

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supplant oil with coal, the road would have to burn about three hundred and fifty thousand tons of the latter monthly. And as it is worth about eight dollars a ton, the coal bill would come to more than two million eight hundred thousand dollars—showing a saving of nearly two million dollars a month through the use of seventy-five-cent oil. All the Pacific roads, from the Southern on one edge of the field to the Canadian Pacific on the other, operate by oil for a long stretch to the eastward.

Steamships are now large users of oil as fuel. The United States Navy has adopted the policy of equipping all new battleships and torpedo boats to burn oil exclusively. But here, oil men argue, is one of the wastes incidental to cheap petroleum; for it is not economical to burn oil as fuel under a boiler in order to generate steam. The really economical process is to burn the oil in an internal-combustion engine, doing away with steam altogether.

The familiar gasoline motor in an automobile is, of course, one sort of internal-combustion engine; but the Diesel sort, burning crude oil, is considerably different. There is no sparking device. Its inventor described it for lay readers as follows:

"Pure air is compressed into its cylinders—not an explosive mixture of air and gas. The air is compressed to a degree that raises its temperature above the burning point of oil. When the piston has finished its upward stroke a jet of oil is injected into the hot, compressed air. A layman might call the result an explosion, like that in a gasoline motor; but it is not. The burning of the oil occupies nearly the whole time when the piston is descending, resulting in a steady push like that of steam."

It is shown that the internal-combustion engine will get about three and a half times as much power out of a barrel of oil as can be obtained by burning it as fuel under a boiler; consequently that is the most economical way to use it. There are other economies—as that a motor-driven boat has considerably more cargo-carrying capacity than a steam-driven vessel of the same size, and can sail much farther without taking in fresh fuel. Of course, using only one barrel of oil where three and a half are used now would be of no immediate assistance to producers; but it is to the public's interest that all natural resources be used as economically as possible.

There is much other waste of oil at present. A single gusher—the Lake View—wasted three million barrels of it, only four and a half million barrels being saved from a total output of seven and a half millions. Wastage of that sort is constant in a field of high gas pressure like the Midway.

An Economic Necessity

California has an asset of immense importance in her petroleum, especially as the Coast produces little coal. It is, of course, to the public interest that the asset be reasonably conserved, and on that ground a limitation of drilling by the state in seasons of overproduction may be feasible. Arguing before the American Society of Civil Engineers, that a fair price to the producer is an economic necessity, J. H. G. Wolf, an engineer, said:

"During the past four years of overproduction oil has been thirty and forty cents a barrel at the well—or not more than operating cost in most cases; while the consumer at San Francisco Bay has gotten it at from sixty-five to ninety cents a barrel, or fifty cents below its real worth, from whatever standpoint the term is interpreted. The result has been abnormal expansion of the market.

"Our oil has pushed southward to Chile, for the exploitation of its nitrate fields; northward to Alaska, past dormant and virgin coal fields; eastward, conveying every transcontinental train, from the Canadian Pacific on the north to the Southern Pacific on the south, at least as far as the crest of the Cordilleras; southeastward, across the deserts of Nevada and Arizona, to fuel smelters; westward, conveying shipping across the Pacific; and southwestward, to Australia, where there is a large coal supply. But the fundamental fact remains that the supply of oil is strictly limited."

Regulation of supply would have been a simple matter, of course, if the public had retained title to the oil lands and merely leased their use, as it now proposes to do with water power. Title to immense tracts of oil-bearing land was obtained by the Southern Pacific, and the Government was defeated at law when it sought to recover the title. With all the proved oil lands privately owned, the petroleum industry is now charged with a capitalized land valuation of at least two or three hundred million dollars—the largest rake-off in the field.

As I write, a press dispatch announces that the Prairie Oil and Gas Company has posted notice of a further reduction of ten cents a barrel in the price of Kansas-Oklahoma crude, making the price forty-five cents, which is sixty cents a barrel below the high mark of 1914. There is no cheer to producers in that. With exports cut down and wells overflowing, this price may be an inexorable result of the relation between supply and demand. A good many people talk of the law of supply and demand as though it implied that producers must always produce to the limit, regardless of demand, and accept whatever price results.

The Geological Survey gives the average price of San Joaquin oil from 1910 to 1913 at from forty-one to forty-four cents a barrel. In 1914 the average was undoubtedly lower, and at present it is about thirty-five cents. There are various figures as to cost of production; but obviously it varies considerably at different wells. As oil land has a capital value of anywhere from fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars an acre, and in some cases even higher—and as there is only so much oil in the ground—every barrel produced is chargeable with some portion of the land value.

The Luck of Doheny

A good many fortunes have been made in selling and leasing California oil lands. Some fortunes have been made in the oil business during the last dozen years or so—notably those of E. L. Doheny and C. A. Canfield. "Doheny luck" is a current term in the oil country—not that there was not plenty of sound understanding and sound judgment behind the luck. As an oil man expresses it:

"He was entitled to get oil wherever he went, because he knew the business thoroughly and judged indications correctly; but he always got three or four times as much oil as he was entitled to. He struck the cream right along. He was entitled to get a good supply of oil in Mexico. You can judge what he actually did get by the fact that a single well has yielded over thirty million barrels—no crazy gusher smearing up the whole country and wasting half its output, but a steady, controllable flow."

Some five thousand companies for the production of oil have been organized in California. Leaving out the big concerns, about four hundred and fifty companies—many of them with a considerable list of stockholders—are now actively producing. Striking the cream is, of course, a rare experience among them.

The growth of the petroleum industry in recent years is astonishing. In the days when the Standard Oil Company was a full-grown octopus, as evidenced by the fact that it was beginning to get itself indicted and judicially dissolved, the total output of the United States was only about twenty million barrels a year. In 1900 it was sixty-three million barrels; by 1910 it had just passed two hundred millions; and trade figures for last year put production at almost three hundred million barrels.

This, of course, implies a vast increase in consumption—automobiles taking the lighter product, while the heavier is burned for fuel by railroads, ships, and so on. With consumption restricted by the war and by general reaction in business; while production jumped from two hundred and twenty million barrels in 1912 to nearly three hundred millions in 1914, demoralized prices have resulted. Another big jump in consumption may be impending.

Meantime producers, of course, would like some reasonable assurance of a stably profitable price. Undoubtedly their best reliance in that respect would be coöperation, if they were in a position to coöperate effectively. Not being in such position, they are thinking of other expedients.

Admittedly, if the principle of state regulation is applied to petroleum it is difficult to say to what else it might not be applied. Its advocates reply to this that, without attempting to draw a hard-and-fast line, any case which came up should be judged on its merits.

Whether state regulation ought to be applied is one large question. Whether it can be effectively applied is another. There are plenty of questions—all illustrating an interesting industrial phase in the United States.

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Carnation Milk is used in every way that cream or ordinary raw milk is used. It requires no special preparation for use on the table.

In place of cream, it may be used just as it is poured from the can—or better still, empty the can into your cream pitcher. For drinking, all that is necessary is to dilute it with pure water. Complete and simple directions are given on the label

Cooking experts highly recommend it for cooking and baking, as it imparts a rich flavor.

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Clean — Sweet — Pure *From Contented Cows*

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Carnation Milk will give a rich flavor to your cup of coffee; it is delightful on berries and cereals; it is the most convenient milk (always ready) for use in cooking and baking, and is a safe, clean, sweet, pure milk for babies and growing children.

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Try a small can for your coffee [illegible] tall can for cooking

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This young man started a business of his own that has netted over $125.00 a month. His name is Ralph W. Young, of Ohio. His business keeps him out of doors and brings him into contact with congenial people. The actual time that he devotes to the work is only two or three hours of each day. He is one of the many young men that have found the way both to independence and to the money that they need, by taking up subscription work for the Curtis periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He says:

"IN comparison with the time that I give to the work, my profits on subscription orders for your publications beat those of any other method of money-making that I have tried. The business is permanent. I keep a record of all the orders that I take, and secure almost 100 per cent of the renewals in succeeding years."

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Agency Division
Box 802

The Curtis
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The Inside Story of a Big Film

Just about a year ago, I went to Mexico to see General Villa about the moving pictures of the Mexican War, at which all the world marvelled. Some of the best camera men and two of the greatest directors in the United States were with me. Quite accidentally we stumbled upon a tragic story of Villa's own early life. Of how, in seeking revenge for the death of his two unprotected sisters, at the hands of officers of the Mexican Army, he was thrown into prison,—escaped with the aid of an Indian half-breed whom he had earlier befriended, became an outlaw,—and,—finally was made Chief of the band that formed the nucleus of the Mexican Rebel Army.

Here was a tremendous epic of real life,—a theme big with every human emotion—ready to hand. Here was almost the very scene of the tragedy; here were thousands of restless Mexicans—as there had been when only a few years before Villa was *living* the story we had just heard. Then the telegraph wires began to hum. Well-known actors and actresses came—learned the story—lived the life—and then re-lived the Story before the Camera.

The result is a wonderful picture,—doubly intense because of its *reality.* The battle scenes are tremendous; hundreds of the actors in them were actual Mexican soldiers,—members of the old rebel band. A few scenes are pictures of real battles "cut" into the story.

Frankly, this film wasn't made as a Mutual Master-Picture. It was made to go out alone as one of the big motion picture accomplishments of the decade. Thrilling—intense—overpowering, yet full of trembling sunshine and tremendous spaces—where the horizon is miles away and the foreground frighteningly near,—it is truly the great melodrama of the blood-red dawn of a new republic.

I am sending it out now—big as it is—as a fitting companion to the four Mutual Master-Pictures which have already appeared.

You'll be glad you saw it—and ten years from now—your children will be glad you took them with you.

I have called this picture

THE OUTLAW'S REVENGE
In the Dawn of a New Republic.

The tears would come—I couldn't help it—and I'm not ashamed.

I wonder if there's a school-boy who hasn't had all he could do to keep them back when he read Enoch Arden? Yet was a sweeter story ever told than in Lord Tennyson's poem? How simple and direct and wonderful it all is. And how very, very beautiful.

With me, when I saw the film at the Majestic Studios today, were half a dozen picture-hardened men, and two no less practiced women. It is not unnatural that we talk over the pictures as they are shown. There's a running comment always. But somehow—as scene followed scene in Enoch Arden—the room became very still. The click of the machine was lost in the booming of breakers on far-off beaches. Long-forgotten lines of smooth-running verse came back to us all, I think—and the old New England fishing village seemed like the brightening of some dim recollection.

For nearly an hour no one had spoken; then one of the women sniffled,—the lights came on,—and both my cheeks were wet.

Go to see ENOCH ARDEN.

Some good theatre near you should show it ***soon.***

You will enjoy every minute of it—and so will your mother and your sister—and your sweetheart. So, too, will your son if he's red-blooded and the right sort.

And if—at the very end—your eyes fill up and there's a tightening in your throat—it's a good sign.

Meantime—while you think of it—

Say at the box office of the theatre you attend: "I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Corporation
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
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MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

I like to answer letters about these pictures. Very sincerely,

H. E. Aitken
President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

"A friend of Hebblethwaite's!" he muttered. "Hebblethwaite, the one man whom Berlin doubts!"

He withdrew a little into the shadows, his eyes fixed upon the box. A little distance away, in the stalls, Mrs. Paston Benedek was whispering to Baring. Farther back in the promenade Heida was entertaining a little party of friends. Selingman's eyes remained fixed upon Norgate.

XII

MRS. PASTON BENEDEK, on the following afternoon, sat in one corner of the very comfortable lounge set with its back to the light in her charming drawing-room. Norgate sat in the other.

"I think it is perfectly sweet of you to come," she declared. "I do not care how many enemies I make, I will certainly dine with you to-night. How I shall manage it I do not yet know. You shall call for me here at eight o'clock—or say a quarter past, then we need not hurry away too early from the club. If Captain Baring is there perhaps it would be better if you did not speak of our engagement."

Norgate sighed.

"What is the wonderful attraction about Baring?" he asked discontentedly.

"Really there isn't any," she replied. "I like to be kind, that is all. I do not like to hurt anybody's feelings, and I know that Captain Baring would like very much to dine with me to-night himself. I was obliged to throw him over last night because of Mr. Selingman's arrival."

"You have not always been so considerate," he persisted. "Why this special care for Baring's feelings?"

She turned her head a little toward him. She was leaning back in her corner of the lounge, her hands clasped behind her head. There was an elaborate carelessness about her pose which she numbered among her best effects.

"Perhaps," she retorted, "I too find your sudden attraction for me a little remarkable. On those few occasions when you did honor us at the club before you left for Berlin, you were agreeable enough, but I do not remember that you once asked me to dine with you. There was no Captain Baring then."

"The truth is," Norgate confessed, "since I returned I have felt rather like hiding myself. I don't care about going to my own club or visiting my own friends. I came to the St. James' as a sort of compromise."

"You are not very flattering," she complained.

"Wouldn't you rather I were truthful?" he asked. "One's friends, one's real friends, are scarcely likely to be found at a mixed-bridge club."

"After that," she sighed, "I am going to telephone to Captain Baring. He at any rate is in love with me, and I need something to restore my self-respect."

"In love with you perhaps, but are you in love with him?"

She laughed, softly at first, but with an ever more insistent note of satire underlying her mirth.

"The woman," she said, "who expects to get anything out of life worth having doesn't fall in love. She may give a good deal, she may seem to give everything, but if she is wise she keeps her heart."

"Poor Baring!"

"Are you sure," she asked, fixing her brilliant eyes upon him, "that he needs your sympathy? He is very much in love with me, and there are times when I could almost persuade myself that I am in love with him. At any rate, I confess he attracts me."

Norgate was momentarily sententious.

"The psychology of love," he murmured, looking into the fire, "is a queer study."

Once more she laughed at him.

"Before you went to Berlin," she said, "you used not to talk of the psychology of love. Your methods, so far as I remember them, were a little different. Confess now—you fell in love in Berlin."

Norgate stifled a sudden desire to confide in his companion.

"At my age!" he exclaimed.

"It is true that it is not a susceptible age," Mrs. Benedek admitted. "You are in what I call your mid-youth. Mid-youth, as a rule, is an age of cynicism. As you grow older you will appreciate more the luxury of emotion. But tell me, was it the little Baroness who fascinated you? She is a great beauty, is she not?"

"I took her out to dinner," Norgate observed. "Therefore I suppose it was my duty to be in love with her."

"Fancy sharing the same sofa," she laughed, "with a rival of princes! Do you know that the Baroness is a friend of mine? She comes sometimes to London."

"I am much more interested in your love affair," he protested.

"And I find far more interest in your future," she insisted. "Let us talk sensibly, like good friends and companions. What are you going to do? They will not treat this affair seriously at the Foreign Office? They cannot think that you were to blame?"

"In a sense, no," he replied. "Diplomatically, however, I am, from their point of view, a heinous offender. I rather think I am going to be shelved for six months."

"Just what one would expect from this horrible government!" Mrs. Benedek exclaimed indignantly.

"What do you know about the government?" he asked. "Are you taking up politics as well as the study of higher auction?"

She sighed. Her eyes were fixed upon him very earnestly.

"You do not understand me, my friend," she declared. "You never did. I am not altogether frivolous. I am not altogether an artist. I have my serious moments."

"Is this going to be one of them?"

"Don't make fun of me, please," she begged. "You are like so many Englishmen—directly a woman tries to talk seriously, you push her back into her place. You like to treat her as something to frivol with and make love to. Is it your *amour propre* that is wounded when you feel sometimes forced to admit that she has as clear an insight into the more important things of life as you yourself?"

"Do you talk like that with Baring?" he asked.

For several seconds she was silent. Her eyes had contracted a little. She seemed to be seeking for some double meaning in his words.

"Captain Baring is an intelligent man," she said, "and he is a man, too, who understands his own particular subject. Of course it is a pleasure to talk to him about it."

"I thought navy men, as a rule," he remarked, "were not communicative."

"Do you call it communicative," she inquired, "to discuss the subject you love best with your greatest friend? But let us not talk any more of Captain Baring. It is in you just now that I am interested, you and your future. You seem to think that your friends at the Foreign Office are not going to find you another position—for some time, at any rate. You are not one of those men who think of nothing but sport and amusing themselves. What are you going to do during the next few months?"

"At present," he confessed thoughtfully, "I have only the vaguest ideas. Perhaps you could help me."

"Perhaps I could," she admitted. "We will talk of that another time if you like."

It was obvious that she was speaking under a certain tension. The silence that ensued was significant.

"Why not now?" he asked.

"It is too soon," she answered, "and you would not understand. I might say things to you that would perhaps end our friendship, that would give you a wrong impression. No, let us stay just as we are for a little time."

"This is most tantalizing," he grumbled.

She leaned over and patted his hand.

"Have patience, my friend," she whispered. "The great things come to those who wait."

An interruption, commonplace enough yet in its way startling, checked the words that were already upon his lips. The telephone bell from the little instrument on the table within a few feet of them rang insistently. For a moment Mrs. Benedek herself appeared taken by surprise. Then she raised the receiver to her ear.

"My friend," she said to Norgate, "you must excuse me. I told them distinctly to disconnect the instrument so that it would ring only in my bedroom. I am disobeyed, but no matter. Who is that?"

Norgate leaned back in his place. His companion's little interjection, however, was irresistible. He glanced toward her.

"Treacherous place here;
better slow down."
"Have no fear, my friend.
This car will make it."

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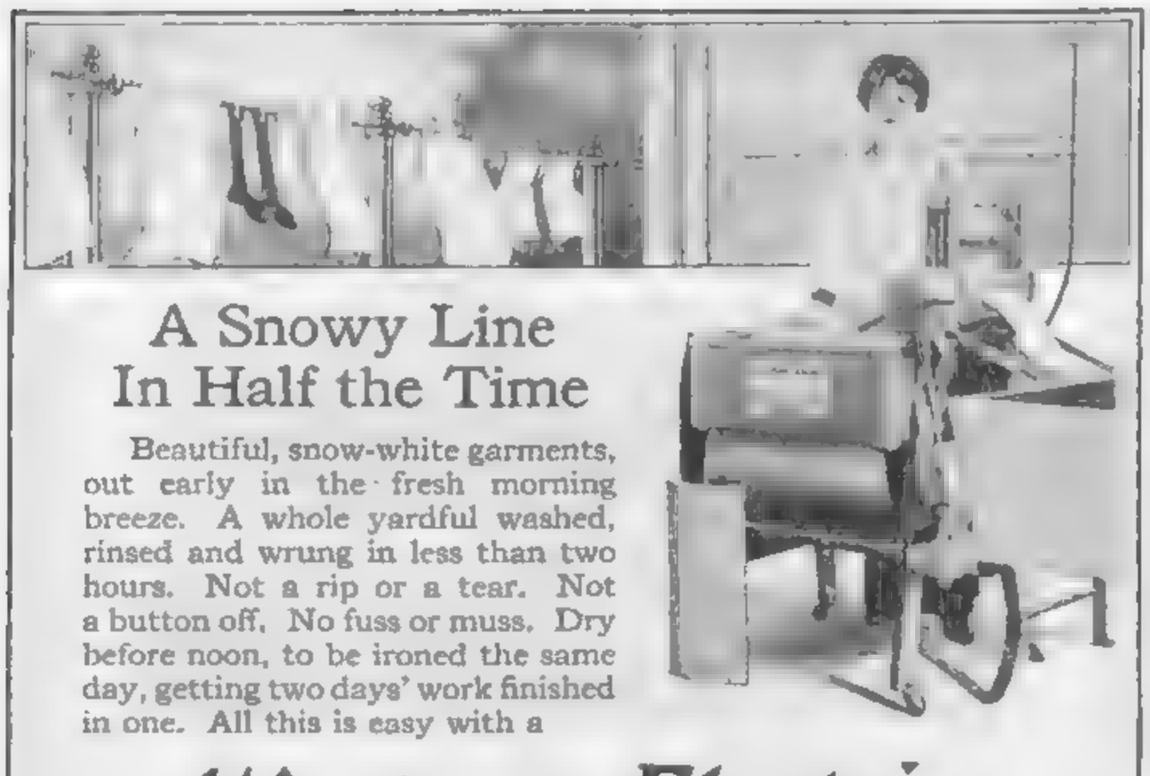

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This power driven mower is more economical to operate than either the hand or horse driven mower—will do the work quicker and better. Ten full hours' work costs but 20 cents for fu[illegible]th no loss of power, as is the case when three or four chains are necessary to transmit the power from the motor to the drive wheel.

The motor is 3 horse power SAE rating, high tension [illegible] magneto 4 adjustable cutter blades 25 inch cut, climbs 40% grades, cuts 5 acres per day. Speed up to 4 miles per hour.

The Ideal Combination Mower and Roller, a larger machine with 38 inch cut [illegible] $450

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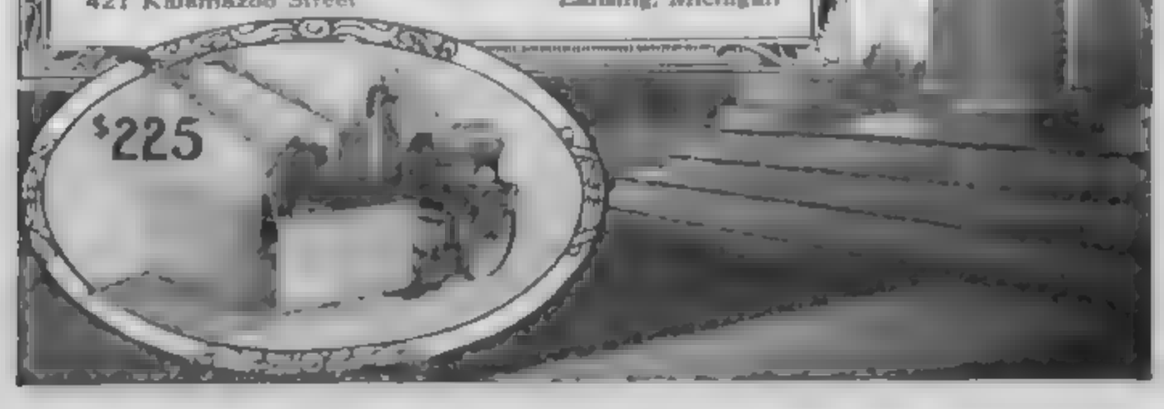
421 Kalamazoo Street Lansing, Michigan

Ideal Junior Power Lawn Mower



There was a slight flush of color in her cheeks, her head was moving slowly as though keeping pace to the words spoken at the other end of the line. Suddenly she laughed.

"Do not be so foolish," she said. "Yes, of course. You keep your share of the bargain and I mine. At eight o'clock then. I will say no more now as I am engaged with a visitor. *Au revoir!*"

She hung up the receiver and turned toward Norgate, who was buried now in the pages of an illustrated paper. She made a little grimace.

"Oh, but life is very queer!" she declared. "How I love it! Now I am going to make you look glum, if indeed you do care just that little bit which is all you know of caring. Perhaps you will be a little disappointed. Tell me that you are or my vanity will be hurt. Listen and prepare yourself: To-night I cannot dine with you."

He turned deliberately round.

"You are going to throw me over?" he demanded, looking at her steadfastly.

"To throw you over, dear friend," she repeated cheerfully. "You would do just the same if you were in my position."

"Is it an affair of duty," he persisted, "or the triumph of a rival?"

She made a grimace at him.

"It is an affair of duty," she admitted, "but it is certainly with a rival that I must dine."

He moved a little nearer to her on the lounge.

"Tell me on your honor," he said, "that you are not dining with Baring, and I will forgive you?"

For a moment she seemed as though she were summoning all her courage to tell the lie which he half expected. Instead, she changed her mind.

"Do not be unkind," she begged. "I am dining with Captain Baring. The poor man is distracted, and you know that I cannot bear to hurt people. Be kind this once. You may take my engagement book, you may fill it up as you will; but to-night I must dine with him. Consider, my friend, you may have many months before you in London. Captain Baring finishes his work at the Admiralty to-day and leaves for Portsmouth to-morrow morning. He may not be in London again for some time. I promised him long ago that I would dine with him to-night on one condition. That condition he is keeping. I cannot break my word."

Norgate rose gloomily to his feet.

"Of course," he said, "I don't want to be unreasonable, and anyone can see the poor fellow is head over heels in love with you."

She took his arm as she led him toward the door.

"Listen," she promised, laughing into his face: "When you are as much in love with me as he is, I will put off every engagement I have in the world and I will dine with you. You understand? We shall meet later at the club, I hope. Until then, *au revoir!*"

Norgate hailed a taxi and was driven at once to the nearest telephone call office. There, after some search in the directory, he rang up a number and inquired for Captain Baring. There was a delay of about five minutes; then Baring spoke from the other end of the telephone.

"Who is it wants me?" he inquired rather impatiently.

"Are you Baring?" Norgate asked, deepening his voice a little.

"Yes! Who are you?"

"I am a friend," Norgate answered slowly.

"What the devil do you mean by 'a friend'?" was the irritated reply. "I am engaged here most particularly."

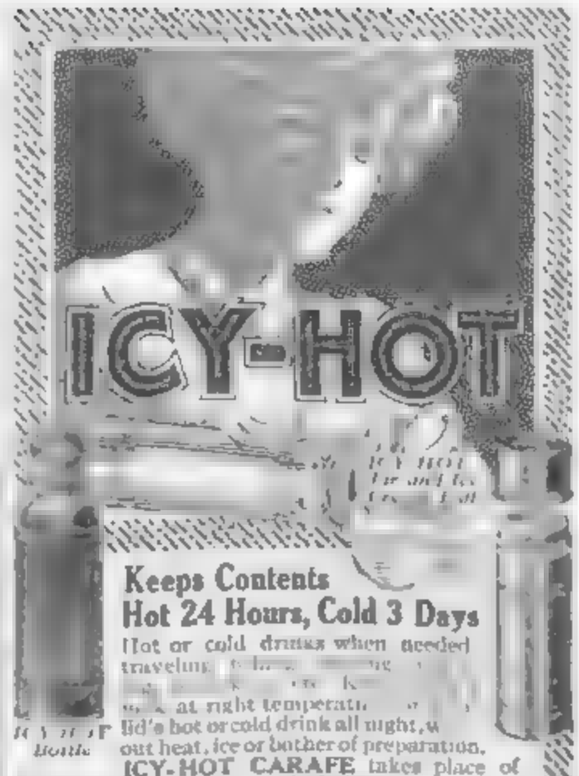
"There can be nothing so important," Norgate declared, "as the warning I am charged to give to you. Remember that it is a friend who speaks. There is a train about five o'clock to Portsmouth. Your work is finished. Take that train and stay away from London."

Norgate set down the instrument without listening to the tangle of exclamations from the other end, and walked quickly out of the shop. He reentered his taxi.

"The St. James' Club," he ordered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ICY-HOT



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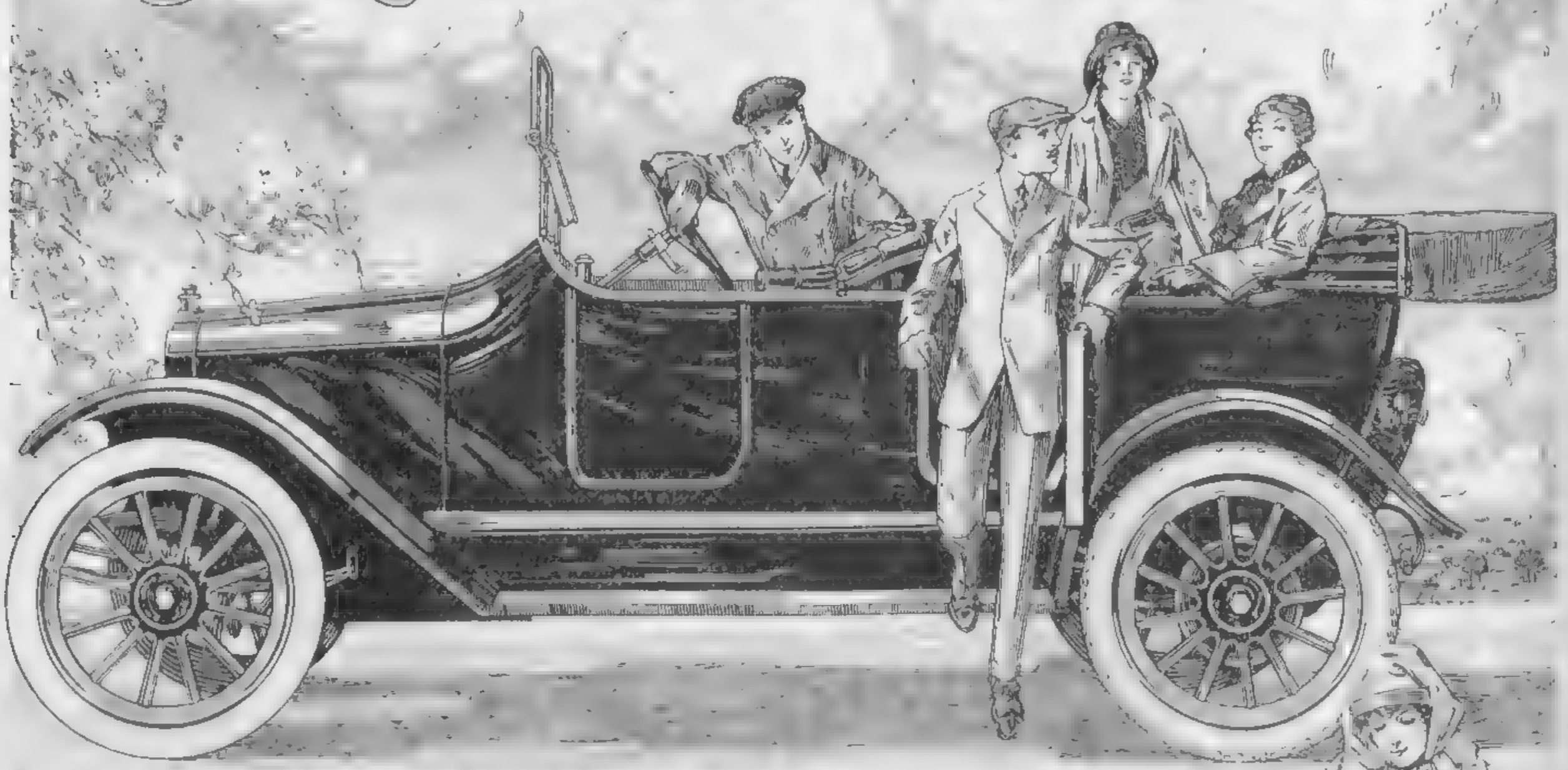

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MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc., - - Detroit, Michigan

"Every Road is a Maxwell Road"

HIT THE LINE HARD!

(Continued from Page 19)

After a few seconds the head appeared again, farther away, where a lilac overhung the wall. Screened by this background the head, with the body appertaining thereunto, heaved scrambling over the wall, and followed, with infinite caution, the way of the two transgressors, keeping at a discreet distance behind the slower one.

It was quite dark, though a few pale stars glimmered through rushing clouds; the rain was a mere drizzle. Head and appurtenant body—the latter slickered and bulky—paused to listen. They heard plainly the plup of Bennett's feet before them, and sat resolutely down on the sloppy stone walk. There was a swift unlacing of shoes, a knotting of laces. Slinging the shoes about the neck between them, they took up the pursuit, swift and noiseless, slinking in the deeper shadows, darting across the open spaces, and ever creeping closer and closer—a blacker darkness against the dark.

When Bennett had passed through Baca's door, framed for an instant, black against a glowing square of light, Beck had been watching from far down the street. Assured that Bennett was coming, he then walked on swiftly for two or three blocks. Where a long row of cottonwoods made dark the way he waited in the shadows. He heard the slow steps of his approaching victim, noted their feebleness, and waited impatiently until Bennett passed his tree.

The gambler pounced on him; he crushed his puffy hand over Bennett's mouth.

"It's me, Beck! If you make a sound, damn you, I'll kill you! Feel that gun at the back of your neck?

"What's the matter with you? You old fool, can't you stand up? I won't hurt you—unless you try to talk. If you say just one word to me I'm going to kill you. I mean it!" His speech was low and guarded. "I've heard enough talk to-night to do me quite some time. That Scanlon and Baca—I'll show them how to ride me!"

He peered up and down the deserted street.

"Walk on, now! Here; take my arm, you poor old fool! Let's go down and inspect your bank!"

Bennett gave a heart-rending groan; his knees sagged, and he clung limply to his captor's arm.

"If it will make you feel any better," said Beck with a little note of comfort in his voice, "I'm going to rob my own safe next."

This assurance did not have the desired effect. With many exhortations, slowly, painfully, they negotiated the distance to the Bennett headquarters in the old Almandares Block.

With a strong hand on his collar and the muzzle of a forty-four pressed between his shoulder blades, the unfortunate banker unlocked the door, threaded the long, crowded aisles in the pitch dark, and came at last to his private office. At his captor's command he lighted a single gas jet near the safe; it made a wan and spectral light in the doleful place; in the corners of the great room the shadows crowded and trampled.

With his shriveled face contorted in dumb protest, with tears on his ash-pale cheeks, the wretched man groped at the combination. Strange thoughts may have passed through his mind as he knelt there, denying desperately, hoping for the impossible.

Vainly, with a fiendish face, Beck urged and threatened: still the shaking fingers fumbled, without result. With a horrible snarl the gambler clasped Bennett's wrist, twisted it up and back to the shoulder blades, and pushed it violently forward. Stifling a shriek, the tortured wretch pitched over on his face and lay there groveling, gasping, his free hand clawing at the boards of the floor.

The gambler raised him up, releasing the pressure on the twisted arm; Bennett twirled the knobs, the tumblers clicked, the bolts snicked from their sockets; the great door swung open.

"Now the little doors and the drawers!" Beck directed. He was sweating freely. For a moment it had seemed that Bennett would defy him at the last. "Don't leave anything locked on me! Man, the sweat's just pouring from you. That looks like a lot of money, to me. There, I forgot one thing! I saw one of those little electric flashlights in your show window yesterday. I want it. Lead me to it."

After some delay in the dark the flashlight was found. By its aid the robber compelled his victim to search out and carry a neat traveling bag, certain coiled ropes, two silk handkerchiefs, and a loose round from a stool; and drove him back to the office.

Here, heedless of voiceless protest and despairing tears, he gagged the master of the counting house with the silk handkerchiefs and the chair round, and then, with scientific precision, proceeded to bind him hand and foot.

"There!" he said, after a final painstaking inspection. "That'll hold you a while! It's a pity you're a bachelor. If you had a family they might find you here to-morrow. As it is I'm afraid you'll have to wait till Monday morning. If you'll excuse me I'll turn out the gas now. Somebody might see it. I can do my packing by the searchlight."

He sized up the stacks of gold, thumbed the bills, made a rough calculation, rolled on the prisoner an eye dark with suspicion, and remarked, with great fervor, that he would be damned. Oh! Oh! He packed the money neatly in the bag. Then he turned the flashlight on Bennett's livid face—a hopeless face, seared with greed and fear and all the unlovely passions.

"Bennett, you're the most contemptible liar God ever let live!" His voice rang deep with scorn. "All that talk about your bein' broke—and here's thirty-one thousand and some dollars—not counting the chicken feed, which I leave for you. Say, do you know what I think?" He held the flashlight closer to the quivering face. "I think you've reached the end of your rope. I think you're about ready for a smash-up. By jingo, that's it! You've been speculating deep or you never would have stolen Drake's deposit.

"It's my notion that you intended to take this little wad and skip for Old Mex—maybe selling them El Paso securities before we missed you. I beat you to it, old hand! You can settle with my lovely companions on Monday. I reckon they'll be pretty sore, too, after all that big talk they made—Scanlon especially. We have about twenty-six thousand in our safe and I'm taking that. Well, I gotta go. S'long!"

But he came back at once. Bennett could not see his face; but the man's voice, for the first time since the hold-up, carried a human note.

"I kind of hate it too—you layin' here tied up this way all that time. It's going to be pretty tough. You'll have to overlook it, old man. There wasn't any other way. It was that or kill you. If it'll make you any easier in your mind you've got my dyin' oath that I'd 'a' killed you in a holy minute if you hadn't come through, or if you'd 'a' made one wrong move. Bein' tied up is a lot better than being dead." A new thought struck him. "I've got it!" he cried triumphantly. "Quick as I get to Juarez I'll wire somebody to let you go. That won't be so bad. I won't waste a minute. Buck up! I'm gone now."

Once in the open Beck trod with a jubilant step. It was darker now and raining steadily; the smell of dawn was in the air; he quickened his pace. No sign of life was on the street.

The gambler came to his place of business, took out his key ring, and entered noiselessly. He worked swiftly. A through freight went south before daylight; he would have time to make it nicely. Very quickly the money in the safe was stowed in his traveling bag. There was a little silver in stacks. Though the bag was quite heavy enough already—for much of the money had been gold pieces—Beck took the silver too.

Then a better thought came to him. He counted out nine silver dollars and put them back in the safe; he laid a blank check, face down, on the floor of the safe, with a dollar on each end like paper weights. And in the slender lance of light cast by the electric flash he penciled a brief note:

Dear Scanlon: I am leaving you nine dollars to send me a postcard.

He snapped out the flashlight, stuck it in his pocket, and tiptoed to the front door, laughing softly.

Man is the slave of habit. Outside Beck turned to lock the door—a most illogical

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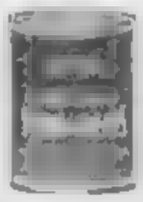
Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce



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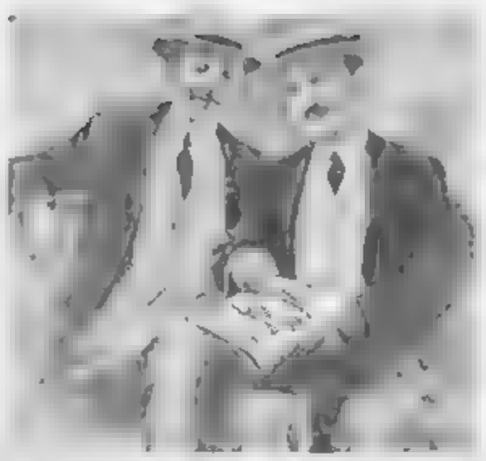

"There's the coffee!—Barrington Hall; costs less than a cent a cup and beats the world."

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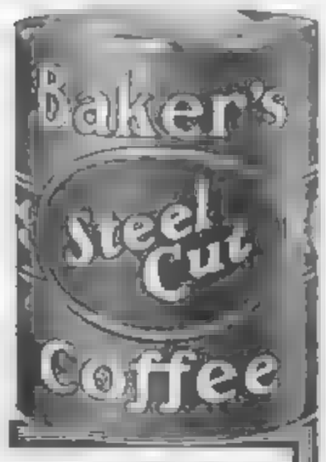

LET us send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

Send us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

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Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

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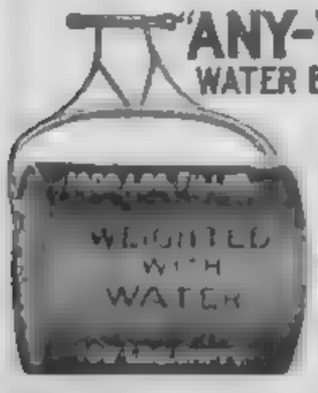

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thing to do. He placed the bag between his feet, fumbled for the keyhole and inserted the key. Then he stiffened! He felt the cold muzzle of a gun against his temple, and a gentle voice said:

"Let me carry your bag."

Frozen with horror, the gambler felt a hand remove his own gun and the flashlight.

"What's this?" demanded the voice. "Oh, I see—a searchlight! That'll be nice. Keep your hands right where they are!" The hand felt for further weapons. "All right!" said the voice. "Now open up and we'll go upstairs. You tote the baggage. Close the door gently, please. March!"

There was nothing else to do; so Beck marched.

"I may not do as good a job on you as you did with Bennett," said the voice apologetically; "but I'll fix you up some way. While you was tyin' Bennett up I raided the whole durn neighborhood for clothesline. This'll be one awful grouchy town on washday!"

Beck's scalp prickled with an agonizing memory of Bennett's ghastly face as he had seen it last; the hair began to rise. He stopped on the stairs rebelliously.

"I wish you would yell once, or balk—or something," said the voice hopefully. "It'd save me a heap o' trouble—trussing you up. G'wan, now!"

The gambler g'waned.

VII

THE sky was washed clean; the sound of church bells floated across the sunny meadows; the winds were still, save as a light and loitering air wandered by, poignant with a spicy tang, the sweet alloy of earth.

Listening to those peaceful bells Mr. Drake and Mr. Jones lolled at ease in the modest hostelry favored by the latter gentleman, and looked out on a freshened and sparkling world. As the last echo died away Mr. Drake resumed the conversation.

"I gotta hand it to you, Mr. Weisenheimer. That's a great bean of yours! You've made your case. Uncle had money; it's gone; somebody's got it; *x* is eager to give too much for my brand; *y* offers an exorbitant price for my scalp; *z* is willing to pay you to keep quiet. How long will it take two men to dig two graves if the age of the first man is twice that of the second? And who should have the custody of the child? Perfectly simple; Fred Merkle could do it."

"But you can't explain it any other way."

"Hang it! I don't want to explain it any other way. You're right—but you can't go ahead. Your wind-up is good; but can you put it over? How do you propose to go about collecting? It reminds me of a little passage in Shakspere that my chum sprung on the class in English. I remember it because Kitty, the prof, was so justly indignant:

"Deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;
If he fall in—good night!"

"It is widely believed," replied Neighbor, "that you cannot catch a weasel asleep; but I think it can be done with patience. Don't be in such a hurry—be calm!"

"I want you to know I can be as calm as anybody when there's anything to be calm about," retorted Ducky with some acerbity. "It isn't so much the money—not but what I could use that to buy food with—but those fellows are not doing me right."

"There's our one best chance," said Neighbor, more seriously than was his wont. "They're doing wrong. Doing right is as easy as sticking a needle in the eye of a camel; but to do wrong takes a steady, dead lift. Every tendency and every fact pulls against it like the force of gravity at four P. M. I'm not particularly bitter against my own dear little sins, but I do believe that, in the long run, the way of the transgressor is really hard."

There came a tap at the door; Mr. Jones was wanted at the phone.

"Hello! This is Baca!" the telephone said; and could Mr. Jones step up to the house? It thought that matters might be arranged. "*Inmediatamente!*" said Mr. Jones, and hung up.

"Now, Ducky," he counseled as they walked uptown, "you notice close, and I'll show you some diplomacy. I'll make Baca

(Continued on Page 97)

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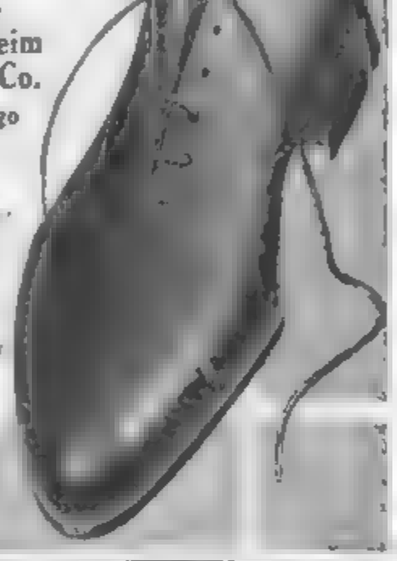

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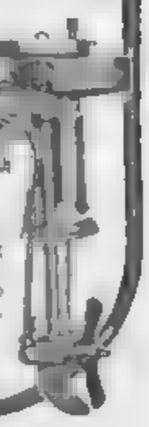

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Question:

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The Country Gentleman
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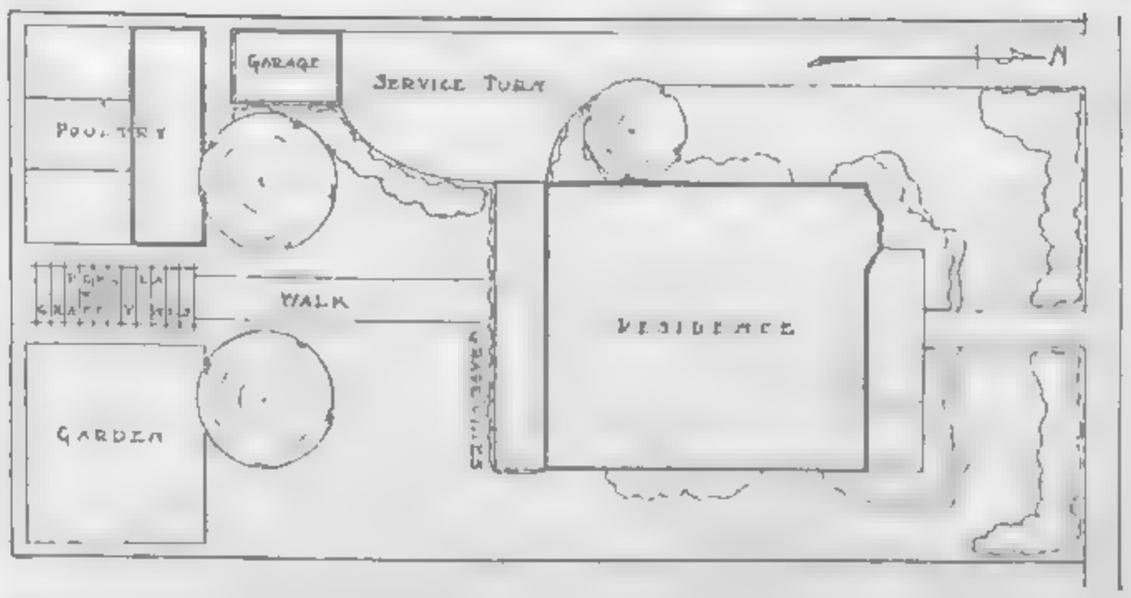
We should like your advice as to the planting of our grounds. Our lot is 75 by 151 feet, and we have a bungalow 40 by 60 feet on the top of a hill, facing north. Our lot slopes toward the back. We want fruit trees and grapevines. We were thinking of having a grapevine on the back piazza, besides others. Our driveway is on the west side. On the east we have a beautiful view and wish to plant things that will not obscure the view.

How shall we treat the banks on the east and west? Plant them or have terraces? We should have a garage, also a hen yard if possible. I should like some vines for the front piazza. Had thought of some firs or pines for the front yard.

G. H. S., Rhode Island.



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Answer:

The sketch will give an outline of the place as it might be developed. The garage and poultry are provided for in the southwest part of the grounds. The garden is placed in the southeast corner, and a pergola or arbor for grapevines shuts off the poultry yard from the garden. A walk from the back porch connects the house with the arbor. Grapevines may be used on the back piazza and also on the arbor.

The terraces along both the east and west borders of the place may be smoothed off and grassed or may be planted with shrubbery. This is wholly a matter of taste. As regards the front piazza, it would be well to use an attractive climber such as clematis or honeysuckle. Spruces or other evergreens may possibly be used in the front yard, but this does not seem to us the most satisfactory treatment for the grounds.

As regards fruit trees, there is not much room for anything of this sort. Two trees are indicated on the accompanying plan, placed one on each side of the rear walk in the back yard. These, however, really ought to be attractive shade trees.

F. A. W.

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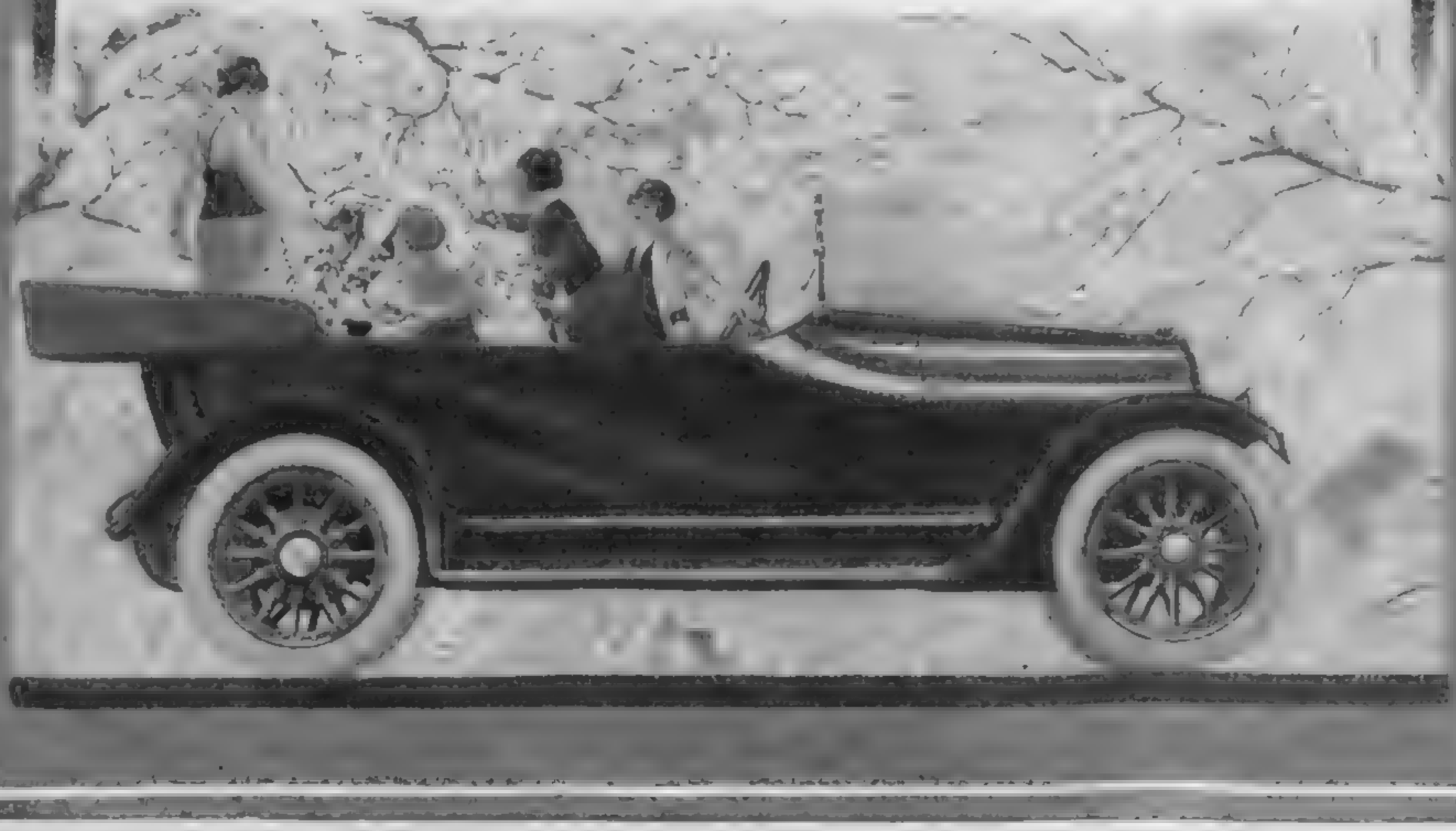

(Continued from Page 94)

commit himself so deep that it will amount to a full confession. You still don't quite believe what you think. When I am done with him you'll have no doubts. That's your great trouble, son—you don't think hard enough. You don't concentrate. You will not give to the matter in hand the full impact of your mind. You think straight enough but you haven't got the punch."

Baca lifted a sarcastic eyebrow at Ducky's presence and bent a questioning look on Neighbor Jones, but showed them into the curtained room of the previous night's conference. Refreshments were offered and declined.

"Well, Mr. Jones, if you are still of the same mind to-morrow morning at ten o'clock your mortgage will be released to you on the terms you mentioned."

Neighbor wore a shamefaced look. He twiddled with his hat.

"Maybe I didn't do just right about that, Mr. Baca. I only wanted to draw you." He looked up and smiled. "You see, we knew all the time that you fellows had Drake's money," he said chattily. "My proposition was to make you tip your hand—that's all."

Mr. Baca received this rather staggering communication point-blank but, aside from a heightened color, bore up under it with surprising spirit. Indeed, he seemed less disconcerted than Ducky Drake.

"Ah!" said the lawyer. "You don't lose much time in getting to the point, do you? Your candor is most commendable, and it shall be my endeavor to observe a like frankness with you. It is better so. Deceit and subterfuge are foreign to my disposition. Though not anticipating this particular turn of affairs, I have been forewarned against you, Mr. Jones, and have made my preparations accordingly. Felipe!"

One of the portières slid aside, revealing a slim brown young man with a heavy revolver, and a fat brown young man with a rifle. At the other door the curtains parted for a glimpse of an older Mexican with a benign and philosophical face and a long white beard. His armament consisted of one double-barreled shotgun. All these men wore appreciative grins, and all these weapons were accurately disposed to rake Mr. Jones amidships.

"My executive staff!" announced the lawyer urbanely.

Neighbor nodded to the staff. Fascinated Ducky did the same.

"So pleased!" he murmured.

Baca paused for a moment to enjoy his triumph. Then he waved his hand.

"That will do." The portières slid together.

"I'm not scared," explained Neighbor Jones earnestly. "That noise you hear is only my teeth chattering!"

"Oh, you punch!" Ducky drew a long breath. "If I had three wishes I'd want to be a puzzle picture find Ducky Drake!" Then he giggled. "Gee! Sumpin' must 'a' happened to Ole!" he suggested lightly.

"Did you ever hear of the old Texan's advice to his boy?" asked Baca. "'My son, don't steal cattle; but if you do steal cattle, never give 'em up!' It is an admirable maxim, and one which, in part, has been my guide."

"In part? Mr. Evers said in part: 'My dear Mister Umpire—my very dear sir—is it not possible that you erred in your decision?'" murmured Ducky with an air of reminiscent abstraction.

"Drake!" said the lawyer, "whatever else you may have to complain of at my hands, you owe me your life—once and twice."

"Am I to be both your prisoner and your judge?" asked Ducky. "What inference am I to draw?"

Baca snapped his fingers.

"My dear young friend, I do not care that for your inference! Be well guided. Leave Saragossa to-day and never come back. The money for your cattle will be forthcoming when you send a deed; get some lawyer or a bank to attend to the details of exchange."

"Oh! By the way, how about that mortgage of mine?" inquired Neighbor.

"Pray accept my apologies, Mr. Jones. I charged you with insolence: you are merely impudent. You grow wearisome. Your candor is about twenty-two short, Jones!" said Baca, tapping a monitory finger with a pencil. "I am no man to get gay with. When you measured your brains against mine you flattered yourself considerably. I am not to be bluffed. I am not to be forced. Judge for yourself what chance you have of outwitting me. And, as for court—'Fo' de land's sake, Br'er Fox, whatever you does, don't t'row me in de brieh bush!'"

Neighbor blinked mildly.

"Oh, well! When two men play at one game one of 'em has to lose!" he said philosophically. "Never mind about the mortgage. I've got no family anyway; so where's the dif? You win!"

"I win!" repeated the other. "And now you will pay forfeit. Day before yesterday, Mr. Jones, you drove a young man out of town. You made him leave his suit case ——"

"Oh, pshaw! I forgot that suit case. I must get it."

"You will not! And you took his gun. That was an arbitrary act, Mr. Jones; and now you are to receive fitting punishment for it. The northbound Accommodation leaves here at eleven-forty. You will board that train, accompanied by Mr. Drake and escorted by myself. You will never come back."

"I hate to interrupt when you're going so good; but it'll be better for all hands if I declare myself now. You might propose something I shouldn't want to do," said Neighbor Jones. "I'm holding no grudge against you for outwitting me, and I'm willing you should crow a little; but don't rub it in. I'm not the kind to be evened with a tinhorn gambler."

"Pardon me; but I really do not see where you are in any position to dictate terms."

"It is a remarkable fact," said Neighbor Jones with great composure, "that, in spite of all the brag about the Southwest as a health resort, the death rate here is precisely the same as that of the crowded East Side of the city of New York—namely, one per capita. Such being the case, since I can die but once and must die that once—I should worry!—as we say in dear old Harvard. Therefore, though you may do all the dictating, I will make bold to mention the only terms that will be acceptable or accepted. I have no fancy for humble pie—my digestion ain't good."

"There is a certain force to your contention, certainly," conceded Baca, bending an attentive regard on his opponent. "You put it in a new light. Come, I must revise my former estimate of you, I see. And then?"

"Then, this"—Neighbor checked off the counts with the thumb and fingers of his left hand: "I am perfectly willing to leave town and I never expect to come back—but I won't promise not to come back. Ducky can have his trunk packed and sent after him—leastly because he wouldn't have time to pack, and lastly because there was no question of a threat about his baggage. Me, I'll take my duds."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. And I'll keep my gun. It's become a habit with me—that gun."

"We shall have to insist on the gun, I'm afraid."

"Baca," said Neighbor severely, "do you want me to nonplus you?"

"Why, no," said Baca after consideration; "I don't."

"Be a little ware, then. Don't bank too much on your militia. Any insurance company would rate you as a bad risk if they suspected you of any designs on my gun."

"Jones," said Baca, "you please me. Have it your own way. By all means march out with the honors of war, side arms, and flags flying. Only you needn't march—I'll take you down in the machine."

Jones rose and looked at the clock.

"Well, let's go, then. . . . One thing more: You send the money for the cattle on to Albuquerque to-morrow, and we will both pass our words that we'll never, after this day and hour, try to recover the Drake money from you or make any claim to it. Yes, we will, Ducky. Do as I say and save your cow money. You can't collect a cent from Bennett and Baca, and there's no use in trying. . . . All right—he'll promise if you will, Baca."

"It's a go!" said Baca.

"Shake, then!"

A big touring car purred at the door. At Baca's invitation Ducky drove, with Jones beside him; while the bearded philosopher sat with Baca in the tonneau. During the exchange of views in the house the excitement had kept Drake's spirits up, but he cooled down now, and showed some natural depression, realizing the extent and hopelessness of his loss. But Jones was in no way abashed.

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"I see the smoke. You'll have to hurry," said Baca as they drew up at Neighbor's hotel.

"Oh, no—got her all packed; it won't take but a minute. Come along if you're afraid I'll give you the slip."

"I'm not," said Baca. "What good would it do you?"

"I guess that's right," grinned Jones. "I've done my worst now." He hurried in, thrust a bill into the hotelkeeper's hand and grabbed up his old suit case. The car trundled them to the station just in time to buy tickets.

"Well, good-by, Baca! Oh, say! Here's a V that I borrowed from Beck. Wish you'd give it to him as you go back uptown, and tell him I'm much obliged. Give him my best. He sleeps up over the joint, you know."

"All right; I'll hand it to him. Hi! You're forgetting your suit case."

"Oh, yes! Well, here she comes. So long!"

"Glad to have met you. So long!"

There were no other passengers. The little jerkwater train halted for a bare moment to let them on and then chugged stolidly on her way. They stood on the platform of the rear car; the greenwood closed in beside the right of way, so that the last Ducky saw of Saragoosa was the receding triangle made by the station, the old Almandares Warehouse, and a black doll waving from a toy car. Then Ducky sighed.

"No hard feelings, kid?"

"Of course not," said Ducky stoutly. "You're not to blame. Besides, I don't believe we should ever have recovered that money. That crowd got it, all right—I know that anyway. I knew it before, but I didn't know that I knew it—wasn't sure; not sure enough, for instance, to sanction an attempt to take it by force."

"Yes," assented Neighbor musingly. "I thought of that. That's why I took you up to Baca's place with me. I sure wasn't expectin' an ambush, though. Pretty smart fellow, Baca!"

"Yes; and if we had tried force we might jolly well have been killed," said Drake brightening.

"Maybe it's all turned out for the best, Ducky. Well, let's go in."

"That's a heavy bag you have there," said Ducky, lifting it.

"Yes," said Neighbor carelessly. "A good share of it was gold."

"A good share—huh? Whadda you mean—gold?"

"Why, your uncle's estate. It's in there, under my clothes. Beck had it in a new bag, but I put it in mine when I counted it."

"What!"

"Don't say 'what'—say 'air'! Beck, he stole it from his pals last night. They ain't found it out yet; but Tavy will be untyin' Beck about now."

"What?" Ducky was down on his knees, struggling with the snaps of the suit case.

"Don't spill any of it, Ducky. Yes; I slugged Beck and hogtied him up in his own poker room. Some job—believe me! I put four aces in his vest pocket."

(THE END)

Counting the Bumps

A BUMP recorder is being used in Cleveland to make a record of good and poor roadways. One trip in an automobile at the standard speed over a stretch of city pavement or country road will furnish a cardboard record of the condition of the highway.

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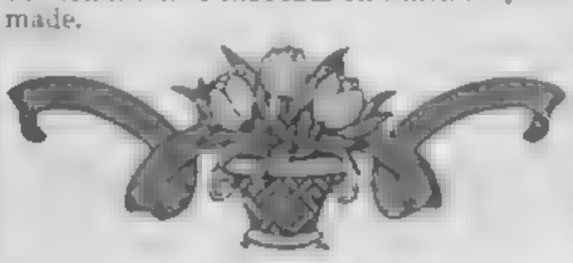

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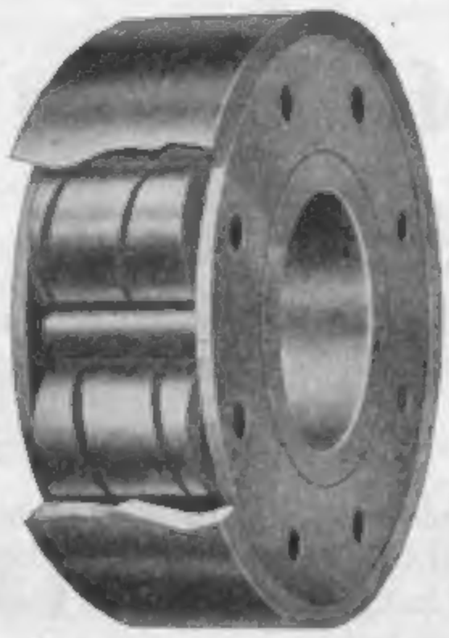

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Both the manufacturer and we guarantee this silverware. If not satisfactory in every way return the silver and we'll immediately refund the trifle you pay to get it. The beautiful new book offered above describes the premiums in detail and tells how to get the entire set. Send for it now—cut out the coupon before you turn the page. (321)

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